POEMS

BY

DR. DODD.

Quantum alii tribuunt intempeſtivis conviviis, quantum denique aleæ, quantum pilæ, tantum mihi egomet ad hæc ſtudia recolenda ſumpſero.

Cic. Orat. pro Arch. Poet.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY DRYDEN LEACH;
FOR THE AUTHOR.
M DCC LXVII.

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428



ADVERTISEMENT.

MOST of the poems in this volume are juvenile performances; the reſt, the mere amuſement of vacant moments*; never ſuffered to intrude upon more important hours, or to interrupt better and more uſeful occupations. Though the author lays no great ſtreſs upon them, nor builds any hope of increaſing reputation upon their bottom; yet, as many of them have appeared in public, and are ſcattered through different miſcellanies, he was willing to collect them together: and the rather, becauſe he is thus enabled to pay a debt of filial affection; and to leave behind him a little memorialof himſelf, with thoſe who love him.

Southampton-Row,
February 14, 1767.

* See preface to the Moral Paſtorals, page 207.

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE REV^D. WILLIAM DODD, M. A.
MANY YEARS VICAR OF BOURN IN LINCOLNSHIRE;
WHO DIED AUGUST 8, 1756.
AGED 54:
AND OF ELIZABETH HIS WIFE,
WHO DIED MAY THE 21^ST. 1755.
AGED 55.

WORTHY PARENTS,
WHOSE PARTIAL FONDNESS ENCOURAGED,
BUT WHOSE WISE, SOLLICITOUS, AND EVER-VALUED
CARE
ENABLED THEIR SON TO FAR BETTER PURSUITS,
THAN "THIS IDLE TRADE:"
THAT SON,
WITH THE HIGHEST FILIAL VENERATION,
INSCRIBES THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF POEMS,
AS AN HUMBLE, BUT AFFECTIONATE MONUMENT
OF THEIR MERIT, AND OF HIS LOVE.

BEST OF PARENTS!
WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!

THE

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HYMN to good-nature 1
The African prince to ZARA 8
ZARA to the African prince 15
Epiſtle from Lincolnſhire 21
Cydippe to Leonzo 25
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Wit rewarded, or the double triumph 46
Cupid detected, to Miſs W** N 53
Clorinda's lamentation 57
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POEMS.

POEMS.

AN HYMN TO GOOD-NATURE.

INSCRIBED TO OUR REMAINING FRIENDS AT MARGATE. MDCCLX.

Hilariſque, tamen cum pondere, virtus. STAT.

HAIL, lovely nymph! upon whoſe dimpled cheek
Sits ever-ſmiling Candor! thee I wooe
At morn, at eve, and in my mid-day ſong,
To bleſs my ſocial walk.—Thou art the ſun,
Its light, its luſtre to the moral world
Diſpenſing: darkneſs broods, and ſullen gloom
Spreads her black pall o'er every ſcene of joy,
Where thy ſoft eyes with-hold the genial ſmile.
Liſt to thy ſuitor, nymph; extend thine hand,
White as the ſwan's ſoft down, to lead me home,
That I may dwell, for ever dwell with thee;
And hold familiar converſe with thy ſire

Good Senſe, alert and vigorous old man:
And with thy ſiſter Pity oft retire
Into the lonely grove, to drop the tear,
To vent the ſigh humane!—For thou, ſweet nymph,
Perfection's queen, Good Nature,—thou waſt born
Of Tenderneſs, the woodland fair, whom erſt
Strong Senſe, thy ſire robuſt, in greenwood ſhade,
Faſt by a brook, which babbles thro' the dell,
By ruſſet fern ſurrounded; whom he met,
As wearied from the chace, he ſought the ſtream
To ſlake his thirſt, and graceful bore his bow
Unſtrung upon his ſhoulder:—There he met,
He ſaw, he lov'd, and to his fond embrace
Woo'd her, and won; and cropt the precious roſe
Of her virginity: while Hymen's torch
Blaz'd with a double ſplendor: thou, ſweet nymph,
Waſt the lov'd produce of their firſt young bliſs;
Good Nature, ſprung from Tenderneſs, the bride,
And manly Senſe, the jolly, happy groom!

Thee, thee, I woo, ſweet nymph, at morn, at eve,
At noon, at mid-day; for thy tender heart,
Studious to kindle Satisfaction's glow
In each roſe-tinctur'd cheek, diſdains to wound,
With ſlighteſt pain, the humbleſt; thou wouldſt wipe
The tear from ev'ry eye; and even the worm
Beneath thy feet, compaſſionate, wouldſt ſave
From the leaſt pang of corporal ſufferance!
Yet, to the ſtoic apathy eſtrang'd,
Thou canſt, with ſteady courage, probe to th' quick
The wound thou mean'ſt to cure; thou canſt reprove
With all the ſweet perſuaſion of eſteem:
And give a momentary pang, to free

The

The worthy mind from its ignoble chain.
Tho' on the ſwifteſt wings of panting love
Thou wouldſt fly forth to work a brother's weal,
Thoughtleſs of toil;—yet art thou never led
An eaſy captive, with compliance mean,
At the ſoft lure of every ſyren ſong,
Which trills deluſive: thou art of thy ſteps
No leſs obſervant, than of thy compeers,
Slow choſen, long approv'd; and firm can'ſt ſtand
The noiſy daſh of ignorant Vice's waves.
Not ſo that counterfeit, who oft aſſumes
Thy name reſpectful, giglet, light, and baſe,
Daughter of Folly; whoſe unmeaning front
Wears the ſoft ſimper of perpetual ſmiles!
Unballaſted by virtue, and ſeduc'd
Ever to follow the gay painted barge,
That with obſtreperous tumult ſpreads its ſails,
Its ſilken ſails, as pleaſure's gales ſhall blow
Upon Simplicity's moſt perilous main:
Improvident of danger; and of chart,
Of compaſs, and of anchor, madly void!
No, gentle nymph, thy ſolid, ſoberer joys,
Approv'd while felt, and pleaſing on review,
Thy joys, of ſoft benignity, I'd taſte;
Thy joys,—which give its dignity, its worth
To this life,—painful boon, when diſcontent
Inverts the proſpect-glaſs, and all things kens
Enlarg'd in foul Malignity's thick miſt.
Then, ſoft Good-Nature, ſhed, oh ſhed thy light;
Deign, Nymph, thy vivifying ſmile; may all
Before my ſight be beautified by thee!
Whether in ſolitude's meandring ſhades,

Amidſt the upland copſe, or by the ſide
Of ſedgy-fringed brook, along the mead
Bedeck'd with flowers, I ſtray; thou, thou, fair nymph,
Illume the proſpect, thou the upland copſe,
And thou the ſedgy-fringed brook, or mead,
Bedeck'd with flowrets, give me to behold
With placid ſmiles, and approbation's warmth.
When by my Charmer's ſide, my bride, my love,
Liſt'ning I drink the muſic of her tongue,
Oh ſtill and e'er be preſent; give me eyes
To trace her every amiable perfection;
To magnify her graces; and to draw
The veil of fond affection,—fond, not blind—
O'er her minuter foibles, whence alas!
Mortality, moſt refin'd, ſhall ne'er be free!
And as in love, ſo teach me to converſe
In friendſhip's ſocial intercourſe; oh teach
Each action to behold in faireſt light:
Beſt motives to aſſign: to palliate faults:
Exculpate, where I may: and from the worſt
Extract, and hold to view the worthy part:
While for the beſt, the generous, and the good,
With joy exalted, I ſtand up, and ſay,
"Behold his virtues; mark, and imitate."
—But never may the curſe of envy's guilt
Lead me to pry out littleneſs and faults,
Where merit claims my praiſe: and baſely cauſe
Even in a nut-ſhell to compriſe the worth,
While half the world will ſcarce ſuffice to hold
The thouſand faults, which my quick-ſighted pride
Diſcerns in him I envy.—Hence the thought;
Touch with the lenient balm of thy ſoft love,

Good-

Good-Nature, gentle Nymph, the heart moroſe,
The ſelf-tormenting heart, where thoughts, like theſe,
Corroſive gnaw!—Or if, my ſocial friends,
With whom, regretful, late I intermix'd
The parting palm,—if hap'ly hearts like theſe
Be found amidſt the bevy of bright nymphs,
Or ſwains aſſiduous on fair Margate's ſhore,
Ah, let us to Good-Nature ſtrait prefer
A common prayer; that either ſhe would tear
The black empoiſon'd drop forth from their breaſts:
Or waſh off every tinge, defiling tinge
Of foul Malevolence, in old Ocean's waves,
The common purifier of human ills.

So ſhall a general candor dwell ſerene
On every brow; and each, with generous toil,
Shall labour to diffuſe the heart-felt bliſs
Of ſweet benevolence: ſo a dawn of Heaven
Shall beam upon the mind, where ſaints feel joy
Conſummate; ever lov'd, becauſe in love
They ever live harmonious; ever bleſt,
For bleſſing is the buſineſs of their lives!

Oh! while on Margate's ſea-worn coaſt you tread,
And court the roſy nymph, Hygeia † bleſt,
To your embraces, in the briny waves:—
May ſoft Good-Nature, on each ſocial ſcheme
Attend concomitant: whether you tread
With jocund feet to Draper's *, or Naſh-court *:
Or, with profound amaze, from Light-houſe *, view
The vaſt domain of Neptune, and admire

† Goddeſs of health.

* * * Places of uſual reſort near Margate.

His

His azure waves, fring'd with the ſilver foam;
Whether on ſober palfry, or in coach
Drawn by Margatian ſteeds, much toil'd, ill fed,
You viſit, or fam'd Ramſgate's riſing pier,
Slow work of public coſt: or the vaſt cliffs
And ſcenes romantic of fair Dover view;
Whence late, ſo late, we ſaw with cheerful eye,
The chalky face of Gallia's hoſtile coaſt,
Nor felt a terror (ſons of dauntleſs proweſs)
So near us tho' the foe;—where late we ſtood
Mere pigmies on the ſtrand; and ſtrain'd our ſight
To reach the top of that cloud-veſted cliff,
Meet emblem of his genius*, high who towers
Above his brother bards, as that white rock,
Firm-rooted as his fame, rears o'er the reſt
Its fearful nodding ſummit!—or if at home,
In all the elegance of dreſs, you tread,
And give a luſtre to the ſprightly rooms,
Where beams young Love in many a fair one's eye;
Where-e'er you paſs; ah! may the ſmiling nymph
Diffuſe her joys emollient; ſhe can gild
The gloomieſt ſcenes; and, perfect chemiſt ſhe,
Whate'er ſhe touches turns to pureſt gold.

Then farewell, oh my friends! and, ye white cliffs,
Beneath whoſe towering height ſo oft I walk'd
On the ſmooth level ſand; while all my ſoul
Was wrapt into aſtoniſhment and praiſe
At thy tremendous works, Maker omnipotent!
Then farewell, oh my friends! but thou, lov'd nymph,
Good-Nature, ſprung from Tenderneſs and Senſe,

* Shakeſpeare.

I bid not thee farewell; no; till the hour
When the Great Maſter ſummons me to leave
Terreſtrial peace and harmony, for peace
And harmony, perennial, in the realms
Of bliſs unutterable; thee will I woo!
Oh, ſtill attend me thro' the walk of life,
Smile on my brow, and triumph in my heart.—
So ſhall I reſt me on the down of peace;
So ſhall my weeping friends, when the laſt ſigh
Declares departed life, ſmiting their breaſts
Say—"Lov'd he liv'd, and loving:—peace to his
ſhade,
"Embalm him, Memory, and receive him, Heaven!"

THE

THE AFRICAN PRINCE,

WHEN IN ENGLAND, MDCCXLIX.

TO ZARA AT HIS FATHER'S COURT.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

PRinces, my fair, unfortunately great,
Born to the pompous vaſſalage of ſtate,
Whene'er the public calls, are doom'd to fly
Domeſtic bliſs, and break the private tie.
Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
And love's ſoft joys are chang'd for glorious care.
Yet conſcious virtue, in the ſilent hour,
Rewards the hero with a noble dower.
For this alone I dar'd the roaring ſea,
Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with thee.
But while my boſom feels the nobler flame,
Still, unreprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.
Tho' virtue's awful form my ſoul approves,
'Tis thine, thine only, Zara, that it loves.
A private lot had made the claim but one,
The prince alone muſt love, for virtue, ſhun.
Ah! why, diſtinguiſh'd from the happier crowd,
To me the bliſs of millions diſallow'd?
Why was I fingled for imperial ſway,
Since love, and duty, point a different way?
Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,
When duty's victim, love, was doom'd to bleed,

Too

Too well my memory can thoſe ſcenes renew,
We met to ſigh, to weep our laſt adieu.
That conſcious palm, beneath whoſe towering ſhade
So oft our vows of mutual love were made;
Where hope ſo oft anticipated joy,
And plann'd of future years the bleſt employ;
That palm was witneſs to the tears we ſhed,
When that fond hope, and all thoſe joys were fled.
Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips, I preſs'd,
And held thee panting to my panting breaſt.
Our ſorrow, grown too mighty to ſuſtain,
Now ſnatch'd us, fainting, from the ſenſe of pain.
Together ſinking in the trance divine,
I caught thy fleeting ſoul, and gave thee mine.
O! bleſt oblivion of tormenting care!
O! why recall'd to life and to deſpair?
The dreadful ſummons came, to part—and why?
Why not the kinder ſummons but to die?
To die together were to part no more,
To land in ſafety on ſome peaceful ſhore,
Where love's the buſineſs of immortal life,
And happy ſpirits only gueſs at ſtrife.
" If in ſome diſtant land my prince ſhould find
" Some nymph more fair, you cried, as Zara kind"—
Myſterious doubt! which could at once impart
Relief to mine, and anguiſh to thy heart.
Still let me triumph in the fear expreſt,
The voice of love that whiſper'd in thy breaſt;
Nor call me cruel, for my truth ſhall prove
'Twas but the vain anxiety of love.
Torn from thy fond embrace, the ſtrand I gain,
Where mourning friends inflict ſuperfluous pain;

My father there his ſtruggling ſighs ſuppreſt,
And in dumb anguiſh claſp'd me to his breaſt;
Then ſought, conceal'd the conflict of his mind,
To give the fortitude he could not find;
Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,
" Thy country's good, ſaid he, be ſtill purſued!
" If, when the gracious gods my ſon reſtore,
" Theſe eyes ſhall ſleep in death, to wake no more;
" If then theſe limbs, which now in age decay,
" Shall mold'ring mix with earth's parental clay;
" Round my green tomb perform the ſacred rite,
" Aſſume my throne, and let thy yoke be light;
" From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,
" And reign at once a father and a king."
How vainly proud, the arrogantly great
Preſume to boaſt a monarch's godlike ſtate!
Subject alike, the peaſant and the king,
To life's dark ills, and care's corroding ſting.
From guilt and fraud, that ſtrike in ſilence ſure,
No ſhield can guard us, and no arms ſecure.
By theſe, my fair, ſubdu'd, thy prince was loſt,
A naked captive on a barb'rous coaſt!
Nurtur'd in eaſe, a thouſand ſervants round
My wants prevented, and my wiſhes crown'd;
No painful labours ſtretch'd the tedious day,
On downy feet my moments danc'd away.
Whene'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,
Where'er I paſs'd, a ſhouting people croud;
No fears intruded on the joys I knew,
Each man my friend, my lovely miſtreſs you.
What dreadful change! abandon'd and alone,
The ſhouted prince is now a ſlave unknown;

To watch his eye no bending courtiers wait,
No hailing crowds proclaim his regal ſtate;
A ſlave condemn'd, with unrewarded toil,
To turn, from morn to eve, a burning ſoil.
Fainting beneath the ſun's meridian heat,
Rouz'd by the ſcourge, the taunting jeſt I meet:
" Thanks to thy friends, they cry, whoſe care recalls
" A prince to life, in whom a nation falls!"
Unwholſome ſcraps my ſtrength but half ſuſtain'd,
From corners glean'd, and even by dogs diſdain'd;
At night I mingled with a wretched crew,
Who by long uſe with woe familiar grew;
Of manners brutiſh, mercileſs and rude,
They mock'd my ſufferings, and my pangs renew'd;
In groans, not ſleep, I paſs'd the weary night,
And roſe to labour with the morning light.

Yet, thus of dignity and eaſe beguil'd,
Thus ſcorn'd and ſcourg'd, inſulted and revil'd,
If heav'n with thee my faithful arms had bleſt,
And fill'd with love my intervals of reſt,
Short tho' they were, my ſoul had never known
One ſecret wiſh to glitter on a throne;
The toilſome day had heard no ſigh of mine,
Nor ſtripes, nor ſcorn, had urg'd me to repine.
A monarch ſtill, beyond a monarch bleſt,
Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breaſt;
My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes,
Should ſhine, perſuade, and flatter, and adviſe;
Thy voice my muſic, and thy arms ſhould be——
Ah! not the priſon of a ſlave in me!
Could I with infamy content remain,
And wiſh thy lovely form to ſhare my chain?

Could this bring eaſe? forgive th' unworthy thought,
And let the love, that ſinn'd, atone the fault.
Could I, a ſlave, and hopeleſs to be free,
Crawl, tamely, recent from the ſcourge, to thee?
Thy blooming beauties could theſe arms embrace?
My guilty joys enſlave an infant race?
No: rather blaſt me lightnings, whirlwinds tear,
And drive theſe limbs in atoms thro' the air;
Rather than this, O! curſe me ſtill with life,
And let my Zara ſmile a rival's wife:
Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,
Nor let me propagate my curſe below.

But, from this dreadful ſcene, with joy, I turn;
To truſt in heaven, of me, let Zara learn.
The wretch, the ſordid hypocrite, who ſold
His charge, an unſuſpecting prince, for gold,
That juſtice mark'd, whoſe eyes can never ſleep,
And death, commiſſion'd, ſmote him on the deep.
The gen'rous crew their port in ſafety gain,
And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain;
The king, with horror of th' atrocious deed,
In haſte commanded, and the ſlave was freed.
No more Britannia's cheek the bluſh of ſhame
Burns for my wrongs, her king reſtores her fame:
Propitious gales, to freedom's happy ſhore,
Waft me triumphant, and the prince reſtore;
Whate'er is great and gay around me ſhine,
And all the ſplendor of a court is mine.
Here knowledge too, by piety refin'd,
Sheds a bleſt radiance o'er my bright'ning mind;
From earth I travel upward to the ſky,
I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.

O! I have tales to tell, of love divine—
Such bliſsful tidings! they ſhall ſoon be thine.
I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I ſee,
What habits, buildings, trades, and polity;
How art and nature vie to entertain,
In public ſhows, and mix delight with pain.
O! Zara, * here, a ſtory like my own,
With mimic ſkill, in borrow'd names, was ſhown;
An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,
And, partner in his woes, an Indian maid.
I can't recall the ſcene, 'tis pain too great,
And, if recall'd, ſhould ſhudder to relate.
To write the wonders here, I ſtrive in vain;
Each word would aſk a thouſand to explain.
The time ſhall come, O! ſpeed the ling'ring hour!
When Zara's charms ſhall lend deſcription power;
When plac'd beſide thee, in the cool alcove,
Or thro' the green Savannahs as we rove,
The frequent kiſs ſhall interrupt the tale,
And looks ſhall ſpeak my ſenſe, tho' language fail.
Then ſhall the prodigies, that round me riſe,
Fill thy dear boſom with a ſweet ſurprize;
Then all my knowledge, to thy faithful heart,
With danger gain'd, ſecurely I'll impart.
Methinks I ſee thy charming looks expreſs
Th' alternate ſenſe of pleaſure and diſtreſs;
As all the windings of my fate I trace,
And wing thy fancy ſwift from place to place.

* He alludes to the play of Oroonoko, at which he was preſent, and ſo affected as to be unable to continue, during its performance, in the houſe.

Yet

Yet where, alas! has flatt'ring thoughts convey'd
The raviſh'd lover, with his darling maid?
Between us, ſtill, unmeaſur'd oceans roll,
Which hoſtile barks infeſt, and ſtorms controul.
Be calm my boſom, ſince th' unmeaſur'd main,
And hoſtile barks, and ſtorms, are God's domain:
He rules reſiſtleſs, and his power ſhall guide
My life in ſafety o'er the roaring tide;
Shall bleſs the love, that's built on virtue's baſe,
And ſpare me to evangelize my race.
Farewell! thy prince ſtill lives, and ſtill is free:
Farewell! hope all things; and remember me.

ZARA,

ZARA,

AT THE COURT OF ANNAMABOE,

TO THE AFRICAN PRINCE, WHEN IN ENGLAND.

SHould I the language of my heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the paſſion that I feel;
My riſing wiſh ſhould groundleſs fears confine,
And doubts ungen'rous chill the glowing line;
Would not my prince, with nobler warmth, diſdain
That love, as languid, which could ſtoop to feign?
Let guilt diſſemble—in my faithful breaſt
Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confeſt.
I give my boſom naked to thy view,
For, what has ſhame with innocence to do?
In fancy, now, I claſp thee to my heart,
Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.
I catch new tranſport from thy ſpeaking eye;
But whence this ſad, involuntary ſigh?
Why pants my boſom with intruding fears?
Why, from my eyes, diſtil unbidden tears?
Why do my hands thus tremble as I write?
Why fades thy lov'd idea from my ſight?
Oh! art thou ſafe, on Britain's happy ſhore,
From winds that bellow, and from ſeas that roar?
And has my prince—(Oh, more than mortal pain!)
Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain?
Bound were thoſe limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
The toils of empire, and the ſweets of love?

Hold,

Hold, hold! Barbarians of the fierceſt kind!
Fear heaven's red lightning—'tis a prince ye bind;
A prince, whom no indignities could hide;
They knew, preſumptuous! and the gods defy'd.
Where'er he moves, let love-join'd rev'rence riſe,
And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes!

Thy breaſt alone, when bounding o'er the waves
To freedom's climes, from ſlavery and ſlaves;
Thy breaſt alone the pleaſing thought can frame
Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came:
A thouſand times I held 'em to my breaſt,
A thouſand times my lips the paper preſt:
My full heart panted with a joy too ſtrong,
And "Oh my prince!" died falt'ring on my tongue:
Fainting I ſunk, unequal to the ſtrife,
And milder joys ſuſtain'd returning life.
Hope, ſweet enchantreſs, round my love-ſick head
Delightful ſcenes of bleſt deluſion ſpread.

"Come, come, my prince! my charmer! haſte away;
"Come, come, I cry'd, thy Zara blames thy ſtay.
"For thee, the ſhrubs their richeſt ſweets retain;
"For thee, new colours wait to paint the plain;
"For thee, cool breezes linger in the grove,
"The birds expect thee in the green alcove;
"'Till thy return, the rills forget to fall,
"'Till thy return, the ſun, the ſoul of all—
"He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,
"He comes refulgent to his Zara's arms:
"With jocund ſongs proclaim my love's return;
"With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn.
"Bright as the ſun, yet gentle as the dove,
"He comes, uniting majeſty and love."—

Too

Too ſoon, alas! the bleſt deluſion flies;
Care ſwells my breaſt, and ſorrow fills my eyes.
Ah! why do thy fond words ſuggeſt a fear—
Too vaſt, too num'rous, thoſe already here!
Ah! why with doubts torment my bleeding breaſt,
Of ſeas which ſtorms controul, and foes infeſt!
My heart, in all this tedious abſence, knows
No thoughts but thoſe of ſtorms, and ſeas, and foes.
Each joyleſs morning, with the riſing ſun,
Quick to the ſtrand my feet ſpontaneous run,
" Where, where's my prince! what tidings have ye
" brought?"
Of each I met, with pleading tears I ſought.
In vain I ſought, ſome, conſcious of my pain,
With horrid ſilence pointed to the main.
Some with a ſneer the brutal thought expreſt,
And plung'd the dagger of a barb'rous jeſt.
Day follow'd day, and ſtill I wiſh'd the next,
New hopes ſtill flatter'd, and new doubts perplex'd;
Day follow'd day, the wiſh'd to-morrow came,
My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties the ſame.
At length—" O pow'r ſupreme! whoe'er thou art,
" Thy ſhrine the ſky, the ſea, the earth, or heart;
" Since ev'ry clime, and all th' unbounded main,
" And hoſtile barks, and ſtorms, are thy domain;
" If faithful paſſion can thy bounty move,
" And goodneſs ſure muſt be the friend of love,
" Safe to theſe arms my lovely prince reſtore,
" Safe to his Zara's arms, to part no more.
" O! grant to virtue thy protecting care,
" And grant thy love to love's availing pray'r.

" Together, then, and emulous to praiſe,
" A flow'ry altar to thy name we'll raiſe;
" There, firſt and laſt, on each returning day,
" To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay."

Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind,
Why, when thou went'ſt, did Zara ſtay behind?
How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,
'Midſt all the wild anxieties of love?

Had fate in other mold thy Zara form'd,
And my bold breaſt with manly friendſhip warm'd,
How had I glow'd exulting at thy ſide,
How all the ſhafts of adverſe fate defy'd!
Or yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,
With thee, oh! had I turn'd a burning ſoil!
In the cold priſon had I lain with thee,
In love ſtill happy, we had ſtill been free;
Then fortune brav'd, had own'd ſuperior might,
And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.

Why ſhould'ſt thou bid thy love remember thee?
Thine all my thoughts have been, and ſtill ſhall be.
Each night, the cool Savannahs have I ſought,
And breath'd the fondneſs of enamour'd thought;
The curling breezes murmur'd as I ſigh'd,
And hoarſe, at diſtance, roar'd my foe, the tide:
My breaſt ſtill haunted by a motly train,
Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain.
Now fix'd I ſtand, my ſpirit fled to thine,
Nor note the time, nor ſee the ſun decline;

Now rouz'd I ſtart, and wing'd with fear I run,
In vain, alas! for 'tis myſelf I'd ſhun.
When kindly ſleep its lenient balm ſupply'd,
And gave that comfort, waking thought deny'd.

Laſt

Laſt night—but why, ah Zara! why impart,
The fond, fond fancies of a love-ſick heart?
Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,
And love's ſoft raptures realiz'd in thought—
Laſt night I ſaw, methinks I ſee it now—
Heav'n's awful concave round thy Zara bow;
When ſudden thence a flaming chariot flew,
Which earth receiv'd, and ſix white courſers drew.
Then, quick tranſition, did thy Zara ride,
Borne to the chariot—wond'rous—by thy ſide:
All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,
Each happy clime with ſweet ſurprize we view.
A thouſand voices ſung—"All bliſs betide
"The prince of Lybia, and his faithful bride."
"'Tis done, 'tis done" reſounded thro' the ſkies,
And quick aloft the car began to riſe;
Ten thouſand beauties crouded on my ſight,
Ten thouſand glories beam'd a dazzling light.
My thoughts could bear no more, the viſion fled,
And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.
Come, ſweet interpreter, and eaſe my ſoul;
Come to my boſom, and explain the whole.
Alas! my prince—yet hold, my ſtruggling breaſt!
Sure we ſhall meet again, again be bleſt.
"Hope all, thou ſay'ſt, I live, and ſtill am free;"
Oh then prevent thoſe hopes, and haſte to me.
Eaſe all the doubts thy Zara's boſom knows,
And kindly ſtop the torrent of her woes.
But that I know too well thy gen'rous heart,
One doubt, than all, more torment would impart:
'Tis this, in Britain's happy courts to ſhine,
Amidſt a thouſand blooming maids, is thine—

But thou, a thouſand blooming maids among,
Art ſtill thyſelf, incapable of wrong;
No outward charm can captivate thy mind,
Thy love is friendſhip heighten'd and refin'd;
'Tis what my ſoul, and not my form inſpires,
And burns with ſpotleſs and immortal fires.
Thy joys, like mine, from conſcious truth ariſe;
And known thoſe joys, what others canſt thou prize?
Be jealous doubts the curſe of ſordid minds;
Hence jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds——
Once more, O come! and ſnatch me to thy arms;
Come, ſhield my beating heart from vain alarms!
Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy breaſt,
Weep pleaſing tears, and be with joy diſtreſt;
Let me ſtill hear, and ſtill demand thy tale,
And oft renew'd, ſtill let my ſuit prevail.
Much ſtill remains to tell and to enquire,
My hand ſtill writes, and writing prompts deſire;
My pen denies my laſt farewel to write,
Still, ſtill, "return," my wiſhful thoughts indite.
Oh hear, my prince, thy love, thy miſtreſs call,
Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all.
Oh! pleaſing intercourſe of ſoul with ſoul,
Thus, while I write, I ſee, I claſp thee whole;
And theſe kind letters trembling Zara drew,
In every line ſhall bring her to thy view.
Return, return; in love and truth excel;
Return, I write; I cannot add,—farewel.

AN EPISTLE FROM LINCOLNSHIRE,

TO A FRIEND IN THE ARMY.

'TWAS vain, my friend, to urge the kind requeſt,
Or hope one ſpark of fancy in my breaſt;
While plagu'd with doubts, with diagrams and rules,
The heavy, learned lumber of the ſchools:
As ſoon amidſt deſtruction's thund'ring train,
While cannons roar'd, and thouſands ſtrew'd the plain,
Cou'd you have ſcorn'd the horrors of the war,
Sate down unmov'd, and ſung of Kitty C——.
But now the taſk with pleaſure I purſue,
And joy to pleaſe myſelf in pleaſing you:
For if you deem compliance forms the ſong,
Mere complaiſance—you do the muſes wrong:
Much more miſtake my boſom's kindling flame,
Which ne'er was languid to ſo ſweet a theme.
Nor be it ſaid, a poet wanted fire,
Where all the graces, all the nine conſpire,
(Fair fleſh and blood, not fancy's fabled throng)
To warm the heart and animate the ſong.
Chance 'twill ſound ſtrange, (then whiſper'd let it be.
It matters not who hears, ſave you and me:)
Boeotian fens, where fogs and dulneſs reign,
That they the graces, and the nine contain:
That beauty there enſlaves the willing heart,
Without the prudiſh elegance of art;
That modeſt virtue ſcorns diſſembling there,
Tremble ye belles, and all ye beaux deſpair!

What

What tho' no mall with mincing ſteps they pace,
Nor glitter in the box with borrow'd grace;
What, though unlearn'd t' elaborate a ſigh,
While in ſoft ſtrains the ſofter eunuchs die:
What tho' to midnight maſks they never come,
Ruſh to the rout, or riot at the drum:
Far diff'rent ſcenes thoſe happy plains engage,
The joys without the follies of the age.

Is there a ſport? that ſport fair virtue guides;
Is there a pleaſure? innocence preſides:
Beauty bright blooming leads the train along,
And ſweet good-nature ſmiles thro' all the throng;
In human ſhapes they joy the heart to warm,
Each ſteals a J——k——n's, or a B——th's form.

Why were we born a moment's bliſs to ſhare,
And pine away whole ages in deſpair?
Why was I bleſt amidſt that happy train,
So ſhort the bleſſing, and ſo long the pain?
Thus while I write my ſick'ning fancy mourns,
Each fair idea to my view returns:
E'en now I ſee the lovely nymphs advance
Form the gay ranks, and glide along the dance;
E'en now, admiring each bright maid, I trace,
And wrapt in wonder cou'd for ever gaze.
But why, ah why——the bluſhing lover ſpare,
Too well thou know'ſt——ah! why was Delia there?
Alas, how chang'd! from what fair glory loſt,
The maiden's envy, and the matron's boaſt!
From clime to clime by buſy cenſure borne,
Contempt's beſt theme, and ſenſe and reaſon's ſcorn:
Or forc'd, or willing, wav'ring wild, to wed,
And blooming wither in an old man's bed.

Yet

Yet wherefore cenſure? 'tis in fact to praiſe;
(The modiſh manner of our modern days:)
Yet hence, gallants, that hapleſs beauty ſpare,
A tear is due from kind compaſſion there.
Bleſt were the bards of old who never ſtrove
Bright maids to celebrate, or chaunt their love;
But to their aid ſome willing godhead came,
And by his loving dignify'd the dame;
Who lov'd Europa, ſo extoll'd her charms,
He brought the very thund'rer to her arms:
So chaſte was Daphne when her lover woo'd,
He made her fly, when e'en ſir Phœbus ſu'd:
Nor cou'd the beauteous Ariadne plain,
But ſtraight kind Bacchus flew to ſooth her pain.
But ſince plain ſenſe got footing on our ground,
Theſe gallant tales no more admiſſion found:
Our ſqueamiſh ſtomachs ſuch rank lies exclude,
And downright truth muſt be our only food:
Think then—ſo rare true worth on modern ſoil,—
How very hard the poets find their toil.
But this with me, you'll anſwer, nothing weighs,
Speak downright truth, you'll ſpeak the nobleſt praiſe:
Cenſure cries out, and growling drops her pen,
"Reverſe each character, 'tis cenſure then."
See fiction bluſhing from her pencil run,
And own her gaieſt tints by B—th's charms outdone.
But ſoft, my friends, or e'er we ſpeak the reſt,
Indulge our wiſh, and make the country bleſt:
Thoſe nymphs together let us once more view,
Who fire our fancies and our flames renew:
Thoſe nymphs! whom youthful Clodio's ſelf has ſeen,
Fam'd for the ſtep preciſe and upright mien!

Whom

Whom ev'n he ſaw—and in their chorus join'd,
To eaſe the wond'rous workings of his mind!
Alas how vain!—the fickle damſel flown,
And all his hopes of dear ten thouſand gone!
Alas how vain!—ye virgins, aid his pain,
'Tis hard to triumph o'er ſo meek a ſwain!
Peace to his ſoul!—while I my wiſh renew,
Once more in Lincoln's fens my friend to view:
Then ſhall the muſe with double ardour ſoar,
Now graces celebrate, now charms explore;
Then might I hope!—bright beauties, hear my pray'er—
Conceive the reſt—'tis ſigh'd and loſt in air.

CYDIPPE

CYDIPPE TO LEONZO.

Leonzo by ſtrong pretenſions of love, but full of deceit, robbed the chaſte Cydippe of her honour. This misfortune hung ſo heavy upon her, that it brought on her death; in the time of her ſickneſs, to reform Leonzo, and ſet his crime before his view, ſhe wrote the following epiſtle.

THINK not I write thy pity to implore,
Ere this thou read'ſt—Cydippe is no more:
For thee alone, ungrateful as thou art,
To purge thy paſſions, and amend thy heart;
For thee alone, the trembling pen I take,
Willing my woe, thy happineſs to make.
Too well, Leonzo, all my heart you know,
How warm my love, how virtuous, and how true;
Thy tender ſighs my heart's fond pity mov'd,
And I at firſt through mere compaſſion lov'd.
But as I found thy fondneſs ſtill the ſame,
Still kind thy treatment, and ſtill pure thy flame;
No more I wiſh'd, or ſtudy'd to be free,
But frankly all my heart reſign'd to thee.
So true my love, of change I nothing gueſt,
Nor dreaded ought, with thy protection bleſt.
Shield me juſt heav'n, Leonzo's ſelf betrays,
And my pure flame with perfidy repays!
Ev'n he, my guide, my guardian and my friend,
Lov'd to aſſiſt, and choſen to defend;
Ev'n he becomes the viper in my breaſt,
Deſpoils my love, and lays my comfort waſte!

Think what a deed, Leonzo, thou haſt done,
And well, well, weigh the triumph thou haſt won.
Lo, 'tis o'er one—whoſe heart was all thy own,
Who lov'd thee well, and lov'd but thee alone;
Who for thy ſake each hardſhip would have try'd,
And pleas'd to make thee happy would have dy'd.
And her, for one ſhort interval of blame,
~~A tranſient joy that thou ſhouldſt bluſh to name;~~
Me ~~Her~~ haſt thou robb'd of ev'ry human bliſs,
Fair virtue, ſoft content, and ſmiling peace!
And in return, condemn'd to drag the chain
Of ſhame, remorſe, and ſelf-conſuming pain.

Hadſt thou ſome mean, ſome unknown maid abus'd,
Nought could a deed ſo black have e'er excus'd:
Oh! think then how immenſe the fault muſt prove,
When ſuch the baſe return of virtuous love;
When unſuſpected, on th' unguarded maid
Her own protector ſteals, and all her ſoul's betray'd.

Beware, ye virgins of falſe lovers arts,
You cannot guard too much your gentle hearts:
The faithleſs wantons triumph to deceive,
Laugh at our tears, and joy to ſee us grieve.

Yet ſure, Leonzo, ſure it cannot be,
That all are cruel, all unjuſt as thee!
There are—kind heav'n augment the happy few!
Who ſcorn the paths which libertines purſue;
In whoſe pure love the virgin may confide,
But ah, how rare!—and what to chuſe, the guide?
By what bleſt art ſhall we diſcern the true,
From lovers, oh Leonzo, falſe as you!
Or how eſcape, when ſtudious to betray,
Wild roves the rake thro' pleaſures flow'ry way;

The

The virgin's anguiſh, and the parent's tear,
Mirth to his view, and muſic to his ear!
Ah me, 'tis vain, ſtill many a hapleſs fair,
Henceforth, like poor Cydippe, muſt deſpair:
More falſe Leonzos to their ruin haſte,
And fly to lay each little Eden waſte.
Think of the crime, and view, with conſcious thought,
My ſad diſtreſs, by thy unkindneſs wrought;
Reflect how much I lov'd, and to thy eyes,
Let the dread guilt in all its horrors riſe;
Let keen remorſe afflict thy tortur'd breaſt,
And make thee wretched—if 'twill make thee bleſt.
May'ſt thou at laſt the fatal fault eraſe,
Diſarm heav'n's vengeance, and reſign in peace!
Farewel—yet think how much Cydippe lov'd,
How much for thee ſhe ſuffer'd: and be mov'd;
Farewel—remember me, nor hope to find
Repoſe from aught, but virtue, in thy mind.

A DAY IN VACATION AT COLLEGE.

A MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.

WHILE gaily ſmiling through the wilds of love,
The laughing hours, and roſe-lip'd Hebe leads
Thee, midſt the jolly choir of maidens trim,
Daughters of pleaſance; liſt, oh liſt awhile,
From love and mirth's briſk muſic, to the ſtrains,
Hoarſe-ecchoing, of thy ſolitary friend!
While, how ſlow pace along his ling'ring hours,
'Midſt Granta's gloomy walls, he ſorrowing tells,
And paints the awful ſcene! O friend to woe!
Sad muſe, in ſable ſtole right meekly clad,
Thy melancholy YOUNG who leadeſt forth
Slow, mournful, muſing, to the mirky tomb,
Midſt darkneſs horrible (ſave where the moon
With intercepted light, ſerves but to make
The ſcene more ſolemn) and his midnight ſong,
Grief-dictated, inſpireſt — Goddeſs come,
And thro' the live-long, tedious, lonely day,
Aſſiſt me while I drag laborious on.

Ah! what avails it, that the ſleepy bell
Breaks through the ſilence of the morn, and calls
To ſolitary prayers? ſince there no face
Of friendly aſpect on my hunger ſmiles,
Inviting to the breakfaſt's kind repaſt!
Chance thro' the ill-frequented houſe of God

The

The meagre viſage of a fellow * ſtares,
Himſelf who grudges food: and, diet thin,
Pines to afford a miſerable ſize †!
Hence to keen appetite, and hunger ſtrong,
What hopes can well ‡? reflections thus ſevere,
Food to deſire, not ſo to ravenous maws,
Yet why indulge? ſince fate's decrees ſtand fix'd,
And fruitleſs 'tis to hope reverſe our doom!
Come then, thou lonely loaf, thou penſive cup,
And 'midſt the tortur'd kettle's hiſſing plaints,
Let me eat, ſip, and yawn o'er pamphlet dull.
Where's now the jocund pun, the merry jibe,
Erſt laughter-uſher'd midſt belov'd compeers?
Where's now the ſocial walk, the friendly chat,
As thronging thick to Cloacina's || fane?
In ſort not unreſembling Gallic dames
Of decency nought heedful: how unlike
The virgin modeſty of Britiſh maids?
How pant their little hearts, how glow their cheeks
With elegance of bluſhes, if deſcried
Of nature's wants ought conſcious! oh go on,
Ye ſole ſweet chearers of my muſing hours,
Still delicate, and ſtill by grace refin'd
Height'ning the marriage bliſs, to every joy,
To every rapture adding new increaſe.

* A fellow of a college.—See line the 227th.

† A ſize of bread is half a half-penny roll: a common modicum with the ſmall eaters of breakfaſts at the univerſity.

‡ A word of Spenſer's, Shakeſpear's, &c. ſignifying to ſpring, flow, &c.

|| The goddeſs of bogs, &c.

If

If on my gloom of ſolitude ere breaks
Of pleaſure glimmering ray, 'tis all from you,
From ſweet reflection on the abſent fair,
Soul of my ſoul—with whom whyleare when bleſt,
How gay was nature, and each ſcene how trim!
How chang'd, how alter'd now! for lo! (the morn
Midſt thoughts thus penſive, or midſt travelling dull,
O'er the wild maze of philoſophic ground*,
At length o'erpaſt) as by the dinner bell,
Once ſound moſt grateful, call'd, the duſty ſtairs,
(Deſpotic empire where Arachne holds
Her curious webs, midſt death-denouncing beats,
Inceſſant weaving) as adown I move
My hunger-ſtirr'd, yet grief-ſtay'd languid limbs,

* Philoſophy is the reigning ſtudy, and principally rewarded at Cambridge. † The following paſſage from a late learned writer will well explain theſe lines.

"It is certain the improvements they do make in learning, eſpecially in mathematical and philoſophical learning, are often extraordinary for perſons of their age, (meaning the undergraduates at Cambridge) and are uſually as great as may reaſonably be expected to be made, within the compaſs of time they commonly reſide amongſt us. In theſe reſpects we have not loſt, we have, I think, gained ground of late years: and though I am not ſenſible that the ſtudy of claſſical learning has declined among us, and ſhould be much concerned if it had; yet I am of opinion, that it would be more attended to, and carried to a much greater height than it uſually is, if ſome public honours were affixed to improvements of that kind, as has already been done to thoſe in philoſophy."

† See conſiderations on the expediency of making the late regulations at Cambridge, p. 15.

A ſcene how dull crouds ſullen on my view!
Clos'd every antique window thro' the dome,
(Black with the ſmoke of many a rolling year)
Whence, or in night-cap white, or, ſome more gay,
In velvet ſoft of many a varied hue,
Peep'd forth, on barber calling ſhrill and loud,
Dreading the loſs of dinner, numerous heads!
No barbers trim are now! No more they ſkim
The well-ſhav'd lawn, its beard regardles grows
To length uncouth, and wild neglected graſs
O'er every plat uncultivated reigns!
No barbers trim are now! no more with wig
Well-powder'd, white or brown, of don more grave,
Or ſcholar blythe meet emblems, haſte thoſe fires
Of news, and ſpruce conſummators of dreſs!
No more the jolly Jips *, with heart a foe
To thought or ſorrow, carol out their ſongs,
Loud-echoing thro' the mirth-devoted court,
As to the butteries, with their paper friend
Jocund they jog along, and o'er their ale
Meaſure their maſters merits by their gifts!
To penury, alas, and pinching want
Condemn'd, the long vacation loud they curſe,

* Are an idle uſeful ſet of hangers on the college, who procure ale, pence, &c. by running errands, and doing little ſervices for their maſters; and are a degree inferior in place and preeminence to the bed-makers: from a regard to the intereſts of the young gentlemen, the butler ſeldom permits them to have any thing of him without a note from the giver—which is uſually in this form, *a ſize of ale—Williams—loaf and butter, Jackſon:* by this the reader will underſtand what is meant by paper friend.

And

And pray with me, October's bell * to hear,
To ſophs more dread than curfeu! ſo thro' life
The weal of one ſtill proves another's woe.
Of gracious Alma Mater's deſert plight
Meet repreſentative, yon matron † view,
With years and labour bent, on lonely ſtep,
Entrance of ſtair-caſe, where her maſters lov'd
Erſt won, all penſive plac'd; her heavy head
Her feeble arm upholds; her heavy heart,
Ah me, what now remaineth to uphold?
How pleaſing late with luſty Sol to riſe,
And to the room of midnight revelry,
Late jolly ſeat, repair! there, there what joy
The ruins of the rout to traverſe o'er,
And with the luſcious fragments feaſt her taſte
Luxurious, and o'erwhelm her thirſty gule!
Careleſs of morrow, by the mellow youth
All things are to her rapine left a prey!
How pants her heart, while ſilently ſecure
She ravages the ſcene! and as the bee
From morning flowers, with honey-loaded thigh
Haſtes happy to the hive—ſo homeward fares,

* Which rings in that dreadful term, the laſt before degree-time, when the ſophs, or thoſe who then take their degrees, are in no ſmall terror from moderators, wiſlers, or examiners, proctors, philoſophy, and fiery trials.

† Meaning an aged bed-maker, for 'tis requiſite, and a point of great prudence in the governors of colleges, that the ſhe bed-makers ſhould be both aged and uninviting, leſt temptation ſhould cauſe the younger hearts to wander from the paths of virtue.

With

With ſpoils replete, the merry-hearted dame.
What wonder now ſhe mourns, when revel-routs,
When feaſts and ſpoils like theſe are found no more?
So wept, ſo griev'd the Macedonian chief,
When all the world dread ravag'd, and o'er-run,
No other world remain'd for future deeds,
Future deſtruction, blood-ſhed, ſpoils, and death!
Scant ſtrew'd with cloth full black its antique boards,
(For ſuch unphiloſophic eyes wou'd deem,
What tables Granta's wiſer ſons yclepe,)
The hall, whence frighted hoſpitality
Wan takes her flight, with lonely ſteps and ſlow
Muſing I enter, and with ſighs behold
My ſolitary trencher*! banquets rich,
And choiceſt dainties all their reliſh loſe,
If temper'd not with ſweet ſociety!
Stiff thro' the hall, the lowering of my cap,
And reverential meek reſpect demands
One moving, dull, alone, diſtreſt like me,
Of big authority, and that great name;
Fellow, in Granta's walls ſonorous deem'd,
Full proud, and ſwoln with mighty littleneſs!
Sick of the mimic pageant, down I haſte
My ſparing dinner; and full glad avoid
A wight ſo hateful to judicious eyes:
Left to his own dull ſilence, and to gnaw
Malign his cancred and perturbed gall!
But as on foreſt dreary waſte and wide,

* That is,—a ſquare piece of deal board, ſeldom if ever ſcraped, (never waſh'd) off which the younger part of the univerſity dine.

The traveller bewilder'd looks agaſt,
And doubts which way to turn his ſober ſteed,
Each equally perplexing, each alike
Lonely and deſert: ſo from every ſcene
Friendly ſociety and comfort fled,
In heſitation ſighing, long I ſtand,
Where to direct my faint and feeble feet!
Along the ſilent ſtreets, whoſe awful gloom
Adds horror to my melancholy ſoul,
I ſteal on unregarded: friendly face,
Round-cap *, or ſquare, ne'er greet my paſſing ſteps
With ſalutation pleaſing: nor the ſhops
Of Thurlbourn, Merrill †—or than thoſe more ſweet,
That, where the beauteous wife's bright viſage gives
Beauty to books, and luſtre to their backs,
One acceptable greeting e'er afford!
Not one lov'd friend—'tis ſilence, darkneſs all!
And yet awhile, methinks, my cares are ſtill'd,

* The undergraduates, or thoſe who are not dignified with the title of A. B. or any thing ſimilar thereto, in general wear round-caps, not unlike thoſe of the charity-boys, ſaving that they are black,—the ſuperior orders wear ſquare ones dignified with ſilken taſſels.

† Thurlbourn and Merril are ſo well known, we need obſerve nothing of the honeſty or excellence of theſe eminent bookſellers. The third (Mr. Matthews) who is hinted at in the next line, is leſs famous in public, but renowned within the walls of Granta, for a very pretty wife, whom he had juſt brought home when this poem was written.

N. B. This circumſtance may, in future times, be of no ſmall ſervice to fix the chronology of this poem.

And

And dawn of comfort rays upon my gloom,
As in profoundeſt meditation loſt,
Beſide the door-caſe * leaning I behold,
In fond imagination's eye, the walk
Hight Regent, by the babbling ſophiſts throng'd,
For ſtern diſpute in mental armour clad.
Slow tolls the bell: bright glory holds aloft
Her ſplendid crown, where gaily ſtamp'd in gold,
Great Wrangler † glows, and panting honour throbs
In each fierce combatant's aſpiring heart!

* Mr. Merrill's ſhop looks upon the walk commonly called the Regent, which leads to the ſchools, which before two, (the hour when public exerciſe is kept in the ſchools) is generally much thronged by the younger ſort, to hear the diſputations, but more particularly when any renowned hero is to aſcend the roſtrum.

† There are twelve of every year conſtantly honoured with that appellation, as a mark of their ſuperior merit. Many are the privileges they uſed to enjoy, which by imperceptible degrees, have dwindled away to one only, that of chuſing each a ſquire, and viſiting all the fair ladies of the town, from whom they demand—nought but a kiſs. And the good-natured ladies never were averſe to ſo laudable a cuſtom. But mark the unkindneſs of our times! even this privilege is taken away, and the Wranglers muſt no more joyouſly raviſh the balmy bleſſings from the coy and ſtruggling fair: ſcarce a dry eye was ſeen on the day when the wranglers were laſt expected, the peeping maidens obſerved, now and then, one with down-caſt looks ſteal along the ſtreets, and muffle up his inglorious face in diſmal black, proper emblem of the cruel deſtiny.—The year 1750 is, and will be, remembered with grief, by every Cambridge virgin, and future Wrangler.

He comes, behold, the dread decider * comes—
As from the eaſt the giant-ſun breaks forth,
To run his courſe, on each beholder's eye!
He comes, aſcend the roſtrum, mount on high,
Great Cato of fair ſcience, and confound
The ſyllogiſtic ſlaves of cavil ſly!
See the preſs thickens, hark the fight begins,
Tongue-doughty—oh, of ignorance ye ſons!
How ill for you in unknown guiſe they treat
Of ſubjects deep, important! elſe what funds,
What mighty crops of ſcience might ye reap,
And grow in wiſdom wealthy! ſo yon ſon,
(Or Cambro-Briton, or from northern climes,
Late footing o'er the hard and pebbly ſoil)
As by that pillar leaning, all agape,
Thus witneſſing his wonder and applauſe,
Right ſapient deems, while in his troubled thoughts
He ſcorns the ignorance of northern climes:
And prickt with emulation hies him home
To plod o'er hallow'd Euclid's ſacred page!
Not ſo the happy diſputants: releas'd
And crown'd with high applauſe, jocund they haſte
To drench their thirſty ſouls in chearing wine:
Pleas'd talking o'er the glories of the day,
And taking off each argument afreſh.
Thus from the chace, around the roſy cups
The jolly-hearted hunters ſtun the ear
With feats atchiev'd by each, while every fence

* Or moderator, whoſe buſineſs it is to be umpire in all academical diſputations, to keep up good manners and decency between the combatants.

Again

Again is ſprung, each beaſt again purſued,
And in imagination ſlain anew.
Where, roving fancy, whither was I borne!—
Theſe active ſcenes are wrapt in ſlumber now,
The ſtill ſchools droop, the deſart roſtrum mourns;
And penſive ſilence with her down-fixt eyes
Walks ſolitary round the ſorrowing walls.
Vain is it, once the coffee-houſe ſupplied
Reviving coffee, or heart-chearing tea,
And with them pamphlets in long happy roll,
Food for the hungry mind! how dreary all
As ent'ring there, I pace along the room!
The languid Dockrill * drops his wonted ſmiles,
Pale Dockerilla on her elbow leans,
And views the long, long order, ſhining trim,
(Ah that they ſhine!) of coffee-pots forlorn!
While each with me in deep complaining joins
And ruminates full ſad on happier days.
Vain is the hope for ought of comfort here:
Quick let me wander to thoſe pleaſing ſcenes,
Where nymphs whilome right gaily trimm'd, advanc'd,
And ſpread their gawdy plumage to the ſun.
But vaniſh'd is the ſun from Granta's ſkies,
With it the ſummer's vaniſh'd—and the pride
Of ſummer, each gay butterfly is gone!
No more the high-arch'd walk of lovely Clare,
No more proud Trinity's delightful round,

* The names of the maſter and miſtreſs of the coffee-houſe, commonly called Robin's coffee-houſe. For the deſcription of an academical coffee-houſe, we refer the reader to that noble hiſtory of Little Pompey.

No

No more the rural grove of awful Kings,
Or Johnian ſcenes for ſolitude devis'd,
Are with the bevy bright of gownſmen blythe
And beauteous ladies, elegantly throng'd.
No more the Commoner * with gold diſtinct,

* The before-mentioned hiſtory well explains the meaning of this word, chap. XII. book II. 'He was admitted in the rank 'of a fellow-commoner, which, according to the definition 'given by a member of the univerſity in a court of juſtice, is one 'who ſits at the ſame table, and enjoys the converſation of the 'fellows. It differs from what is called a gentleman commoner 'at Oxford, not only in the name, but alſo in the greater privileges 'and licences indulged to the members of this order; who do not 'only enjoy the converſation of the fellows, but likewiſe a full 'liberty of following their own imaginations in every thing. For as 'tutors and governors of colleges have uſually pretty ſagacious no-'ſes after preferment, they think it impolitic to croſs the inclina-'tions of young gentlemen, who are heirs to great eſtates, and 'from whom they expect benefices and dignities hereafter, as re-'wards for their want of care of them, while they were under their 'protection. From hence it comes to paſs, that pupils of this rank 'are excuſed from all public exerciſes, and allowed to abſent them-'ſelves at pleaſure from the private lectures in their tutors rooms, 'as often as they have made a party for hunting, or an engagement 'at the Tennis-court, or are not well recovered from their evening's 'debauch. And whilſt a poor unhappy ſoph, of no fortune, is of-'ten expelled for the moſt trivial offences, or merely to humour the 'capricious reſentment of his tutor, who happens to diſlike his 'face; young noblemen, and heirs of great eſtates, may commit 'any illegalities, and, if they pleaſe, overturn a college with im-'punity.'

N. B. Let it be acknowledg'd our Author is rather too ſevere.

And

And curſing regulations, treads the green,
With ſtep ſuperior; while perchance his ſide,
Some humbler fellow *, very meek, attends,

o o o o o Full

* A fellow of a college is either a moſt amiable or a moſt inſignificant character: to the honour of the univerſities be it ſpoken, they now abound with as many worthy men, in that ſtation, as can either be deſired or expected; and were I not to be ſuſpected of flattery, I would name ſeveral, whoſe names as tutors as well as fellows, do honour to their own colleges, and the univerſity in general: but many too there are of the ſpecies mentioned in Pompey the Little, whoſe inſignificancy can never be ſufficiently ridiculed, and whoſe fooliſh pride never ſufficiently humbled.—Let us therefore, with honeſt Boileau, cenſuring only to amend, ſee what is there ſaid of them: 'He (Williams, a M. A. and fellow) 'was in the firſt place, a man of the moſt exact and punctilious 'neatneſs; his ſhoes were always blacked in the niceſt manner, his 'wigs powdered with the moſt finical delicacy, and he would ſcold 'his laundreſs for a whole morning together, if he diſcovered a wry 'plait in the ſleeve of his ſhirt, or the leaſt ſpeck of dirt on any 'part of his linen. He roſe conſtantly to chapel, and afterwards 'proceeded with great importance to breakfaſt, which, moderately 'ſpeaking, took up two hours of his morning; for when he had 'done ſipping his tea, he uſed to waſh up the cups with the moſt 'orderly exactneſs, and replace them with the utmoſt regularity in 'their corner-cupboard. After this, he drew on his boots, ordered 'his horſe, and rode out for the air, having been told that a ſeden-'tary life is deſtructive of the conſtitution, and that too much 'ſtudy impairs the health. At his return he had barely time to 'waſh his hands, clean his teeth, and put on a freſh-powdered wig, 'before the college-bell ſummoned him to dinner in the public 'hall. When this great affair was ended, he ſpent an hour with

'the

Full ſupple, big with hopes of benefice!
No more * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

No

‘ the reſt of the fellows in the common-room to digeſt his meal,
‘ and then went to the coffee-houſe to read the news-papers; where
‘ he loitered away that heavy interval, which paſſed between dinner
‘ and the hour appointed for afternoon tea: but as ſoon as the clock
‘ ſtruck three, he tucked up his gown, and flew with all imaginable
‘ haſte to ſome of the young ladies abovementioned, who all eſteemed
‘ him a prodigious genius, and were ready to laugh at his wit
‘ before he had opened his mouth. In theſe agreeable viſits he
‘ remained till the time of evening chapel; and when this was over,
‘ ſupper ſucceeded next to find him freſh employment; from whence
‘ he repaired again to the coffee-houſe, and then to ſome engage-
‘ ment he had made at a friend's room, to ſpend the remaining
‘ part of the evening. By this account of his day's tranſactions,
‘ the reader will ſee how very impoſſible it was for him to find lei-
‘ ſure for ſtudy in the midſt of ſo many important avocations; yet
‘ he made a ſhift ſometimes to play half a tune on the German flute
‘ in a morning, and once in a quarter of a year took the pains to
‘ tranſcribe a ſermon out of various authors.

‘ Another part of his character was a great affectation of polite-
‘ neſs, which is more pretended to in univerſities, where leſs of it is
‘ practiſed, than in any other part of the kingdom. Thus Williams,
‘ like many others, was always talking of genteel life, to which
‘ end he was plentifully provided with ſtories by a female couſin,
‘ who kept a milliner's ſhop in London, and never failed to let him
‘ know by letters. what paſſed among the great: though ſhe fre-
‘ quently miſtook the names of the people, and attributed ſcandal

‘ to

No more 'midſt laughter loud, meet ſcorn of ſage,
The thoughtleſs youth * full idly loll along,
And

'to one lord, which was the property of another. Her couſin how-
'ever did not find out the miſtakes, but retailed her blunders about
'the colleges with great confidence and ſecurity.

'But nothing in the world pleaſed him more than ſhewing the
'univerſity to ſtrangers, and eſpecially to ladies, which he thought
'gave him an air of acquaintance with the genteel world; and on
'ſuch occaſions, if he could prevail on them to dine with him, he
'would affect to make expenſive entertainments, which neither his
'private fortune, or the income of his fellowſhip, could afford.'

* In an old book I met with the other day, called Micro-Coſmographie; or, a piece of the world diſcovered in eſſays and characters. Printed in 1633. I found the following character of an univerſity ſcholar; which pleaſing me much, I did not doubt but it might alſo pleaſe ſome of my readers.——The little Book whence it is taken, is very full of characters, and was ſo well approved in its own days, as to run thro' ſix editions.'

'A young gentleman of the Univerſity, is one that comes there
'to weare a gown, and to ſay hereafter, he has beene at the Vni-
'verſity. His father ſent him thither, becauſe he heard there
'were the beſt fencing and dancing ſchooles, from theſe he has his
'education, from his tutor the over-ſight. The firſt element of
'his knowledge is to be ſhewne the colledges, and initiated in a ta-
'verne by the way, which hereafter hee will learn of himſelfe.
'The two marks of his ſeniority, is the bare velvet of his gowne,
'and his proficiency at tennis, where when hee can once play a ſet,
'he is a freſh-man no more. His ſtudy has commonly handſome
'ſhelves, his bookes neate ſilke ſtrings, which he ſhews to his fa-
'ther's man, and is loth to untye or take downe, for fear of miſ-

And deem themſelves important! here I reign
Sole monarch; and if nought can give me joy,
At leaſt am free from ought to raiſe my ſpleen.
Here only am I bleſt while nature's works,
And every beauty thro' the laughing fields,
Contemplating, delighted: while my limbs,
Beſide the gurgling ſpring, which murmuring rills
Adown the ſteep, amidſt the wiſpering breeze
Soft ſighing of the gently waving boughs,
Indulgently I ſpread; and feed my thoughts
With thy perfections and thy works, great king
Of univerſal nature;—ſure to lead
To that moſt perfect loveliest of thy works,
(Sweet meditation!) her, who holds my heart,
And is, whate'er has been of beauty feign'd!
Away, ye ſons of midnight revelry,

'placing. Vpon foule dayes for recreation, he retyres thither, and 'looks over the prety booke his tutor reades to him, which is com-'monly ſome ſhort hiſtory, or a piece of Euphormio; for which 'his tutor gives him money to ſpend next day. His maine loyter-'ing is at the library, where he ſtudies armes and books of honour, 'and turnes a gentleman-critick in pedigrees. Of all things hee 'endures not to bee miſtaken for a ſcholler, and hates a black ſuit 'though it bee of ſatin. His companion is ordinarily ſome ſtale 'fellow, that has beene notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands, 'whom he admires at firſt, afterwards ſcornes. If hee have ſpirit 'or wit, hee may light of better company, and learne ſome flaſhes 'of wit, which may doe him knights ſervice in the country here-'after. But he is now gone to the inns of court, where hee ſtu-'dies to forget, what he learn'd before, his acquaintance and the 'faſhion.'

Who

Who to a wanton Venus make your court!
Think not to lure me with thoſe gallant joys,
More boaſted of than known: one hour of love,
Of innocent delight, of guileleſs bliſs,
Of converſe delicate, refin'd and pure,
Exceeds your utmoſt pleaſures, and may vie
With all the tranſports of laſcivious love!
No wonder, Lucy, wrapt in thoughts of thee,
Quick move along the nimble-footed hours,
When with thee oft, ſo oft, too winged prov'd,
Then fleeter than a ſnail-pac'd moment now.
The hour of prayer approaches: home I tend,
And as the ſilent melancholy court
Yawning I enter, 'chance a diſmal ſcrape,
From hand of forlorn Fiddler, wounds my ear,
And to the ſcene adds horror. So the howl
Of triple-mouthed Cerberus burſting dread
Thro' the dull ſilence of hell's awful gloom,
New terror ſtruck thro' pale Æneas' ſoul
Dire woe-begone, and made e'en hell more horrible.
The houſe of prayer, or ſupper, nought preſents
Or new or meet to mend the dull-ſpent day:
How ſhall the long, long tedious evening paſs?
Where are the ſocial friends, the flowing cups
Midſt converſe pleaſing jovially put round,
Midſt mirth and laughter, honeſt joke and joy?
Where is the evening, held more ſocial yet,
Midſt converſation, open'd and refin'd,
On themes that well might ſuit an Attic ear?
Ah D*** now where art thou? bleſt indeed uncombe,

In converſe with the man *, the world admires.
And I—ſmall comfort—to reflection left
Of what I once enjoy'd!—upbraidings hence
The hours move on, and proud Auguſta's walls
Shall all thoſe comforts to my ſoul afford,
Granta unkindly to my wiſh denies.
So might mankind be bleſt: learn, mortals, learn,
The preſent ſtate contented to ſupport,
Let flattering hope the future proſpects crown!
Thus in dull round drags on each ſelf-ſame day,
And every hour well knows the next's employ;
The day of God except: then ruling change
Uſurps her wonted ſway: The pulpit then
New fund of matter to engage my ſoul,
Or raiſe my laughter, as with * * fill'd
* * * * or * * * * graciouſly ſupplies.

* Every reader will confeſs the propriety of what is ſaid of this gentleman, when I tell them the perſon here meant, is the truly amiable author of Clariſſa.

* * No particular perſons are here meant: every univerſity man can eaſily ſupply the vacancies, as no pulpit affords greater variety of excellent, as well as miſerable, preachers, than St. Mary's. ——The learned reader will obſerve how ſtrictly the writer of this piece has complied with the opinions of the ingenious author of the very grave Scribleriad. He, in imitation thereof, never deigning to let one ſmile intrude all the way through; and in ſo doing, we hope people of true and nicer taſte will confeſs he has hit upon the true burleſque. For in the preface to that poem, ſaith the writer,——'In a mock-heroic poem, the author ſhould never be 'ſeen to laugh, but conſtantly wear that grave irony, which Cer-'vantes only has inviolably preſerved.'

So

So in our days, when late the parting earth
Yawn'd, threat'ning diſſolution, ſome with awe,
With ſouls religious, felt the warning ſhock,
And pick'd morality from every ſhake.
While others, looſer throng, with laughter vain,
And idle obſervation, deem'd it light,
While with gay pleaſures cloſely compaſs'd round,
They rioted in joviſaunce ſecure,
And unregarding, or with ſmiles could hear
" The wreck of matter and the cruſh of worlds."

Auguſt 15, 1750.

WIT

WIT REWARDED,

OR THE DOUBLE TRIUMPH.

A TALE FOUNDED ON TRUTH.

AN honeſt vicar, little known to fame,
Whoſe wealth was ſmall, whoſe life was free from blame;
It chanc'd, in riding on the village road,
Calmly content, and ruminating good;
Was overtook by Morio briſk and gay,
Directed by ſome ſcheme the ſelf-ſame way:
Morio, a youth, who two vain years had ſpent
At London, and from thence to Paris went;
Proficient he, alike, at either ſchool,
Here he commenc'd, and there completed fool.
He learn'd to hammer "monſieur, voulez-vous,"
And dangle at his back the monkey queue.
He learn'd each folly men of ſenſe deſpiſe,
To triumph in himſelf, and ſcorn the wiſe.
He knew the prieſt, and form'd the deep deſign,
To play a prank, and bite the grave divine:
To gain his point, he ſighing, thus began,
"Well, hard his fate! alas, poor honeſt man;
"Believe me, ſir, at length good Pio's dead;
"The very beſt of Levi's ſons is fled."
Amaz'd the vicar heard, and doubting ſtands
Till Morio's oath a full belief commands;
No more he doubts, but thinks the tale ſincere;
Nor dream'd that moderns would to falſehood ſwear.

His

His friend a while lamenting on the road,
Quoth Morio, " doctor, his preferment's good;
" That living well would ſuit—'ſdeath, haſte, begone,
" The biſhop can't deny you; 'tis your own."
Thoughtful the vicar ſat—at length reply'd,
" Good is my aim, and charity my guide;
" With lib'ral hand to eaſe the widow's toil,
" Relieve the poor, and bid the wretched ſmile.
" For theſe I'll aſk, to theſe the boon be giv'n,
" This all my wiſh, then grant it bounteous heav'n."
See then, by mild credulity betray'd,
The common failing of an honeſt head;
The prieſt with diligence, not haſte, proceed,
Half loth to plead his worth, or own his need.
Tim'rous, at length he beats the biſhop's gate,
The biſhop never made his clergy wait;
He enters, grave, and at the plenteous board
Sees the dead rector dining with my lord!
Amaz'd, aſham'd, tho' conſcious of no wrong,
He bluſhes, bows, and dines and holds his tongue;
Pours out a ſober cup to church and king,
Nor waſtes one thought upon the trifling thing;
A chearful hour he ſpends, ſerenely gay,
Then pays his compliments, and comes away.
Big with delight, exulting in the deed,
The beau thank'd nature for an able head;
The quaint deceit with tranſport fill'd his ſoul;
And pleas'd, he triumph'd o'er the muſty fool;
O'er him and all, who ſway'd by truth and ſenſe,
Scorn ſuch low arts, and hate to give offence.
" This head," he cry'd, then ſmil'd, and cry'd again,
" This head was never known to think in vain."

He

He could no more, for words are not deſign'd
To paint the raptures of th' unthinking mind.
But ſtrait he glow'd a ſecond prank to try,
Heated with wit's warm blood and victory.
So when a fox, with too much cunning wiſe,
Scorns the foul trap wherein his ruin lies;
By one attempt made bold, he quits his fear,
Nor dreads the loſs of tail, or foot, or ear.
Dangling his cane he rode, then rais'd it high
Switch'd his gay prancer, and prepar'd to fly:
To fly, directed by his fooliſh brain,
Mad as his horſe, and ſpungy as his cane;
Triumphant with his embryo ſcheme he glow'd,
While ideot laughter echo'd as he rode.
'Twas then ſiniſter omens damp'd his ſoul,
The mock of ſenſe, but terror of the fool;
His ſilken ſtockings luckleſs dirt beſmear'd,
And croſs the road the hated hare appear'd:
A boding raven on his golden hat
Diſcharg'd his load, and croak'd the threats of fate.
Yet not diſmay'd, he keeps his purpoſe ſtill,
For preſent joys o'erbalance future ill.
Now to the vicar's villa ſee him come,
A ſmall, tho' neat, and well contented home;
Thither he flew, as one that flies for life,
And calls with earneſt voice the vicar's wife.
Vicaria ſoon appear'd; "haſte, haſte," he cries,
"In yonder road your helpleſs huſband lies;
"His leg, alas! thrown by the found'ring jade;
"I ſaw him fall; oh! haſten to his aid!—
"I'll go myſelf," he ſaid; then turn'd his ſteed,
And urg'd the nimble beaſt with utmoſt ſpeed.

She heard, aſtoniſh'd, the ambiguous tale;
The blood forſakes her cheeks, her ſpirits fail;
Convulſive conflicts tear her tender breaſt,
She ſinks, ſhe ſwoons, with thouſand fears oppreſt;
Her maid, her neighbours fly to give her eaſe,
And try each art her ſorrows to appeaſe.
When men to ſerious follies will deſcend,
We know not where the ſad effects may end;
A ſerious liar is a dang'rous thing,
Sharp is his poiſon, tho' conceal'd his ſting.
At length reviv'd, ſhe thus diſclos'd her woe,
" Ah fatal tale, ſad, unexpected blow!
" My huſband lies—oh, agonizing grief!—
" In yonder road—haſte, haſte, to his relief."—
Through all that heard, one common ſorrow ſpread;
They mourn the living vicar as the dead:
And run in crowds to give him inſtant aid.
The grief was general; for in ev'ry plain,
A general bleſſing is an honeſt man.
Soft as the breezes moving on the ſea,
When waves on waves in circling eddies play;
Sweet as the air, when Flora ſpreads around
Her balmy odours on the painted ground;
When teeming nature, with her genial pow'r,
Smells in the roſe, and blooms in every flow'r:
So rural life has ev'ry charm to pleaſe,
Dear hours of genuine innocence and eaſe:
New beauties bloſſom as the old decay,
And big with pleaſure day ſucceeds to day.
Can Morio then, midſt ſcenes like theſe, delight,
Like a black mildew, to ariſe and blight?
Can Morio ſmile to pain an honeſt heart,
And cloud the calms which truth and worth impart!

But ſee, the ſtorm is o'er, the prieſt appears,
And ſhouts of tranſport follow floods of tears:
The happy wife, with pleaſure-melted eye,
Draws near, and kindly teſtifies her joy.
The tale was told; well pleas'd the prieſt reply'd,
" I envy not the victor's ſcheme, or pride;
" In thy concern a greater bliſs I know,
" Than all his boaſted cunning can beſtow."
But good Vicaria, born of gentle blood,
At Morio's bold affront with anger glow'd;
And with revenge inſpir'd the ardent train;
But Morio abſent, their revenge was vain:
Yet ſtill the heroine bade the num'rous band
Keep inſtruments of diſcipline in hand.
So on the ſeas, no Gallic foe in view,
Rides Britain's fleet, and burns the Britiſh crew
For future combat, with true courage fir'd,
Such as by Anſon, Warren, Hawke inſpir'd.
Seven days were paſt, when roſe the eighth great light,
Big with the fate of Morio, and of wit.
Vicaria with delight that morning view'd,
For all her omens and her dreams were good:
And now th' auſpicious day was almoſt ſpent,
Ordain'd to perfect the renown'd event;
When Morio, by his evil genius led,
Genteely cant'ring towards the village ſped.
With tranſport ſhe beheld, and out ſhe flies,
While her ſhrill voice re-echoes to the ſkies;
Quick at her call the villagers appear,
Morio rode on, nor knew the danger near;
Amaz'd he ſaw unnumber'd plowmen ſtand,
Graſping their long thong'd whips with threatning hand:

Amaz'd

Amaz'd he heard inceſſant clamours ſound,
And wit, revenge, and Morio echo round.
But what were plowmen, whips and clamorous tongues,
To the dread laſhing of the cracking thongs!
Flight was his only hope, he ſpurr'd his horſe,
The victors, thronging round, oppoſe his courſe.
Paſtorio—give him to the trump of fame,
While ſtands the village, live the hero's name;—
Paſtorio firſt, diſdaining diſtant war,
Ruſh'd to his ſide, and with a manly air,
Seiz'd his neat leg, and dragg'd him to the ground;
When fix'd on vengeance croud the women round.
What tongue can e'er recount, what numbers tell,
The thouſand blows that on the witling fell;
In vain he pray'd, in vain he begg'd relief,
The laughing clowns to all his cries were deaf;
Nor pity felt for coat all ſilver'd o'er:—
Alas, what muſe th' affliction can deplore!
Strange that for lace no pity they expreſs,
No kind regard for ſuch a ſhining dreſs!
Such was his fate; and now revenge's fire
Began to languiſh, and their rage to tire:
When thus Vicaria, with contented look,
And heart benevolent, the crowd beſpoke:
The crowd all liſten'd, while two ſturdy ſwains
Held faſt poor Morio, trembling with his pains;
" Friends, neighbours, all, with pleaſure I ſurvey
" The great event of this auſpicious day;
" My hopes are gain'd, and all my wiſhes crown'd,
" Folly's vain ſon a due reward has found.
" Wits hence ſhall learn to dread their ſerious lies,
" To cheat the honeſt, and to bite the wiſe;

" Wits reign ſhall ceaſe, for all her ſons ſhall know,
" Senſe, ſoon or late, retorts a vengeful blow;
" Senſe ſoon or late, ſhall o'er their follies ſoar,
" And Morio's fate be ſung till witlings be no more."
She ceas'd—A jolly farmer's wife reply'd,
Laughing, her hands held either ſhaking ſide;
Attention liſten'd to the merry dame,
While thus with roſy looks, ſhe ſpoke her ſcheme:
" Poor youth, I know not but this cruel ſtrife
" May coſt him dear, may rob him of his life:
" If thus, beſmear'd with dirt, from hence we ſend him,
" Let us have pity—to yon well attend him;
" There waſh him clean—this kindneſs will repay
" His former ills, and wipe his rage away."
She laugh'd aloud; they heard the ſcheme well pleas'd,
When from his dirty bed the youth was rais'd:
All pale he ſtood, he knew not what they meant,
Vainly entreating, trembling for th' event.
Sad ſight, behold the queue behind undone,
His hair diſhevell'd, and his beaver gone:
His ſhirt all black; the dirt conceal'd the lace,
And help'd to ſhew the whiteneſs of his face.
Thus in the ſhades below, dread realms of night,
Deiphobus ſurpriz'd the Trojan's ſight;
With wounds all cover'd o'er the hero ſtood,
While pale Æneas trembled as he view'd.
But now, my muſe, contract thy tedious ſong,
Patience muſt tire whene'er a tale's too long;
Suffice it in the bucket he was laid,
Thrice duck'd, and thrice uprear'd his weeping head.
The vicar, with his pipe, ſtood looking on,
And ſoberly advis'd them to have done:
They all obey'd, the witling was releas'd,
And, with Vicaria, all the village pleas'd.

CUPID DETECTED:

TO MISS W-----N.

AS t'other morning over Margate's bay,
Apollo drove the orient car of day;
Beneath the canvaſs, with enraptur'd eyes,*
He ſaw fair W------n, from the waves ariſe;
(His eyes—the queen of love deteſts their ſight—
Thro' all things pierce, impertinently bright.)
And as he view'd the virgin's finiſh'd frame,
The amorous god ſoon felt the tender flame;
Muſic's the food of love—he caught the lyre,
For ever tuneful with the golden wire;
And with his flying fingers touch'd the ſtrings,
To his ſoft ſtrains his voice melodious ſings;

No, no, mighty Jove, I'd not envy thy portion,
Thy heaven for Me thou unrivall'd might'ſt have,
Were I but the God, the bleſt God of the ocean;
Were I but of ocean one favorite wave!

That wave which receives and encircles tranſported,
Which curls round the waiſt, and enjoys all the charms
Of her, by each ſhepherd ſo anxiouſly courted,
But worthy to gladden a God's roſy arms,

* The reader ſhould be informed here, that the ladies at Margate bathe in the ſea, under an umbrella of canvaſs, which is fix'd at the end of the machines.

Hence,

Hence, hence, ye vain ſuitors!—ſince Daphne ſo charming,
So coyly refus'd and ſo cruelly fled;
No nymph, with ſuch paſſion my boſom alarming,
Seem'd worthy my wiſh, or ſeem'd worthy my bed.

Sweet maid, for thy ſake, would I leave my high ſtation,
And a ſhepherd again on my oaten pipe play.
Or if my bright nymph would prefer elevation,
Come, ſit by my ſide here, and make double day!

To win thee perhaps, I might urge that the glory,
Of Beauty, of wit, and of ſong are all mine;
But conſcious alas—I diſown them before thee;
Soft ſong, modeſt wit, and chaſte beauty are thine!

I'll rather avow my ſincere adoration,
And wiſh thee to bleſs me, my charmer, my bride;
I'll rather preſent my unfeign'd and ſoft paſſion,
And wooe thee to come, and to ſit by my ſide.

The ſweets of domeſtic felicity blooming,
Together we'll crop from affection's ſweet grove;
And each happy morning, its verdure reſuming,
I'll place on thy brow a freſh chaplet of love.

Thus ſang the God,—and inſtant gave command,
To bear the tender lay to Cupid's hand;
That he forthwith to Margate might depart,
And with the ſong, engage the fair one's heart.

Quick on a ſun-beam Æthon ſhot away,
To bear to Cupid's hand the tender lay;
But vain he ſought him in th' Idalian groves,
Amidſt the laughing nymphs, and ſporting loves:
Truant he flies,—his mother ſtrait begun,
" Midſt revel-routs and orgies ſeek my ſon;
" No more the Cyprian ſcenes engage his ſtay,
" The God of wine has led my ſon aſtray!" *
Inſtant as thought the faithful Æthon flies,
And with the drunken God young Cupid ſpies;
Empurpled were the beauties of his face,
Each feature fluſh'd, and bloated every grace.
" Haſte, haſte, ſaid Æthon, Phœbus gives command,
" Bear this ſoft lay to lovely W------n's hand!"
" I know her well,—the ſullen boy rejoin'd;
" But ah, I hate her for her matchleſs mind;
" Her charms, her ſenſe, too elegant for me;
" And, truth to ſay, ſhe ſcorns my deity.
" Scorns my connections with this honeſt God;—
" I hate her, for ſhe's chaſte, and wife and good.
" But ſince inferior pow'rs muſt needs obey—
" Attend me, Diſcord; and take thou the lay."
He ſpoke indignant; wav'd his roſeat wings,
And to the deſtin'd fair his meſſage brings;
He ſaw her at the brilliant ball appear
The faireſt virgin ſhe, where all are fair!
W-----n's lov'd name maliciouſly eras'd;
Lucinda's in its ſtead had diſcord plac'd;

* See the next poem: the Cupid here mention'd, is the ſame with that whom Clorinda laments.

" Love-

" Love-ſongs, quoth Cupid!—take and read, and gueſs
" Whoſe praiſe, ſweet miſs, the amorous lines expreſs:
" Lucinda—yet 'midſt theſe bright belles to riſe,
" And to eclipſe all yours, with her reſplendent eyes."
He ſpoke, and ſtern like Ajax' ghoſt retir'd;
We ſeiz'd the ſong, with curious ardour fir'd;
But quick diſcern'd the little urchin's art,
And ſaw the turnings of his envious heart;
All with one voice the proper nymph aſſign,
And own Lucinda's praiſe, fair W-----n, juſtly thine.

CLORINDA's

CLORINDA'S LAMENTATION

ON THE ABSENCE OF CUPID FROM MARGATE.

ARGUMENT.

" A gentleman, whoſe beauty and addreſs procured
" him the appellation of Cupid from the ladies two
" years ago, acted as maſter of the ceremonies at
" Margate, in which capacity he is at preſent
" greatly wanted. Upon this the following lines are
" founded."

AS on the wave-worn coaſt I lately trod,
And heard the roarings of the watry God,
On a lone cliff, with barren ſea-weed ſpread,
Clorinda ſat—I wond'ring ſaw; and ſped
With zealous haſte, to greet the blooming maid.
But, as I nearer drew, encreas'd ſurprize
Sprung from her penſive look and downcaſt eyes:
With earneſt warmth, " Ah why, lov'd fair, I cried,
" Doſt thou from ſweet ſociety divide?
" Why ſeek the craggy cliff, and gloomy ſtrand?
" Why lean thy head upon thy ſnowy hand?
" And why do looks of ſadneſs, charmer, why,
" Thus damp the living luſtre of thine eye?"
" And can you aſk, ſhe ſaid, or want to know
" Whence ſprings my own, and whence each female's
" woe,
" That dives for roſy health in Margate's waves;
" That ſeeks in Margate's rooms for willing ſlaves?

" Learn, learn the truth—and our ſad loſs deplore—
" Cupid, capricious God, is here no more!"
All ſympathetic, with the maid I ſigh'd:
And " ah capricious cruel Cupid cried!"
" Who now, ſaid ſhe, ſhall thro' the rooms advance,
" Guide the gay band, and lead the ſprightly dance?
" Who now the graceful minuet direct,
" And well-choſen partners for the fair ſelect?
" Who, to the tuneful band, with glove ſo white,
" Shall wave, and bid them play each maid's delight?
" Or who the tables in the card-room fill,
" For ſober whiſt, briſk loo, or blythe quadrille?
" Ah fatal loſs! with me that loſs deplore!
" Cupid, capricious God, is here no more!
" Who now can bear the once-lov'd rooms to tread,
" Whence with their maſter, every grace is fled!
" And where each moment, by each object brought,
" His lov'd idea lives in every thought!
" Where all—ah gentle Deity, too plain
" Confeſs thy abſence, and augment my pain?
" Silent we ſit;—expecting who ſhall lead—
" The muſic's ſilent—and the beaux ſeem dead!
" Ah fatal loſs! with me that loſs deplore;
" Cupid, capricious God, is here no more!
" Perchance a lonely minuet's begun—
" But who ſhall dance the next, when this is done?—
" That's darkneſs all, and doubt! rank, beauty, grace,
" Avail not here—Oh come reſume thy place;
" Come gentle Cupid,—ſee we ſit in vain—
" And briſkly move our fans with warm diſdain—
" Far other motions do we wiſh to prove—
" Return, and crown our wiſhes, God of Love!

" Ah

" Ah fatal loſs,—let us lament no more:
" But come, dear Cupid, and our joys reſtore!
" While thou art abſent, every ſcene appears
" Dull as my heart, and mournful as my fears:
" More loud and boiſterous roars th' indignant ſea,
" And the rough rocks ſeem rougher, wanting thee:
" Intrepid to the bath I once cou'd hie,
" For Love was there: and he could ſoon deſcry
" The eye's new luſtre, and the cheek's freſh dye.
" Now, to that bath with timid ſtep I go,
" And plunge affrighted to the gulph below;
" With unconcern I leave the dull machine;
" For now—what now avails it to be ſeen?
" What now avails the cheek's re-kindled fluſh!
" No love is here—and vain is beauty's bluſh!
" Oh the ſad loſs, let us lament no more;—
" Come, come, dear Cupid, and our joys reſtore!
" Return, oh Cupid, God of Love return,
" Nor let Clorinda unavailing mourn:
" Return, and to the rooms their life reſtore,
" And give to beauty all its former pow'r:
" Return, and with thee bring thy bow: for hearts
" Our eyes ſhall furniſh out ſufficient darts;
" Return, or from the cliffs myſelf along
" I'll caſt, like her ſo fam'd in claſſic ſong;
" Or elſe from hence I'll go—" " With me, ſweet
" maid,"
Seizing the ſoftneſs of her hand I ſaid,—
" To yonder rooms, where crowds of ſuitors wait,
" And wonder why Clorinda ſtays ſo late:
" Where you ſhall quickly find, that you complain
" Of Cupid's abſence, lovely fair, in vain:

" For Cupid's abſence of no weight can prove,
" Where his own mother comes, the queen of love!
" And, when th' unerring ſhafts herſelf ſupplies
" By which the throbbing heart delighted dies,
" From her own roſy lips, and love-inſpiring eyes?"
The fair one ſmil'd:—nor yet withdrew her hand;
Nor unreluctant left the barren ſtrand.
I preſs'd her lips, her eyes new luſtre gain'd;
Her cheeks a freſher tint of crimſon ſtain'd:
And as ſhe paſs'd all-graceful up the room,
In elegance of mein, and beauty's bloom;
The belles with admiration view'd the maid,
And the rapt beaux in ſilent awe ſurvey'd.
While general pleaſure ſpeedily declar'd,
That where his mother ſmiles, Cupid may well be ſpar'd.

TO

TO THE AUTHOR OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES.

YES, tney will laugh;—but whom, O S----e, enquire?
The wretched ſons of vice and foul deſire:
To theſe your page immoral may be dear,
But virtue o'er it ſheds the conſcious tear:
The wiſe, the modeſt, view it with concern;
Deteſt the matter, and the maſter mourn.
Is it for this you wear the ſacred gown,
To write and live the Shandy of the town?
Is it for this the holy hand was laid,
Thrice awful conſecration!—on your head?
Is it for this the ſacred page was giv'n
To teach high truths, and point the way to heav'n?
Is it for this, that, trifler looſe and vain,
With page unhallow'd, and with pen obſcene,
You might againſt the cauſe of goodneſs war,
Soil the pure mind, and truth's fair features mar?
Ah! think what you will ſurely know too ſoon,
Tho' ſome may laugh, none love the looſe buffoon:
But of buffoons the ſcorn and verieſt fellow,
Is the buffoon, ſtrange monſter—in prunello!
With all your might, tho' you have ſtretch'd your hand,
To ſcatter poiſon, and defile the land;
Yet let me once my gratulations pay,
For that your will exceeds your beſt eſſay:

I joy to praiſe you for your fouleſt ſheet,
Jeſts moſt indelicate, and dearth of wit.
The time will come, when you with me ſhall join,
To bleſs the blaſting of each putrid line:
For oh the time will come, when you ſhall feel
Stabs in your heart more ſharp than ſtabs of ſteel;
When conſcience loud, ſhall thunder in your ear,
And all your wide-ſpread ill in horrid form appear!
Prevent the hour, for pity's ſake I aſk,
And oh, perform your own adviſed taſk;*
Search your own heart, you'll find the debt is large,
And haſte, perform the duties of your charge;
Leave the vile town, nor wiſh it in your pow'r,
To ſhine the giddy meteor of an hour.
Ah! you have talents,—do not miſapply,
Ah you have time,—ſeize, ſeize it, ere it fly;
Strait ſeize it, for too ſhort you needs muſt own
Whate'er of life remaineth to atone
For all the filth diffus'd, and evil you have done.

* See Sterne's Sermons, Vol. I. Sermon 4th.

A NE L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

LAnguage is faint true ſorrow to expreſs,
To ſpeak the paſſion of a wounded ſoul:
The more we ſuffer we complain the leſs,
The rill flows babbling, deep ſtreams ſilent roll.

The head with mute expreſſive pity mov'd,
The big tear lab'ring in your people's eye,
Too ſpeakingly proclaim, how much belov'd,
Dear prince, you liv'd, how much lamented die.

In deep ſuſpence, ſuch ſolemn ſcenes around,
I ſtand, where firſt to touch the lyre of woe;
As leaning on his ax, where trees abound,
The woodman doubts where firſt to fix the blow.

Oh princeſs—yet at that unhappy name
Why does my pen th' ungrateful taſk deny?
Why ſpreads a dampy chilneſs o'er my frame,
And tears unbidden croud into my eye?

So tender is the theme, the muſes mourn,
And fear to ſpeak, what ſpeaking they muſt wrong;
For as no words her virtues can adorn,
So is her grief beyond the reach of ſong.

Oh

Oh for the plaintive voice, the mournful tone
Soft-trilling thro' the ſilence of the night
Of hapleſs Philomel, when all alone,
On bared bough, ſhe wails her widow'd plight:

Then cou'd my ſoul in ſoft complainings tell,
How Frederick lov'd, and how that love was bleſt:
How dear he liv'd, how dear—and when he fell,
Ah me—what anguiſh pierc'd Auguſta's breaſt!

Theirs was no common love, no common flame,
Not from the wanton heat of paſſion ſprung,
Whoſe joy is tranſient, and whoſe bliſs a name;
Senſe tied the knot, which tenderneſs made ſtrong:

Built on eſteem a mutual friendſhip roſe,
Time ſaw that friendſhip conſtantly improve:
And friendſhip ſo refin'd, ſoon fondneſs grows,
Soon ſoftly mellows into firmeſt love.

Such, ſuch was their's; but when a beauteous race
Their parent's triumph, and their nation's care,
Was giv'n indulgent to their dear embrace,
How was their mutual love cemented there!

Oh to behold 'em as they paſs'd along
With their ſweet babes, the lov'd and loving pair:
Their bliſs was painted in the gazing throng,
Each eye proclaim'd their happineſs ſincere.

Britons, alas, no more ſhall ye ſurvey,
With longing looks, the lovely glorious ſight:
Heav'n has too ſoon your favourite ſnatch'd away,
The huſband's mirror, and the realm's delight.

Who ſhall preſume heaven's awful ways to ſcan,
Or reaſon of its dealings here below?
Myſterious are its holy ways to man:
That God is good, is all we need to know.

Weep not, fair princeſs, nor thy fortune blame,
Some great reward in future times is thine:
From earth ſet free, above yon ſtarry frame
Thou with thy God and with thy prince ſhalt ſhine.

Wait then reſign'd the hallow'd will of heav'n,
Aſſuage thy tears, and bid thy grief ſubſide,—
Alas!—how eaſy conſolation's giv'n,
When ſwells not full the heart with ſorrow's tide!

Tho' much I feel, how deep thy grief to mine!
How vain the thought to bid thee ceaſe to mourn!
Thou art a mortal: and to feel is thine;
It is enough, thy ſorrows can be borne.

Where ſhall thy prattling race their father ſee,
So fond, ſo tender; hapleſs widow, where?
Sportive no more ſhall they aſcend his knee,
Or liſp their little ſtories in his ear?

Oft ſhall thy boſom heave unbidden ſighs,
Oft down thy cheeks ſhall ſteal the guſhing tears,
When ſome fond infant aſks, with ſtreaming eyes,
Why now no more his dear papa appears?

And yet there is who to the name of ſon*
Is now no ſtranger: for, in years tho' green,
Uncommon ſenſe the blooming prince has ſhown,
Britannia's glory in his youth is ſeen.

Weep, weep, young prince, for thou haſt loſt a ſire,
Beneath whoſe hand in virtue thou hadſt grown;
Let then his glories all thy boſom fire,
And make his ev'ry excellence thy own.

Hear thy fond mother tenderly relate
Thoſe manly virtues ev'ry Briton lov'd:
Then weep thy country's loſs and father's fate,
And from his great example riſe improv'd.

So when thy grandſire ſhall to death's ſure hand
At length ſubmit, and double England's woe,
Another George may ſooth the ſuff'ring land,
And bring his great forefathers back to view.

But, gracious heav'n, if Britain be thy care,
Nor yet our crimes have turn'd thy favour hence,
Awhile our monarch to our wiſhes ſpare,
At once his Nation's glory and defence.

* Our preſent moſt amiable Sovereign.

Far from his bed each torturing pang remove,
And doubly fortify his lab'ring ſoul:
Tho' much he feels, let not the father's love
The father of his country's love controul.

Be his the mighty taſk his realms to guard,
And "ſettle ſure ſucceſſion in his line;"
Be ours, great king, thy goodneſs to reward
With prayers inceſſant: be our hearts all thine!

There are perchance who wonder I refuſe
Aloft to blazon Frederick's lov'd fame:
That were a taſk wou'd well delight the muſe,
For much ſhe joys to dwell upon his name.

But what avails it, Britons, to relate
His public virtues, and domeſtic worth?
Each Briton knew them, each laments a fate
That tore ſuch matchleſs virtues from our earth.

Weep all the people when a tyrant dies!
Mourn for a worthleſs name the general throng!
No, princeſs, no:—more ſpeak thy people's eyes
Than all the muſic of applauding ſong.

What tho' in tented fields, and deeds of war,
Where wide deſtruction claims the laurel crown,
He never ſhone, nor drove Bellona's car,
Rattling o'er ruin to procure renown:

A nobler ſphere his milder virtues choſe,
Another Numa, born to bleſs mankind;
To conquer in humanity he roſe,
And left the glorious madneſſes behind.

In wide benevolence's ample plain,
He toil'd to make each ſocial art his own,
That Britain might with joy behold the train
Of truth and glory baſking round his throne.

But what avail'd his kind parental care,
Or ſtudious labour for his country's weal?
Heav'n deign'd not to beſtow ſuch favours here,
And ſhew'd the more, that we the more might feel.

Severeſt ſcourge upon our guilty land,
Whoſe ſapp'd foundations ſcarce their burden bear,
Loaded with guilt the tott'ring ſtructures ſtand,
Nod to their fall, and daily ruin fear.

And lo — how caſt aſide her orbed ſhield,
Whereon right plain in ſpeaking braſs is view'd,
Her ev'ry ſon, who dar'd in glory's field
Each honeſt danger for his country's good:

On the bare ground Britannia lies along,
And leans her head all mournful on her hand,
While clad in ſable, melancholy throng
Weeping around fair virtue and her band.

The muſes too in ſilent ſort draw nigh,
And penſive with the ſorrowing maid recline;
On their ſoft lutes the ſtrains unfiniſh'd die,
And to dumb grief they ſolemnly reſign.

Parental fondneſs drooping ſits aſide,
With conjugal affection in his hand,
Bends his full eyes expreſſive on his bride,
Looks their ſad loſs, and wails the widow'd land.

Freedom, whoſe adamantine boſom knows
From common ſufferings nought to touch her breaſt,
Wild in her ſorrow, gives a looſe to woes,
For Frederick lov'd her, and ſhe lov'd him beſt.

Commerce at diſtance rears her heavy head,
Her ſable flag hangs heedleſs on her knee,
Neglected at her feet her glories ſpread,
Neglected droops her empire of the ſea:

Oft wails ſhe—"Wherefore do I fondly blame
"For that a while my ſons thy loſs ſhall feel?
"Beneath thee nurtur'd, how had roſe my fame,
"For well thou knew'ſt my worth to Britain's weal."

Thus as ſhe ſpoke, methought the weſtern ſky
Gay ſtreaks of ſplendid light illumin'd round;
When, clad in ſnowy robes, deſcend from high
Bright forms, with gold and aramanthus crown'd;

A car, immortal luſtre darting, ſhone,
Borne in the boſom of a fleecy cloud,
When from the north a PERSONAGE came on,
Divine his look, divine the circling crowd:

Superior glory beam'd from out his eyes:
He mov'd;—the ſplendid car advanc'd along,
Where as he enter'd, forthwith to the ſkies
The flaſhing glory all triumphant ſprung.

When 'midſt ſoft melody th' angelic choir
Sooth'd with theſe accents each deſponding breaſt,
"Weep not for him, whom heav'nly joys require,
"Bewail not Frederick, Britons, he is bleſt."

ON

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT REVD. ANTHONY ELLIS, D. D. BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S, &c.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER.

AND muſt my little ſtore of friends high priz'd,
Be leſſen'd, gracious heaven! ſilent, I bow!
But feels the poor man more his one lamb's loſs,
Than many fatlings from his plenteous ſtalls
The proud, and wreckleſs wealthy.—Oh, for thee,
In wiſdom ſage, how well could we have ſpar'd
Enow of thoſe, who bear in the broad day,
Their friendſhip gliſt'ning on their brows, ſmile-clad;
Yet kill with abſent ſtabs; nor heſitate
To blaſt young reputation in her bloom!
Againſt their breath envenom'd, who, like thee,
Shall teach to guard! who all the ſacred arts
Of holy, happy, chearful, peaceful life
With winning grace inculcate?—not alone
By precept's ſlow deduction; when we heard,
We ſaw; th' example gave the leſſon life.
Nor from the golden fleece, from wiſdom's tree,
That with him flouriſh'd fair, were we reſtrain'd
Or by the dragon fierce of ſtern diſdain;
Or flaming ſword of ſharp ſeverity.
Engaging candor, condeſcenſion meek,
And affability, love's parent, bade

Approach:

Approach: we came: and who, or unimprov'd
Return'd, or without heart-felt pleaſure? Him
Learning herſelf delighted ſtill to hear,
And from him gain'd new knowledge; deeply ſkill'd
In theologic ſcience, he could well
Unfold the ſecrets of the hallow'd page;
Or well aſſert (for well he knew) the laws,
The conſtitution of that happy church,
Which boaſted him a father!*—Juſt her boaſt;
Yet, Herring†, man of heart benevolent
And undiſſembled piety, of ſoul
Fit for the joys of heav'n—be thine the praiſe!
Thou, watchful, ſaw'ſt his worth, and bade it ſhine
In fairer day; ſaw him in knowledge ripe,
In piety, in judgment: like thyſelf,
As far from wild enthuſiaſm's ſtare,
As ſuperſtition's vacant eye; or look
Demure of ſly hypocriſy.—Peace to you both,
E'er-honour'd pair! you reap in golden bliſs,
The meed of your fair virtues, truth and love,
From the chief ſhepherd's hand.—Oh how I joy
To hold the fair examples forth, and ſhew
The envious maligners, on whoſe tongues
Sits venom'd calumny, that Britain yet
Hath prieſts, hath prelates, virtuous, able, good,
Religion's ornament!—Yes; theſe withdrawn
She ſtill can boaſt.—Or if it were allow'd,
Or ere the ſun is ſet, to ſacrifice

* See his Tracts, &c. lately pupliſhed.

† Late archbiſhop of Canterbury.

To

To heroes—Thou, my muſe, could'ſt alſo boaſt
Of HIM, fair candor's patron, who may well
Claim this juſt tribute to the friend he gave:
Noble munificence, to give a friend;
And ſuch a friend! how rare the boon! of HIM
Whoſe winning mild humanity will deign
From thee to take this little cypreſs-wreath
Woven by gratitude, and wet with tears,
And hang it on his Ellis's lov'd urn!
But never may ſad duty,—oh bleſt power
O'er life and death ſupreme, accept my prayer!—
Never may duty force me hence to weave
Another wreath like this, or to lament
The ſetting of his ſun, who ſmil'd upon
My firſt—on my laſt labour may he ſmile!
And long—when ſilent o'er my memory
Oblivion broods—long may he live and ſhed
His virtue's influence to bleſs mankind!

THE FRIEND.

AN ELEGY. TO JOHN DORRIEN, ESQ.

THough fortune ſmile not on my low eſtate,
Nor high-plum'd honours on my ſteps attend:
Kind heav'n, I thank thee—for the gift is great—
To ſooth my life, that thou haſt lent a FRIEND!

Thro' life's lone path, where wilds and weeds abound,
Where danger's threaten, and where ſorrows throng;
Ah me, how ſad to plod the weary round,
And tread in joyleſs ſolitude along!

Each lee grows vapid; and the noble mind,
Prompt to fair actions of renowned meed,
Sinks liſtleſs down; for it deſpairs to find
The lenient praiſe, which crowns the worthy deed.

That lenient praiſe, which ſtimulates the heart;
Yet gives no ſtrength to pride's fantaſtic reign;
Which, bluſhing, from her bower, draws true deſert,
Well pleas'd to toil on virtue's ample plain!

Thrice welcome labour, welcome honeſt toil;
Run with delight, my ſoul, thine arduous race:
For much-lov'd Dorrien deigns the friendly ſmile,
To quicken and invigorate thy pace!

'Tis

'Tis not the wordy wind of bloated fame,
The many's falſe and undiſcerning praiſe:
Catch it, ye fools!—one man of worthy name
A generation of the vain outweighs!

Let him approve, whom virtue's ſelf approves;
On whom religion beams her pureſt ray;
Whom ſtedfaſt truth, unbiaſs'd candour loves,
And by whoſe ſide bright merit joys to ſtay:

Let him approve, in whoſe capacious breaſt
Compaſſion and benevolence reſide;
From whoſe large hand humanity diſtreſt
Yet ne'er went weeping, and unſatisfied;

Let him approve—'twill charm the rage of care!
Let him approve—if ſuch a man there be:
Ah Dorrien, to my ſoul for ever dear,
How bleſt am I!—for thou, my friend, art HE!

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

IN THE PERSON OF A CLERGYMAM PREFERRED BY HIM.*

NO!—witneſs, ſweet retreat, and every friend,
Who treads the threſhold of this place of reſt!
Witneſs, if I be ſilent, to commend
His bounty, here who gave me to be bleſt.

Sweeter than ſofteſt muſic to my ear,
His name ſhall dwell upon my thankful tongue:
And all who ſee me, ſhall be ſure to hear
Of Henley's praiſe, my laſt and earlieſt ſong.

Oh could I ſpeak the fulneſs of my heart!
Oh for a quill from the bold Theban ſwan!
Yet, yet my theme, without the aid of art,
Might into flame the coldeſt boſom fan.

He ſaw me, drooping in affliction's ſhade,
Beſet with painful penury around:
The noble mind oppreſt, and ſore diſmay'd,
And the ſad ſoul with grief's hard ſhackles bound!

* This little poem refers to a real fact, an act of high benevolence of the preſent Lord Chancellor, which ſtruck me much upon hearing it, and occaſioned theſe lines.

He ſaw me toiling for the ſcanty meed
Of hireling paſtor, humble and unknown:
Full hard beſet the little race to feed,
Which waited for their bread from me alone!

Oh painful memory—how oft my breaſt
Has heav'd with anguiſh, when a painful tear
Has caught my ſight, which in her eye expreſs'd—
My faithful conſort, by long truth more dear,

Expreſs'd in her full eye our wants and woes!
Oh melancholy view, forbear my ſoul!
Look there, where chearful thought enraptur'd glows,
And bleſs the bounteous Henley for the whole!

He ſaw: he pitied! pitied and relieved!
Unaſk'd, unſought, he rear'd my drooping head:
With tenderneſs innate he ſaw, and griev'd,
And rais'd us, almoſt rais'd us, from the dead!

I had no friend, to aſk or to implore—
God was my friend, who, in my patron's heart,
Thoſe virtues planted, which adorn him more
Than the beſt honors beſt of kings impart.

I had no friend, unpitied and undone,
All hope was hopeleſs—miſery extreme!
When lo! as on the darkneſs burſts the ſun,
On my diſtreſs roſe Henley's bleſſing beam!

Oh beam heart-chearing, which to wretches gives
New life, new light! my children, ſpeak his praiſe:
Liſp, liſp, my little ones, his name, who lives
To glad the wretched with his golden rays.

Thou too, my faithful conſort, in the tale
Join; to the liſt'ning world we will declare,
How freely, nobly, from deep trouble's vale,
His hand uprais'd to bliſs, and fix'd us here!

For me, while words can dwell upon my tongue,
His goodneſs, honor, ſtrict integrity,
Firm truth, and patriot zeal, ſhall be my ſong!
And when that pow'r death's ſtruggles ſhall deny;

My laſt, laſt prayers ſhall wing their way to heav'n,
Fervent, for bleſſings on him; on his race!
While to my children this laſt charge is giv'n,
"In all your hearts be his the foremoſt place."

THE

THE MAN OF SOUTHGATE.

A POEM.

—— Quem fruſtra quæſivit Cynicus olim,
Ecce inventus adeſt ——————

SURLY Cynic *, ſilent be,
Ceaſe your ſearch, and follow me;
Tho', through Greece in vain you ran,
I will lead you to a man.
Thro' the walk, with ſhrubs o'ergrown,
Scenty ſhrubs, and flowrets blown,
Mount we yonder green parterre,
Whence the proſpect widens far;
Farther yet, and farther ſhews
Living landſchapes, verdant views:
Where the ſtill enraptured ſight,
Drinks in draughts of new delight.
Then the limpid rill ſurvey
Thro' the wild that winds its way;
On whoſe flower-ennamel'd bank,
Weeping willows, oziers dank,
Hang their penſive heads, and ſay,
Nature's robe is ſtol'n away,

* The alluſion is to the known ſtory of Diogenes, the Cynic philoſopher, who replied to a perſon that aſked him what he was doing with a lighted torch in his hand in the day-time? "I am "ſeeking for a man."

Stol'n

Stol'n by art, ſo well expreſs'd,
All ſeems nature nicely dreſs'd.
Now the river's liquid clue,
Thro' the mazy wild perſue,
To the ſhell-enwoven cave,
Meditation's living grave:
Or to the arboret's ſhaded ſeat,
Where love, the boy, delights to meet
Youth his ſiſter, ever fair,
Nurtur'd by coy virtue's care;
Loves to meet, and ſport and twine
Like the roſe and eglantine.
Treading, as on fairy ground,
To the temple trip it round,
To the temple conſecrate
To fidelity the mate.
He and tenderneſs the bride
There in form of doves reſide:
Happy doves, that all the day,
Live and love, and coo and play;
Happy doves, that conſtant ever,
Love unites, nor death can ſever.
Paſſing this enchanting place;
See the manſion ſhews its face!
Comely-Cynic, tho' grown old,
Hoſpitality behold!
Conſtant at the door ſhe ſtands,
Smiles, and opes her courteous hands:
While benevolence, the grace,
Soft of heart, and ſweet of face,
To the maſter will attend,
To the man, her choiceſt friend;

E'er

With whom always she'd remain,
She and all her social train;
Pity, with the melting eye,
Active worth, humanity;
Sincerity, rare seen abroad,
And generosity, the god.

Cynic, come, put out your torch,
I have found him; cease your search!
And the man — tell whom you will —
Is GODIN, upon Southgate Hill.

SONNET.

OCCASIONED BY READING "THE TRUTH AND "IMPORTANCE OF NATURAL AND REVEALED "RELIGION." BY S. SQUIRE, D. D. DEAN OF BRISTOL, &c.

METhought I ſaw in viſion t'other morn,
Celeſtial reaſon in her azure veſt:
A ſtar there was, which blaz'd upon her breaſt,
And placid ſweetneſs did her brow adorn.

Firm judgment here, and gentle candour ſtood,
With meek-ey'd charity, beſide the queen;
With many graces more; but chief was ſeen
Inſtruction, hand in hand, with public good.

Attendant theſe on heavenly reaſon came,
And on religion's ſhrine an offering laid;
I ſaw it ſtrait her whole attention claim:
Then what it was, how could I but enquire?
Inſtant with rapture, "'tis my ſon's," ſhe ſaid;
"The poliſh'd page of my judicious SQUIRE."

GRA-

GRATITUDE AND MERIT.

MERIT and Gratitude; they ſay,
Met at a court the other day:
" The mitre, Gratitude, ſays Merit;
" The vacant mitre, who muſt wear it?"
Strait Gratitude, a royal dame,
Her finger fix'd on A——gh's name:
Bright Merit ſmiling, ſaid, with thee
'Tis virtue always to agree:
But were I granted my deſire,
Thou know'ſt that I ſhou'd fix on SQUIRE.

SONNET.

OCCASIONED BY HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING SPENSER'S AMORETTI, &C. SET TO MUSIC BY DR. GREENE.

AH, gentle EDMUND, when thy ditties ſweet,
Belinda, muſic's philomela, ſings,
Raptur'd, I own the harmony compleat,
Sweet poeſy, ſweet fair, ſweet voice, ſweet ſtrings.

Ah poet, worthy of ſuch minſtrelſy;
Soft minſtrelſy ſuch poet meriting!
Midſt chill neglect, I wot, and penury,
Thou, Edmund, woud'ſt have joy'd to hear her ſing.

For well I ween, that melody can bring
Compoſure ſoft and tranquil to the mind;
Since I (tho' in nought elſe thee equalling,
Yet who, like thee, cold praiſe, and barren find;)
Can all my ills forget, theſe ſtrains to hear.
Oh then, dear harmoniſt, indulge a prayer,
Sing on; and lull to ſleep that triple Cerberus, care!

* Alluding to the following lines of Spenſer, in which he ſpeaks of himſelf.

So prayſen babes the peacock's ſtarry train;
And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;
But who rewards him e'er the more forthy?
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
Sike praiſe is ſmoke, that ſheddeth in the ſkie,
Sike words been winde, and waſten ſoone in vaine.

TO DANIEL WEBB, ESQ; AT BATH,

ON READING IN MS. HIS DIALOGUE IN FAVOUR OF BLANK VERSE, &c.

HOW few, oh Webb, by ſprightly wit inſpir'd,
True judgment guided, and bright genius fir'd;
Above all vulgar prejudice can ſoar,
And paths untried with daring ſteps explore!
To cuſtom ſlaves, they quench the ſpark divine,
And with faint rays of ſervile copyiſts ſhine.
Oh bane of genius! how the tribe I hate;
What imitator ever yet was great?
Friend of the muſes, of true taſte the friend,
With joy I read, with rapture I commend;
Proceed; and hurl falſe taſte, th' uſurper, down;
And place immortal Shakeſpeare* on his throne:
Proceed, proceed; and from the power of ſong
Unlooſe the Gothic chain, which bound her long:
Which ſtill the tinkling train of rhymers try
Softly to clink, and faſter ſtill to tie:
So ſhall the ſiſter arts thy praiſe proclaim,
And theſe ſhall ſing, and thoſe ſhall paint† thy fame.

* Mr. Webb takes all his examples from Shakeſpeare.

† See Mr. Webb's excellent treatiſe on painting.

TO

TO DR. HAYTER,

LATE BISHOP OF LONDON.

NO more, my friend; nor check the honeſt lay
Which merit animates the muſe to pay;
What tho' undignify'd by rank or place,
No titles gild her, and no honours grace;
Is worth, is truth to rank or place confin'd?—
Or have they left their ſeat, the virtuous mind?
No, no, my friend;—nor will the wiſe diſdain
The heart's free tribute, as an offering vain.
Tho' mean the preſent, which the poor man brings
To the dread altar of the king of kings;
Yet pleas'd his grateful piety to own,
Th' almighty ſmiles applauſive from his throne.
Nor thou, O HAYTER, ſhalt contemn the ſong
Which longs to join the gratulating throng;
And midſt the friendly train, tho' laſt, appear,
To pour its beſt good wiſhes in thy ear!
Oh happy in thy monarch's grateful choice!
Oh happy in thy flock's aſſenting voice!
His choice alone were higheſt dignity:—
But ſtill to bleſs thee more—had we been free
To chooſe—our choice unanimous had fix'd on thee.
What coud'ſt thou more deſire to fill thy breaſt,
With honeſt gladneſs, and with heart-felt reſt?
What more deſire to elevate thy name,
High in the records of immortal fame?

Yet

Yet more thou haſt,—triumphant—But, no ſtring
Diſcordant touch we; while with joy we ſing,
And hail thee, pleas'd, to fair Auguſta's ſee:
Where long, ah long triumphant may'ſt thou be
O'er foes, not leſs or meaner to engage,—
The family of pain, and cares of age!
Long may'ſt thou live, a bleſſing to mankind,
Still, as we've known thee, generous and refin'd:
Foe to all art; good, unreſerv'd and free,
Mild without meanneſs, meek with dignity:
Friend to all ſcience, to all worth a friend,
And lib'ral to aſſiſt, as to commend!
Long may'ſt thou live, and with a ray benign
On the fair cauſe of pure religion ſhine.
Long may'ſt thou live, ſtill chearful and careſt,
And long by bleſſing find thyſelf moſt bleſt.
Thus ſung the muſe, in artleſs ſtrains ſincere:—
Let truth, her advocate, the numbers bear,
Howe'er imperfect, well deſign'd;—and ſay,
She'll ſtrive to mend them on another day.

PRO-

PROLOGUE TO MILTON'S COMUS,

PERFORMED BY SOME YOUNG GENTLEMEN, BEFORE THEIR PARENTS AND RELATIONS.

NOT to outvy the heroes of the ſtage,
Or riſe the little Garricks of the age,
Are our fond hopes, is our attempt deſign'd,
To narrower, but to nobler views confin'd.
To move with dignity, to ſpeak with eaſe,
In life alike to profit and to pleaſe,
Warms our young breaſts, our every boſom fires,
And prompts to toil, which future good inſpires.
And can we then, ſuch motives in our view,
Doubt or of candour, or regard from you?
While virtue's generous pleadings we rehearſe,
Fram'd by the blind bard in immortal verſe,
From youth unſkill'd ariſe whatever fears,
We know that parents have indulgent ears.
On theſe we truſt our weakneſs to befriend,
And pardon faults we much deſire to mend.
O that in juſt return for all your love,
Might our improvements with our years improve;
And your fond boſoms glow with generous joy,
While each with rapture hears his darling boy,
Or in Britannia's much lov'd cauſe harangue,
While on his lips the liſt'ning ſenates hang;
Or at the bar, with eloquence divine,
The Murrays of our age conſpicuous ſhine;
Or with perſuaſion ſweet and reaſon ſtrong,
Confirm the pious and convince the wrong;

And

And bring the erring from the ways they trod
Deſtructive, home to happineſs and God.
Thou bleſt religion, whatſoe'er's decreed,
What path of life ſoe'er we chance to tread;
Deſcend, bright guardian, and with gentle ſway
Rule our whole lives, and guide our every way.
Thou too, fair virtue, on our ſteps attend,
Compaſſion humanize, and truth befriend.
From youth to manhood may we nobly riſe,
Each day more virtuous, and each day more wiſe;
Glow more and more with generous warmth to prove
Worthy at once of your's, our God's, and country's love!

N THE

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Dii, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes
Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia latè,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui: ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine merſas.

VIRGIL.

MEAN while Adraſtus, with his vanquiſh'd crew,
Fierce from the field to Aulon's hill withdrew;
Securely ſcreen'd behind its friendly height,
He waits freſh forces to renew the fight:
Warm glows his boſom to revenge the blow,
And ruſh vindictive on the conquering foe:
† So when a famiſh'd lion quits his prey,
Repuls'd, and ſlowly growling ſtalks away,

Fierce

* This was deſign'd as a ſpecimen of a tranſlation of the whole work, from proſecuting which, other and better employments prevented.

† Homer and Virgil have both many ſimilies from the retreat of a lion, but I don't remember any that compares the hero to the indignant ſavage in his den, to which nothing can be ſuperior: In the 11th Iliad, v. 675.

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beſet with watchful dogs and ſhouting ſwains,

Repuls'd

Fierce in his den the ground he roaring gnaws,
Sharpens his teeth, and furious whets his claws:
Keen as the lightning flash his fiery eyes,
And the whole flock in bloody fancy dies.
And now Ulysses' son, who, pleas'd, survey'd
Through all his camp consummate order spread,
To execute that lov'd design addrest,
Which secret long had brooded in his breast.
Hence sprung his cares;—long past for many a night,
Each dream had brought his father to his sight:
Just when the stars before the dawn decay,
And o'er the hills Aurora leads the day,
Just when soft sleep calls forth his fluttering train
Of dreams, and hastens to th' Elysian plain:
Then ever rose Ulysses to his view,
At break of day, when dreams they say are true.

Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls:
Long stands the show'ring darts and missile fires,
Then sow'rly slow th' indignant beast retires.

POPE.

An imitation of which is the following from the 9th Æneid, v. 1076.

As when, with tilted spears, the clamorous train
Invade the brindled monarch of the plain;
The lordly savage from the shouting foe,
Retires, majestically stern, and slow:
Tho' singly impotent the crowd to dare
Repel, or stand their whole collected war,
Grim he looks back, he rolls his glaring eye,
Despairs to conquer, and disdains to fly.

PITT.

Naked ſometimes the hero he ſurvey'd,
* In thoſe bleſt iſles for virtuous ſouls decreed,
Beſide a rill which wanton'd thro' the mead:
While ſoftly-bluſhing nymphs around him haſte,
And o'er his limbs the modeſt mantle caſt.
Now in a dome, where gold and ivory glow,
He ſees him plac'd, and hears his language flow:
While crown'd with garlands ſit the liſt'ning throng,
Charm'd with the ſoft perſuaſion of his tongue.
Whenever ſleep the pious ſon forſook,
Such dubious dreams his ſoul with terror ſhook:
† Penſive reflecting—thus he oft complain'd,
" What dreams moſt dreadful could like theſe have pain'd?
" Too plain ſuch ſcenes of bliſs the truth declare,
" No more my father breathes this vital air!
" To thoſe bleſt climes remov'd, where virtue's ſons
" Heaven with eternal peace rewarding crowns:
" Thoſe climes with thee methinks I travel o'er!—
" And oh how wretched 'tis to hope no more.
" Muſt I then never hence behold thy face,
" Nor in theſe arms my tender ſire embrace?
" No more thy tongue's mellifluous wiſdom hear,
" Nor to thy hands the filial kiſſes bear?
" Thoſe hands which never on the madding crew,
" The ſuitor-train ſhall pour the vengeance due?
" To fame ſhall Ithaca no more return,
" But droop in ruins and for ever mourn?

* Devenere locos lætos, et amoena Vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, ſedeſque beatas.
VIRG. B. vi. v. 638.

† Quæ me ſuſpenſam, inſomnia terrent ÆN. iv. 9.

" Yes;

" Yes; the dread powers, whoſe ceaſeleſs hate purſues
" The ſire, thro' ſuch viciſſitude of woes,
" To the ſad ſon theſe dreams of torture ſend,
" His life's ſole comfort from his heart to rend,
" Thence thence that ſweet deluder, hope, to tear,
" Life of our life, and ſoother of each care!
* " Yet doubtful thus, 'tis anguiſh to remain;—
" Why ſaid I doubtful, when the truth is plain?
" Too ſure my father treads the realms below;
" And to thoſe realms to find his ghoſt I'll go:

* Oft ſince he breath'd his laſt, in dead of night
His reverend image ſtood before my ſight:
Enjoin'd to ſeek below his holy ſhade,
Conducted there by your unerring aid:
But you, if pious minds by pray'rs are won,
Oblige the father, and protect the ſon:
Your's is the power; not Proſerpine in vain
Has made you prieſteſs of her nightly reign:
If Orpheus, arm'd with his inchanting lyre,
The ruthleſs king with pity could inſpire;
If from the ſhades below redeem his wife:
If Pollux off'ring his alternate life,
Cou'd free his brother, and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns deſcend below:
Why name I Theſeus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward con'd aſcend!
Not leſs than theirs from Jove my lineage came,
My mother greater, my deſcent the ſame.

VIRG. Æn. by DRYD. B. vi. v. 17c.

" If

" If impious Theſeus ſafe thoſe regions ſought,
" His ſoul with injury to Pluto fraught:
" Why ſhou'd a ſon the dreary journey dread,
" By love conducted, and by duty led?
" The mighty Hercules deſcended there:
" And tho' not him, 'tis great like him to dare!
" Soft-plaining Orpheus ſo ſucceſsful prov'd,
" That ev'n the gloomy Monarch's ſoul he mov'd,
" Inexorable held—till back to life
" He to the tender huſband gave the wife;
" And ſhall I then of like compaſſion fear,
" When ſo ſuperior is the loſs I bear?
" 'Tis fixt—to thoſe dread regions will I fly,
" Prepar'd for death, if fate demands to die:
" (For why ſhould mortals fear the tyrants blow,
" Who daily groan beneath a weight of woe?)
" And prove if pitileſs, as tales reſound,
" The pow'rs, who rule the realms of night, are found?
" And, oh my father, tho' my fate denies
" That thou on earth ſhou'd'ſt bleſs theſe longing eyes:
" Yet it may chance permit thy ſon to know
" Thy ſhade—now happy, in the realms below."
Speaking he wept, and weeping he aroſe
The light to ſeek, and mitigate his woes:
In vain he ſought, while ſtill the torturing dart
That pierc'd, continued rankling in his heart: *
And 'midſt ſuch anguiſh he reſolv'd to go
By Acherontia to the realms below:
'Twas near the camp: the name a gloomy cave
To Acheron's black banks conducting, gave:

* Hæret lateri lethalis arundo. ÆN. iv. 73.

A ſtream the deities themſelves revere,
An oath they dread, and tremble when they ſwear.
* High on a rock was Acherontia plac'd,
As on the tow'ring oak an eagle's neſt:
Beneath whoſe feet the horrid cavern lay,
Whence trembling mortals turn'd with dread away:
Whence watchful ſhepherds drove their fleecy care,
Pois'nous the ground, and tainted all the air:
For Styx her vapours through the paſſage crouds,
Rolls flames on flames, and ſulph'rous clouds on clouds:
There never zephyrs gently-breathing blow,
Nor herb nor flower around the cavern grow:
No autumns ſmile, nor blooming ſprings return;
The parch'd ground languiſhes, the meadows mourn:
O'er the dead proſpect ſtretch the wearied eyes,
Where leafleſs ſhrubs alone, or baneful cypreſs riſe.
Vain ev'n at diſtance Ceres' gifts to ſhare
The labourers try: in vain the vineyards rear:
Their ſullied ſtreams the drooping Naiads mourn,
Black noxious waves diſtilling from their urn:

* Deep was the cave, and downward as it went,
From the wide mouth a rocky rough deſcent:
And here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends,
And there th' unnavigable lake extends:
O'er whoſe unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird preſumes to ſteer his airy flight:
Such deadly ſtenches from the depth ariſe,
And ſteaming ſulphur, that infects the ſkies.

DRYDEN'S VIRG. B. vi. l. 338.

There

* There no ſweet warblers told the liſt'ning grove,
(No grove was there) the ſtory of their love:
Beneath a milder ſky their loves they ſung
While here alone the raven's croaking tongue, [rung.
And owl's more hideous ſhriek thro' the drear deſart
Bitter the graſs, whereon the flocks that fed,
Nor wanton ſkip'd, nor bleating chear'd the mead:
His curled front the bull dejected hung,
Nor with his amorous call the foreſt rung:
Pipe, flute and love the languid ſwains forbear,
Nor pipe, nor flute, nor Phillis pleaſes here.
From this deſtructive cavern frequent came,
Mix'd with black ſmoke and ſulphur, living flame;
Whoſe horrid darkneſs drove the ſun away,
And brought night's terrors in the noon-of day:
'Twas then the people to their altars flew,
And ſolemn pay'd the ſacrifices due.
Tho' thus ſubmiſſive, oft they ſtrove in vain
To ſooth the tyrants of the infernal plain:
Who fond of blood, oft cruelly demand
The young—the flower and glory of the land.
Thro' this drear cave Telemachus decreed
To find the gloomy manſions of the dead:
Pallas, whoſe care the hero ſtill attends,
Whoſe Ægis guards him, and whoſe arm defends,
The chief to Pluto's favour recommends.

* Tunc et peſtiferi pacatum Limen averni
Innocui tranſiſtæ aves: flatumque repreſſit
Amſanctus; tacuit fixo torrente Vorago.

CLAUD. Rap. Proſ. l. ii. v. 348.

And

And mov'd by her requeſt great Jove commands
* Hermes—(who daily to grim Charon's hands
From realms above conveys the flitting train)
From the ſtern king ſafe paſſport to obtain;
Permiſſion for Ulyſſes' ſon to tread,
His wide domain, the dwellings of the dead!
Favour'd by night, Telemachus withdrew,
And from the camp unſeen, unnoted flew:
And as he mov'd by Luna's glittering light,
His prayers addreſt that planet of the night;
Walking in brightneſs thro' the duſky ſky,
† In heav'n, on earth, in hell a deity.
Pious his purpoſe, and his heart ſincere,
With kind regard the goddeſs heard his pray'r.
The cave approaching, in amaze he found,
‡ Trembling beneath his feet the bellowing ground:
All hell's dread clāmours thro' the entrance roar'd,
And from the heav'ns red fire and lightning pour'd.
Aghaſt the ſon of bold Ulyſſes ſtood;
Fear freez'd his limbs, and terror chill'd his blood:
Yet ſoon his virtue triumph'd:—to the ſkies
Speaking he rais'd his pious hands and eyes;
" Great gods, theſe omens with delight I meet,
" Oh ſtill be gracious, and your work compleat."

* This office of Hermes is too well known to need any paſſages from ancient authors to explain it — they who think fit, may conſult Horace, B. i. Od. 10 and iii, 11. and Virgil, B. iv. 242, &c.

† Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria Virginis ora Dianæ.
V. 511. Æn. 4.

‡ Sub pedibus mugire ſolum & juga cæpta moveri
Sylvarum—— Virg. Æn. 6. 256.

Thus as he ſpeaks, his ſoul new vigour proves,
And tow'rd the cave with double ſpeed he moves.
When lo at once the gloomy entrance clear'd,
The thick ſmoke flew, the darkneſs diſappear'd;
No more around deſtructive vapours roll,
Nor pois'nous ſmells ruſh ſick'ning on the ſoul:
Then unattended—for who dares attend?
Thro' the dread entrance view the chief deſcend!
Two truſty Cretans, who his purpoſe knew,
Their friend's deſcent at diſtance trembling view;
And pour to heav'n thoſe pray'rs they deem in vain,
For him they dare not hope to view again!
* Mean while the hero wav'd his glitt'ring blade,
And pierc'd undaunted thro' the ſightleſs ſhade:

* So his father in the Odyſſey on the ſame occaſion, B. ii. v. 28 and 61.

———From the ſcabbard drew his ſhining ſword:

And —

Swift wav'd his faulchion o'er the blood:
Back ſtarted the pale throngs and trembling ſtood.

POPE.

And the ſybil in the 6th Æneid ſays,

Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford,
Aſſume thy courage, and unſheath thy ſword.—
She ſaid, and paſs'd along the gloomy ſpace;
The prince purſued her ſteps with equal pace.

DRYDEN, v. 370.

And again, v. 404. Æneas

———Unſheath'd his ſhining ſteel, prepar'd,
Tho' ſeiz'd with ſudden fear, to force the guard.

DRYDEN.

When

When thro' its horror gleam'd a fainting light,
As ſome dim beacon, 'midſt the gloom of night:
He ſees the fluttering ghoſts around him glide,
Who, as he flaſh'd his ſword, forſook his ſide.
Oblivious Lethe, whoſe ſad ſtream rolls ſlow
In ſluggiſh courſe, next riſes to his view:
Whoſe Banks departed ſouls unnumber'd croud;
Fruitleſs their prayers, no paſſport here allow'd;
On earth unbury'd ſince their limbs remain,
Relentleſs Charon they beſeech in vain:
Who inſtantaneous grants, with ſurly grace,
The living Grecian in his boat a place.
Telemachus no ſooner enters there,
Than melancholy plainings wound his ear:
A ghoſt diſconſolate bewail'd his woe,
Whoſe cauſe of grief the hero ſought to know,
And who he was above, that felt ſo much below.
" I once was Nabopharzan, he begun,
" The haughtieſt king of haughty Babylon:
" The ſpacious eaſt all trembled at my name;
" And the world rung with Nabopharzan's fame.
" I will'd—and lo—a marble temple ſtood,
" Built by my ſubjects to their monarch god:
" My golden ſtatue 'midſt the temple rear'd,
" With all the pomp of worſhip was rever'd:
" Perfumes inceſſant on my altars blaz'd,
" And hymns and ſongs divine the godhead prais'd.
" Who dar'd the pleaſure of his king controul,
" Strait o'er him felt my fury's thunder roll:
" Ev'n thought was wearied new delight to find,
" To bleſs my life, and diſſipate my mind:

" And in this ſtate, with youth, with vigour bleſt,
" Yet what felicities had I to taſte?
" When a falſe woman, whom I fondly lov'd,
" The fancied god a wretched mortal prov'd!
" She gave me poiſon; all my pomp I loſt:
" My guilt alone accompanies my ghoſt!
" But now in ſolemn ſhew around my urn
" With well-feign'd grief my flattering ſubjects mourn:
" What tho' all ſigns of ſorrow they expreſs,
" None died leſs lov'd, and none lamented leſs:
" My friends, my family already deem
" My memory diſgrace, and hate my name:
" Here too already I begin to feel
" Foretaſte of vengeance, and the pangs of hell."
Mov'd at the ſight Ulyſſes' ſon began,
" Say, 'midſt the honours of ſo proud a reign;
" Say, waſt thou ever with contentment bleſt—
" Or did the Halcyon peace e'er brood within thy breaſt?
" I knew it not, the hapleſs king rejoin'd,
" Nor ever felt that boaſted peace of mind,
" Of which the ſages tell: 'twas loſt to me,
" On earth if really ſuch a thing there be!
" My heart was ruffled with inceſſant cares,
" Toſt midſt deſires, vain hopes and jealous fears:
" My paſſions ſtill to agitate I ſought,
" To kill reflection, and to ſtifle thought!
" But reaſon's calms were madneſs to my brain,
" And the leaſt interval, an age of pain.
" Such was the peace, the pleaſure I enjoy'd:
" All elſe ſeem'd folly; fable all beſide."
Speaking he wept, his narrow ſoul too mean
Misfortunes with true courage to ſuſtain:

As abject in adverſity, as late
Proud and inſulting in his proſperous ſtate.
Near him ſome ſlaves obtain'd an equal place,
Murder'd on earth, his obſequies to grace:
Theſe with their prince to Charon Hermes brings,
Their fate reverſes, and makes them the kings:
To them all pow'r o'er Nabopharzan gave,
On earth their tyrant, and in hell their ſlave.
Now they revile "and were not we, they cry,
" Men, like thyſelf—poor fallen deity!
" How cou'd thy heart ſuch impious pride conceive,
" Thyſelf a god, vain mortal, to believe!"
With taunting ſcoffs, then others thus began,
" Well did he judge to lay aſide the man;
" Void of humanity, he could not claim
" Ought human—monſter and himſelf the ſame!"
Another cries, "alas thy gifts are gone,
" And with thy power thy flatterers are flown;
" Thou can'ſt exert thy cruelties no more—
" The ſlave of ſlaves; thy tyranny is o'er:
" Tho' heaven awhile delays th' impending blow,
" Sure falls the ſtroke, and certain, tho' 'tis ſlow!"
At theſe reproaches, with keen anguiſh preſt,
The tyrant, proſtrate on his heaving breaſt,
Fierce gnaſh'd his teeth, and frantic tore his hair,
And ſhew'd a thouſand acts of mad deſpair:
" Raiſe him, ye ſlaves, indignant Charon cries,
" Let hell behold and vindicate the ſkies:
" Let every ghoſt be witneſs to his woe,
" And view the horrors he receives below:
" Abſolving heav'n, which upon earth to reign
" Allow'd a wretch ſo worthleſs and prophane.

" And

" And thou, oh impious Babylonian, know,
" Theſe, theſe are but beginnings of thy woe!
" Prepare before dread Minos to appear,
" Great judge of hell—oh tremble and prepare!"
Speaking, his boat the living hero bore
Acroſs the lazy lake to Pluto's ſhore:
The throngings ſpectres crouded to the ſight,
A living mortal 'midſt the realms of night!
But ſcarce he lands or ere they fade away,
Like night's dark ſhades before the face of day.
His brow leſs wrinkled, and leſs fierce his eyes,
Thus to the hero ſmiling Charon cries,
" Since, favourite mortal, highly lov'd of heav'n,
" Theſe realms of darkneſs to thine eyes are giv'n,
" Where mortals living are denied to tread,
" Purſue thy way; and thou wilt ſoon be led
" To Pluto's throne, great monarch of the dead.
" He will permit thee all his realms to trace,
" And view each wonder of this ſecret place:
" Which 'tis nor mine to tell, nor mine to ſhew:
" He will permit thee—favour'd mortal, go!"
He ſpoke; with haſte the chief advanc'd along;
While hovering ghoſts on ghoſts around him throng:
* Numerous as ſands, beſide the roaring main,
Or falling leaves, that ſtrew th' autumnal plain:

And

* Conveniunt animæ, quantas truculentior Auſter
Decutit arboribus frondes, aut nubibus imbres
Colligit, aut frangit fluctus, aut torquet arenas.
CLAUDIAN Rap. Proſ. l ii. v. 307.

Quam

And near him as the ſilent ſpectres preſt,
A dread divine o'eraw'd his throbbing breaſt.
But when thro' all the dreary regions paſt,
He came to Pluto's ſolemn court at laſt,
An awful fear ran ſhivering thro' his blood,
And his knees trembled as aghaſt he ſtood:
Scarce from his lips theſe words diſtinguiſh'd broke,
His every accent faulter'd as he ſpoke.
" Before thee, dreaded power, a ſuppliant bends,
" Who to thy realms to ſeek his ſire deſcends:
" Oh ſay, does earth the great Ulyſſes know,
" Or wanders he a ſhade 'midſt ſhades below?"
* Encircled with the pomp of hell's dread ſtate,
On throne of ebony grim Pluto ſate:
Pale was his meagre viſage and ſevere,
His brow was wrinkled with unceaſing care:
Flaſhing keen fire, his hollow eye-balls roll,
A living man was anguiſh to his ſoul:
His whole attention Proſerpine obtain'd,
Who ſhar'd his throne, and o'er his empire reign'd:

Quam multa in ſylvis autumni frigore primo
Lapſa cadunt folia ——— VIRG. Æn. 6. v. 309.

* Claudian ſpeaking of Pluto in his Rapt. Proſ. l. i. v. 80, ſays,

Ipſe rudi fultus ſolio nigrâque verendus
Majeſtate ſedet: ſqualent immania fœdo
Sceptra ſitu, ſublime caput mæſtiſſima nubes
Aſperat, & dira riget inclementia formæ.
Terrorem Dolor augebat, tunc talia celſo
Ore tonat, tremefacta ſilent, dicente Tyranno
Atria———

She

She his relentleſs boſom well cou'd move;
Such charms has beauty, and ſuch force has love!
* Beneath the throne pale death devouring lay,
Whetting his ſcythe, and planning future prey:
Around him fly black jealouſies and cares,
And fell deſpair who her own body tears:
Roaring revenge with wounds all cover'd o'er,
And every wound diſtilling ropy gore:
Hate; pining avarice on herſelf who feeds;
And envy, who at good of others bleeds;
If impotent to hurt, ſhe raves, ſhe ſwells,
And her own corſe her vengeful fury feels:
Moon-ſtruck ambition, that worſt peſt of kings,
Whoſe madding rage confounds all earthly things:
Treaſon that feeds on blood, yet ne'er can taſte
Secure, the horrors of ſo ſad a feaſt:
Impiety, whoſe hands the pit prepare,
Down which herſelf ſhe plunges in deſpair:

* This train is plac'd by Virgil, not around the throne of Pluto, but,

Veſtibulum ante ipſum primiſque in faucibus orci, &c.
Juſt in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares and ſullen ſorrows dwell:
And pale diſeaſes and repining age,
Want, fear and famine's unreſiſted rage.
Here toils, and death, and death's half-brother ſleep,
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:
With anxious pleaſures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds before, and open force behind.

——— DRYD. vi. Æn. v. 383.

See Spenſer's Fairy Queen, B. i. C. vii. ſ. 21. where there is a moſt noble deſcription of this infernal crew.

Dire

Dire ſpectres, hideous ghoſts and phantoms dread,
To fright the living, who aſſume the dead:
Dreams of diſtreſs, and watchings as ſevere,
And every woe and every pain was here.
In dreadful ſhew the monſters preſs along,
The throne encircle, and the palace throng.
When thus the monarch ſpoke; while all around
Hell's hollow deep return'd the thund'ring ſound:
" Young mortal, fate has forc'd thee to prophane
" Theſe ſacred regions where the dead remain:
" Follow thy fate: but whether earth or hell
" Contains thy father—Pluto will not tell:
" Since upon earth a king, be firſt ſurvey'd
" That part of Tartarus where kings are laid,
" Whoſe crimes incur the puniſhment they ſhare:
" And next th' Elyſian fields demand thy care,
" Where pious princes due rewards receive:
" Trace theſe: fly hence: and ſtrait my confines leave."
Forthwith the hero, with an anxious haſte,
Thro' thoſe vaſt, void, and boundleſs ſpaces paſt:
Impatient from the tyrant to remove,
Below ſo dreaded, and ſo fear'd above:
Impatient from his mind his doubts to drive,
And know, if yet his father were alive.
Soon to the banks of Tartarus he came,
Where roſe black ſmoke from ſtreams of living flame:
Whoſe ſtench to earth, if haply reaching, brings
Immediate death to all terreſtrial things:
With hideous noiſe the fiery ſtreams deſcend,
And the ſtunn'd ear with loud confuſion rend,
As the red cataracts thunder down the ſteep,
And flaming fall amidſt th' unbottom'd deep.

Undaunted through the gulph Ulyſſes' ſon,
Encourag'd by Minerva, haſtens on:
* At firſt a crowd of wretches roſe to view,
Who, poor 'midſt wealth, on earth no pleaſures knew;
But rapine, fraud and cruelty employ'd
To gain that Mammon which they ne'er enjoy'd;
On earth their conſtant thought, their conſtant care,
And their eternal condemnation here!
† Numbers of hypocrites, in theſe abodes,
The curſe of mortals, and the hate of gods,
He ſaw—religion's ſpecious garb who wore,
To cloak their crimes, and gild their vices o'er:
To god-born virtue who the lye had giv'n,
And not abus'd mankind alone, but heav'n:
Theſe 'midſt the damn'd ſevereſt ſufferings find,
As the moſt mean, and abject of mankind:

* Hic quibus inviſi fatres, dum vita manebat,
Pulſatuſve parens, aut fraus innexa clienti:
Aut qui divitiis ſoli incubuere repertis,
Nec partem poſuere ſuis, quæ maxima turba eſt.
Quique ob adulterium cæſi, quique arma ſecuti
Impia nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Incluſi pœnam exſpectant——— ÆN. l. 6. 608.

† For neither man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone;
By his permiſſive will, thro' heav'n and earth:
And oft though wiſdom wakes, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems——— MILTON, B. 3. 682.

Children,

Children, whoſe impious hands their parents ſlew,
Wives whoſe fell hate the blood of huſbands drew:
* Traitors, who perjury's black guilt deſpis'd,
And ſolemnly their country ſacrific'd:
All as leſs guilty, leſs ſeverely feel
The torturing horrors of avenging hell!
And juſt the ſentence, righteous the decrees,
By the infernal judges paſt on theſe;
Since to be wicked not enough they deem,
Unlike the wicked, they would virtuous ſeem:
And while deceiving in fair virtue's ſhew,
They render virtue's ſelf ſuſpected too.
On theſe the gods, whoſe pow'r they mocking ſcorn'd,
The fulleſt vials of their wrath return'd!
Near theſe another ſort of mortals lie,
Whoſe crimes are venial in the vulgar eye;
Whom yet the gods with mercy never view,
But with inexorable wrath purſue.
Theſe are th' ungrateful, liars, flattery's throng,
For vice who dar'd to proſtitute their tongue;
Malicious cenſurers, who joy to ſpread
O'er virtue's living light a baleful ſhade:
And all who, urg'd by inconſiderate haſte,
Raſhly on things pernicious ſentence paſt;
And thence the ſons of ſpotleſs merit ſtain'd,
And the fair fame of innocence profan'd!
But no ingratitude was puniſh'd here,
With wrath more hot, and vengeance more ſevere,

* Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem,
Impoſuit, fixit leges, pretio atque refixit.
Æn. 6. 621.

Than that againſt the rulers of the ſkies——
" What, ſhall a man—the righteous Minos cries,
" A very monſter 'midſt mankind be held,
" Who to his friend in gratitude has fail'd;
" Whoſe greateſt favours are but light to thoſe
" The bounteous hand of providence beſtows:
" And unchaſtiz'd ſhall thankleſs men defy
" The pow'r and righteous juſtice of the ſky;
" When life, health, all things from its goodneſs flow,
" And leſs their parents, than the gods they owe?
" The more on earth they triumph, more ſevere
" Is the ſure vengeance which awaits them here:
" Their guilt muſt wrath unutterable prove,
" And greatly vindicate the powers above."
As in full ſtate Telemachus ſurvey'd
The three impartial judges of the dead;
While they gave ſentence on a wretch diſtreſt,
To know his crimes the hero made requeſt:
Quick for himſelf the criminal began,
" Behold a guiltleſs, unoffending man!
" Who yet no evil knew, no crimes purſu'd,
" Whoſe greateſt bliſs was plac'd in doing good:
" My deeds were generous, and from guilt ſecure,
" Juſt all my dealings, and my conſcience pure;
" No charge my ſpotleſs innocence can fear!
" Why thus arraign'd, then guiltleſs, ſtand I here?"
" Nothing, O man, dread Minos cries, we find,
" Deficient in thy duty, toward mankind!
" Fool not to know, that leſs to man He ow'd,
" Than to each bleſſing, but neglected, God!
" Knew'ſt thou not all the virtue that was thine
" Flow'd down a preſent from the pow'rs divine?

" Why

" Why then from man ſo ſedulous to claim,
" From man—vain nothing, ſelf-approving fame?
" And in thyſelf, ah! why ſo mad to place,
" All as thy own, each heav'n-deſcended grace?
" Mocking the righteous rulers of the ſky,
" Thyſelf, vain man, thy own divinity!
" They, whoſe are all things, and who all things know,
" Cannot be cheated, or their right forego:
" Since heav'n forgetting, thou'rt forgot of heav'n,
" And to thy darling ſelf for ever giv'n!
" For never real can that virtue prove,
" Which is not founded in celeſtial love!
" Blind or to good or evil roams the throng,
" Vain in themſelves who center right and wrong;
" And vice and virtue with indifference blend,
" Of each the teſt their intereſts, and the end!
" Here, blazing bright, upon their follies flows
" The light divine, and all their errors ſhows:
" Which oft condemns what they too vainly prize.
" And, what they madly cenſure, juſtifies."
Struck with theſe ſounds, ſo ſolemn and ſevere,
No more the wretch his late lov'd ſelf cou'd bear:
With fond complacency he views no more
His every virtue, ſo admir'd before!
Wild thro' his breaſt deſpair tormenting flies,
And his own heart is anguiſh to his eyes,
Th' avenger, as before, the ſcorner of the ſkies.
Now he beholds the folly of that fame,
With whole intent he ſtrove from man to claim.
Chang'd, wholly chang'd, his conſcience loud upbraids,
And on his mind remorſe and anguiſh feeds:

Con-

Condemning riſe his virtues to his view,
And ſhame leads on the late deluſive crew.
Ev'n the fell furies leave the wretch alone,
And deem their pangs inferior to his own!
Since from his hated ſelf he ne'er can run,
The ſearch of others he attempts to ſhun:
And hides him in ſequeſter'd gloomy ſhades;
But piercing light the thickeſt gloom invades:
Bright truth revengeful, with her piercing rays,
Glows on his guilt, and all his heart diſplays.
Whate'er he lov'd, with torturing pain he views,
As the dire ſource of his eternal woes.
" Fool that I am, upbraiding oft he cried,
" My wiſdom folly, and my virtue pride:
" Nor men, nor gods, nor ev'n myſelf I knew,
" Ignorant of all things, as of all things true!
" Fruitleſs I pac'd o'er error's mazy road,
" And miſs'd the pathway to ſubſtantial good:
" Myſelf my idol—'twas preſumption all—
" * Juſt are the gods and merited my fall!"
† At length thoſe monarchs in this dread abode
View'd the young chief, and trembled as he view'd,
Who for abuſe of pow'r in upper air,
Repent in pangs, and groan in tortures here:
Fierce on one hand a vengeful fury yell'd,
And to their eyes a magic mirror held;
Where in their full deformity was ſeen
Of all their vices the long loathſome train:

* Diſcite Juſtitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.

† See Spenſer's FAIRY QUEEN, B. i. c. v. S. 46, &c.

There

There ſaw they—there, unwilling, forc'd to ſee
The fulſome form of that proud vanity,
Which late exalting ſwell'd each haughty breaſt,
And gave to groſſeſt flattery its zeſt.
There, in the tell-truth mirror they eſpied
Their ſloth, their miſplac'd jealouſy and pride;
Their diſregard to virtue's golden lore,
Their pageant pomp, which made their people poor:
Their dread the voice of honeſt truth to hear,
For fools their love, for flatterers their care:
Their dire hard-heartedneſs to men, alone
When born for men, or born to mount a throne.
Their toils to gratify each meaner ſenſe,
To nobler deeds their female indolence:
Their mad ambition falſe renown to gain
Thro' ſeas of blood, and hills of ſubjects ſlain:
And all their cruelties, which conſtant roll
In ſearch of joys to lull the wounded ſoul,
And drown the calls of conſcience, 'midſt the cries
Of weeping wretches, and of ſufferers ſighs.
Here, as themſelves inceſſant they ſurvey'd,
How monſtrous was the ſight, the ſcene how dread!
Not ſo deform'd the dire chimæra's view,
Or the fell Hydra which Alcides ſlew;
Nor Cerberus himſelf, tho' ropy gore
His wide three-gaping throats diſgorging pour,
Poiſonous and black, and capable to bring
All hell's inhabitants to glut his king.
On t'other ſide a ſecond fury ſtood,
From whom, inſulting, thoſe encomiums flow'd,
Which while alive their flatterer's beſtow'd.

She plac'd another mirror to their eyes,
Where, as by flattery feign'd, their forms ariſe:
Contraſts ſo dread they tremble to abide,
And curſe their own mad vanity and pride.
Thoſe kings on earth with fulleſt praiſes crown'd,
Were here moſt wanting and moſt wicked found:
And juſtly ſo: for tyranny's bold brood
Lives far more dreaded than the juſt and good:
And ſhameleſs from the flatterers of their times
Drag loud harangues, and truth-diſhonouring rhymes;
Thro' the dire darkneſs, where no ray was ſeen,
Save but to ſhew the fierce inſulting train,
Their groans riſe dreadful, and their tortures ſound,
And anguiſh echoes thro' the vaſt profound.
And as on earth with human lives they play'd,
And for themſelves pretended all things made;
Now their own ſlaves their tyrants do they ſee,
Nor entertain one hope of being free:
Fierce from the ſlaves each laſh vindictive flows,
Groaning they lie, and fruitleſs wou'd oppoſe.
So the reſounding anvils ſtill receive
Each blow the cyclops' ponderous hammers give,
To work when haſten'd by their limping ſire;
Each furnace glows, and Ætna ſeems on fire.
Here many a wretch Telemachus ſurvey'd,
With lowering looks, pale, hideous, and diſmay'd;
Whoſe outward horrors from their inward ſprings,
From conſcience, and the ſoul's corroſive ſtings:
Themſelves, themſelves in vain they ſought to fly,
The more they ſhun, the torture ſeems more nigh:
Nor for their crimes a puniſhment more dread,
Than their own crimes, ſelf-torturing do they need;

Before

Before their eyes in fulleſt pomp they glare,
And in each aggravating form appear:
Not leſs terrific to the troubled ſight
Stalk horrid ſpectres thro' the gloom of night.
The vengeful throng the frighted miſcreants fly,
And long, to ſhun their pow'r, again to die—
Fate bids them ſuffer and the gods deny.*

How oft in vain they wiſh'd, amidſt deſpair,
Annihilation's dreadful boon to ſhare!
How oft they call'd upon the deafen'd tide,
From truth in its abyſs their guilt to hide;
From truth whoſe luſtre, dazzling all their views,
Avenging ſhines, and beaming bright purſues:
Reſerv'd for everlaſting wrath they lie,
Which drop by drop diſtils, and never will be dry!
That truth they fear'd, their puniſhment is made,
And, long unſeen, becomes their peſt, ſurvey'd!
Like Jove's blue lightnings blazing thro' the ſky,
Which paſs the outward parts regardleſs by,
And to a nobler prey direct their road,
To the warm bowels, and to life's abode.

As metals in the furnace'-flames decay,
And unconſum'd, diſſolving melt away:
So melt their ſouls in this avenging flame,
Deſtroy'd its texture, yet each ſenſe the ſame.
Torn from themſelves perpetual terrors reign,
Nor eaſe, nor comfort can they ever gain:
Mad rage, and wild deſpair, and home-bred ſtrife,
Serve only to ſupport their wretched life.

* Quam vellent, &c.
Fas obſtat, &c. Æn. l. 6.

Amidſt theſe ſights, which chill'd the hero's blood,
And every hair erected, as he view'd,
Various of Lydia's kings he ſaw, who prove
Pangs for the luxury they indulg'd above:
Who, deaf to glory, and the trump of fame,
And all thoſe godlike labours empires claim,
Deaf to their people's good, and country's bliſs,
Lay drown'd in joy, and heart-enfeebling eaſe:
And on ſmooth pleaſure's lazy couch reclin'd,
Lull'd in ſoft indolence the nobler mind.

From every mouth reproaches loudly flew,
And each at other taunts upbraiding threw:
The tortur'd ſire thus thunder'd to his ſon,
" Did I not warn thee, ere I left the throne;
" Did I not warn thee, when the grave in view,
" Full in my face my crimes upbraiding flew;
" From all my errors, and my ills to run,
" My tyranny and cruelties to ſhun?"
" Ah let me curſe, the wretched ſon replied,
" Thy cruelty, luſt, arrogance and pride:
" My ruin from thy dire example date,
" Thy crimes my doom, thy tyranny my fate!
" I ſaw thee in enervate pleaſures drown'd,
" And with baſe ſycophants encompaſs'd round:
" Hence fond of pleaſure like thyſelf I grew,
" And hence, like thee, encourag'd flattery's crew;
" Caught by their lures, and ſwelling in my mind,
" I look'd with low contempt on all mankind:
" Beneath me all mere beaſts of burthen deem'd,
" No more, than ſerving to our uſe, eſteem'd.

" Such

" Such the baſe tenets thy example taught,
" By whoſe ſuperior influence madly caught,
" To this diſtreſs thy tortur'd ſon is brought!"

Reproaching thus, alternate they went on,
The ſon his ſire, the ſire curſt his ſon;
And now with phrenzy mad for fight prepare,
Howl, rend, and groan like furies in deſpair.
Hovering around theſe wretched monarch's fight,
Like boding ſcreech-owls in the gloom of night;
Throng dread ſuſpicions, diffidences vain,
And falſe alarms, the peſt of each inhuman reign!
Inſatiate thirſt of gold's deſtructive good,
Falſe glory, wading thro' a ſea of blood:
And vile effeminacy, which deſtroys
All ſolid pleaſures, and ſubſtantial joys!
Nor puniſh'd were thoſe impious kings alone,
For all the evils they themſelves had done;
Omiſſions too of good were cenſur'd here,
As crimes deſerving wrath no leſs ſevere:
The ſeveral vices in their realms that reign'd,
Which from the ſleeping laws protection gain'd,
Were all imputed to the ſceptred throng,
From whom neglect, and want of ſanction ſprung.
But above all, thoſe kings blood-thirſty found
Rigour moſt dire, and horror moſt profound;
Who o'er their people, with a ſhepherd's pain,
Nor watch'd, nor careful fed the ſubject train:
But like rapacious Wolves their flocks deſtroy'd,
And the wide ruin of their folds enjoy'd!
But that which troubled moſt the Hero's thought,
And moſt compaſſion in his boſom wrought,

Was to behold in this abyſs confin'd
A number deem'd good kings among mankind;
But now condemn'd to Tartarus and pain,
For ſuffering o'er them wicked Men to reign:
Here all thoſe crimes their Miniſters had done,
Were charg'd and puniſh'd as the princes' own.
Moſt of this wretched ſubject-ridden train,
To vice or virtue had indifferent been;
Great was their weakneſs: never did they dread
Their lives in ignorance of the truth to lead;
Nor ever reliſh for true virtue ſhew'd,
Or plac'd their happineſs in doing good!

Octob. 1750.

TO

TO MR. J. ——, ON THE REPORT OF MISS ——'s MARRIAGE.

—— Ah miſer
Quanta laboras in charybdi——
Digne puer meliori flammâ. Hor.

WHEN firſt the ſoul has caught the gentle fire,
And the breaſt glows with Love and warm deſire:
How hard the taſk, what labours muſt we prove,
To tell our own, and win the fair one's love!
What doubts, what fears, diſdain and anguiſh try,
How falſely flatter, and how really ſigh!
But now ſuppoſe the gentle charmer views
Our pains relenting, and relieves our woes;
With mutual flame ſoft burns her pitying breaſt,
And each of mutual paſſion ſeems poſſeſt.
Then the warm youth wou'd ſoar to higher joy;
Pleads his fond flame, and claims the nuptial tye:
In vain he pleads—the wayward virgin ſighs,
And what ſhe fondly wiſhes, coy denies;
By ſome fell chance the hapleſs lovers part,
Tear ſoul from ſoul, and raviſh heart from heart:
Then Cupid frowns, dread abſence gloomy reigns,
O'er their ſad ſouls diſtilling jealous pains:
Cenſure's at hand; another lover's near——
—Ah ceaſe; Almonzo's torment all is there:
Too cruel fair—ah! why thus cauſe his woe,
Stop the raſh vow—his tender flame you know:
Falſe to his love, why bleſs another's arms?
Like him none doat on, or deſerve your charms.

" Too

" Too late advis'd," the penſive lover ſaid,
As mournful on his Witham's banks he ſtray'd,
Deſpair his looks, the proſpect ſpoke deſpair;
Fens, ſands, and ſeas! ſad emblems of his care!
" Yes, Emma,* yes,—by that dear pleaſing name,
" (Oh falſely yours, for fix'd was Emma's flame)
" By that I ſwear, had you like her been true,
" With joy I'd liv'd a baniſh'd man for you:
" Flown each gay pleaſure, every joy denied,
" Firm to my fair, and conſtant at her ſide.
" Thus then is all my tender flame repay'd,
" Oh art thou, art thou, too hard-hearted maid;—
" And art thou loſt for ever to my arms,
" Gone, ever gone; Amyntas has thy charms!
" Aid me, deſpair, here every paſſion move,
" To wreak revenge on diſappointed love:
" Vain thought! ſhe ſmiles inſulting o'er my pain,
" And in my rival's arms exults,—my vengeance vain!
" Oh Emma, think, and when that thought ſhall riſe
" Can you ſecurely taſte your fancied joys?
" Think of thoſe ſcenes where oft we fondly ſtray'd,
" While tales of love the ling'ring ſun delay'd:
" Think of thoſe flow'ry meads, and ſilent groves,
" Where oft, ſo oft we whiſper'd out our loves:
" Where oft we heard the feather'd ſongſter's lay,
" Our lives as ſweet, and we as bleſt as they.
" Nor cou'd bleak winter's froſt, or envious ſnow,
" Cool our warm breaſts—'twas ever ſpring with you:

* The lady always wrote under the name of EMMA. See Prior's Nut-brown Maid.

" Your

" Your tender form defy'd the nipping blaſt,—
" Kind thought—did you with me too ſummer taſte!
" But what are groves or meads, or ſnow or froſt?
" Theſe are forgot, and you are ever loſt.
" Bleſt with content, to rural eaſe inclin'd,
" For thee I rous'd, for thee the crowd I join'd;
" Pleas'd, every tempeſt, every ſtorm to prove,
" To crown my labours, and to win my love:
" To bleſs my fair, and round her feet to throw,
" The hard-earn'd produce of my proſperous woe.
" To make thee ſharer of my happier fate,
" I wiſh'd alone and ſtruggled to be great:
" But what avails it—that ſucceſs was mine,
" That rich with plenty all my vallies ſhine:
" That o'er my hills, my flocks in thouſands ſtray,
" Ah! what are theſe—when Emma is away?
" Plenty and flocks, with tranſport I'd reſign,
" Too late—had lovely Emma been but mine!
" What is my crime? I never ſinn'd in thought,
" Love, too much love, falſe fair, is all my fault.
" For this, neglected ſorrowing and alone,
" Fruitleſs I ſigh, and unregarded moan.
" Emblem of me on that lone rock confin'd,
" Behold yon guiltleſs ſailor left behind;
" With tortur'd ken the gallant ſhip he ſees
" Plough the calm main, and triumph in the breeze:
" The crew exulting towards their haven hie,
" While he is left alone, to pine, deſpair and die."
Thus, to the wind the ſad Almonzo raves,
And tells his anguiſh to unheeding waves:
When bleak deſpair's drear manſion ſtruck his view,
Where wild with woe, the wretched lover flew.

'Midſt

'Midſt bogs and lakes expos'd the ruin ſtood,
The winds howl'd round, the atmoſphere a cloud;
Acroſs a black deep lake a plank was laid,
The only entrance to the gloomy ſhade;
Females in crowds, who fruitleſs long had ſigh'd
For wedlock's bonds, and joys thoſe bonds ſupplied,
Wrinkled with care, with frowns and croſſes bleak,
In this drear dome their laſt ſad reſpite ſeek:
The queen with tranſport views the ghaſtly train,
Grins horrid ſmiles, and triumphs 'midſt ſelf-pain;
Arms with foul ſpight, ill-nature, and deſpair,
And leagues theſe ſubjects 'gainſt her foes, the fair.
Amaz'd and muſing at the dreary ſcene,
Almonzo ſtood, and reaſon caught the rein:
" Emma was fair, and fraught with every grace—
" Grows not an Emma in ſome happier place?
" Then, ſuch a pleaſing ſympathy of mind:—
" Yet ſtill ſome fair may prove as fondly kind.
" Emma alone ſeem'd form'd to bleſs my flame;—
" But, when inconſtant Emma's not the ſame.
" Then, nymph, adieu; and tho' my ſoul muſt own,
" Of all I cou'd have lov'd but thee alone;
" Cupid will aid, and ſoon that god will find,
" If not one fair as thee, more conſtant one and kind."
Quick from deſpair Almonzo ſmiling flies,
Forgets his anguiſh, and diſpels his ſighs;
The ſhining belles explores, who round him move,
Catches a happier flame, and burns anew with love!

ODES OF PINDAR.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

THE FOURTH OLYMPIC ODE.

STROPHE I.

GREAT Jove, whoſe thunder thro' the ſkies
With force and ſpeed unwearied flies:—
—For 'tis to Jove the hours belong,
Which roll around the mighty days,
Theſe days that claim the ſounding ſong,
Sacred to Pſaumis' deathleſs praiſe:
Immortal are the hero's deeds;
And when a friend's brave toil ſucceeds,
The tale great ſouls with joy receive,
And due encomiums gladly give.—
Thou then, great Saturn's greater ſon,—
On Ætna who haſt fix'd thy throne;
Where, hundred-headed Typhon preſt,
Groans, the hot mountain on his breaſt:
The choral hymns, whoſe varied lays
Sing the olympic victor's praiſe,
And give to virtue, nobly bright,
Eternal luſtre, life and light;
Auſpicious hear, for Pſaumis' ſake;
They want not Grace,—his fame they ſpeak.

* Theſe odes are not tranſlated by Mr. Weſt.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Lo! in his car they croſs the plains,
Where, crown'd with olive, he obtains
Oh Camarina, for thy ſtate
Immortal honours, deathleſs fame!
Still, ſtill, propitious, kindly fate,
In all be his ſucceſs the ſame!
For well I know him wiſe and good,
Skill'd to train up the courſer's brood:
Nor does of friends a narrow round
His hoſpitable kindneſs bound;
Wide his benevolence extends,
And all mankind are ſtyl'd his friends:
And where, of all the patriot train,
His country's glory's to maintain,
Where will another chief appear,
With heart ſo warm, and ſoul ſo clear?
—Truth ſpeaks; the muſe's ſacred verſe
Diſdains falſe praiſes to rehearſe;
Experience proves the truth ſhe ſings,
At once the teſt of men and things.

EPODE.

By this the taunts of Lemnos' haughty dames
The warlike ſon of Clymenus diſprov'd;
Who, when contending at the glorious games,
Swift to the goal before his peers he mov'd,

Panting,

Panting, as he claim'd the crown,
To Thoas' daughter thus begun:
" Behold the man whoſe untried ſpeed you ſcorn'd,
" Till by that ſpeed victorious he return'd:
" And know, this hand can equal deeds perform,
" And know, with equal fire this heart is warm:
" Grey hairs may oft the youthful head beſtrew,
" But grace they add, and wiſdom to the brow." *

* See the ſcholiaſt on the place.

THE SIXTH OLYMPIC ODE.

STROPHE I.

WHOSE ample ſoul a glorious fabric rears,
Firſt to the gorgeous front directs his care:
Nor art, nor coſt, nor gold, nor ſculpture ſpares,
To give the portico the nobleſt air:
That thence the eye enlarg'd, his ſplendid dome
May raptur'd with ideal wonder roam.
So, muſe, preparing deathleſs ſongs to ſound
On themes, which well thoſe deathleſs ſongs may claim,
With grandeſt grace be our beginning crown'd,
Be from the firſt bright ſpark conceiv'd the flame!
Were there a man whoſe happy lot beſtow'd
In rich Sicilia's plains a fair abode;
Who ſhone at glorious Piſa doubly bleſt,
Th' olympic victor, and the thunderer's prieſt:
Untouch'd by envy's hate or ſlander's tongue,
How juſt were fame like his, how form'd ſuch fame for ſong!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Such fame, great ſon of Soſtratus, is thine,
And lo, my muſe, that hero is thy theme:—
Virtue unexerciſed can never ſhine,
It tempts no dangers, and ſhall find no fame:
But who, like thee, Ageſias, dare be great,
Shall ſhare thy glory, and enjoy thy fate!

Of

Of right to thee that eulogy belongs,
Which brave Adraſtus to the prophet gave
Whom Jove belov'd; and, to preſerve from wrongs,
Commanded earth wide-gaping to receive:
His friend's lov'd corſe Adraſtus ſought in vain
At Thebes' ſeven-fold funeral to obtain;
And therefore thus with praiſe embalm'd the dead;
" Where is my light, my guide, my glory fled?
" Alas, my ſoldiers, how our loſs I moan,
" The wiſeſt prophet dead, the braveſt warrior gone!"

EPODE I.

Such, mighty hero of my lays,
Such are thy gifts, and ſuch thy praiſe!
I ſcorn the forms of mean diſpute,
I ſcorn to cavil and confute:
All end of ſtrife this oath ſhall bring,
Dread witneſs to the truths I ſing;
I ſwear theſe gifts of right to thee belong,
And every muſe permits the oath, and all confirm the ſong.

STROPHE II.

Come then, my ſoul, bright charioteer,
The mules, victorious to the car
Join quick, that while we croſs the plain,
Our labour's ſummit we may gain:
And all triumphant mount the place,
Where ſhine the hero's god-born race:

To

To his and their immortal fame,
The road no courſers know like them:
That road they trod, when late they won,
At Piſa's race, the glorious crown:
Lift up your heads ye gates for theſe: your heads
triumphant raiſe; [praiſe!
That they may trace the ſpacious plain of great Ageſias'

ANTISTROPHE II.

Strait then to fair Eurotas' flood,
We'll ſweep along the ſounding road.
Fair Pitana Eurotas bore
Saturnian Neptune's paramour.
He, as immortal tales declare,
With bright Evadne fill'd the fair:
Her ſtolen joys the maid conceal'd
Till the great months were all fulfill'd;
In ſecret then a mother made,
Her babe ſhe privately convey'd
To Æpytus, Arcadia's king, its foſter-ſire to prove:
Where Phœbus pluck'd her virgin roſe, and taught
Evadne love!

EPODE II.

From Æpytus in vain ſhe ſtrove
To hide the produce of her love:
His ſoul with rage and anguiſh fraught,
The Pythian god the monarch ſought;
There to diſlodge his mighty grief,
And from Apollo find relief.

While

While ſhe unloos'd her various-colour'd zone,
And in a ſecret grove brought forth a ſoul-enlighten'd
ſon!

STROPHE III.

Hecate and the fates conſenting
To Apollo's fond requeſt,
All the mother's pangs preventing,
With the darling offspring bleſs'd.
But her heart deep anguiſh tearing,
Virtue's blooming bloſſom gone;
Thence ſhe flew, detection fearing,
On the ground ſhe left her ſon!
The babe deſerted thus, to tend
Neptune and Sol two dragons ſend:
Their charge to feed the bee they ſpoil,
And well diſcharge th' appointed toil.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Homeward Æpytus repairing,
Claims from his domeſtic throng
Fair Evadne's ſon, declaring
Him from ſage Apollo ſprung:
Prophecy's bright gift poſſeſſing,
Sight to pierce the rolls of fate;
A perpetual lineage bleſſing
With deſcendents wiſe and great!
Such, with enthuſiaſtic joy,
The prince proclaim'd the god-born boy:

But

But ſtill he ſpoke, and told in vain
What none had heard of, none had ſeen.

EPODE III.

For Apollo five times his bright journey renew'd
While the babe lay conceal'd on a violet bed;
Where each ſweeteſt flower's choice fragrance bedew'd
His tender limbs nightly in open air lay'd.
But when manhood, gaily blooming,
Spread his roſeat cheeks with down;
On his birth divine preſuming,
He to Alpheus' ſtream haſtes down:
There, midſt the ſilence of the night,
To Neptune, and the god of light;
Their ſon imploring bow'd:
" Oh dignify, my ſires, your race,
" Be worthy of my birth ſome grace,
" Some glorious boon beſtow'd!"

STROPHE IV.

Scarce thus the god-born ſuppliant ſighs,
Or ere his father's voice replies:
—" Ariſe my ſon, and let us trace
" That great, that glory-deſtin'd place,
" Where future triumphs Greece ſhall ſhare;
" Ariſe my ſon—and haſten there."
Speaking he led to Chronion's cloud-capt brow,
And there with light divine illum'd his ſoul:
A two-fold power dark fate's decrees to view
He gave: and inſtant thro' his boſom roll,

Enthuſiaſtic

Enthuſiaſtic fires! the prophet glow'd,
And myſtic truths declare the preſent god!
But when in future days Alcides came,
Dread-doing hero, and ordain'd to Jove,
In wide Olympia's plains, the feſtal game,
With rites beſpeaking gratitude and love:
The favor'd ſeer then found his gifts complete,
From entrails, and the hallow'd fire
He read the book of fate!

ANTISTROPHE IV.

So will'd the god: and thus thro' Greece
Of Jamus, the happy race
For rare felicity were ſung:
Honour rewards fair virtues throng:
Who tread her paths, bright glory's fane
Shall reach: his actions prove the man!
Pale envy's poiſon taints each noble deed:
Lo; not even they the vile enchantreſs ſhun
On whom true glory's foſt'ring dews are ſhed,
In great Olympia's courſe the conteſt won!
'Tis ſo: thy mother's anceſtors beſtow'd
Due rites, Ageſias, on the herald god:
Beneath Cyllene's hoary brow well pleas'd,
Hermes beheld their warm religious zeal:
Hermes of conteſts holy umpire made,
The kindly guardian of Arcadia's weal:
And grateful by his fire, the thunderer's aid,
Thee with ſo perfect happineſs repaid!

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EPODE IV.

I catch the bright flame, and am warm'd with the ſong!
Thy praiſes inſpire me to chant forth my own:
From Thebes, from Metopa, from great Ladon ſprung,
I boaſt my deſcent, and I claim my renown:
There, thrice-happy bard, reclining,
Themes divine engage my lays:
Heroes brows immortal binding
With gay wreaths of blooming praiſe.
Haſte then, and rouſe the choral throng,
Æneas, haſte—and be the ſong,
With Juno's name begun!
And let who hear my lays confeſs,
That his Bœotia's old diſgrace
Great Pindar's numbers ſhun!

STROPHE V.

Thou art a man the muſes love,
And in their councils hold'ſt the higheſt place:
Declaring thence what they approve,
Thou ſhed'ſt on favor'd bards their choiceſt grace:
Turn then—remind the grateful muſe
To ſing of beauteous Syracuſe,
To ſpeak renown'd Ortygia's praiſe,
Where Hiero the ſceptre ſways;
The rock of juſtice bears his throne,
Religion's jewels grace his crown;
Behold what glorious ſtructures riſe,
For that dread power, who rules the ſkies,

For

For Ceres and her daughter's ſake,
Behold — for him and let thoſe ſtructures ſpeak!

ANTISTROPHE V.

Already the exulting lyre
The hero's glorious praiſes has enjoy'd:
Still vibrates every ſweet-tun'd wire,
For each his name has known, his fame employ'd:
Oh may no future times decreaſe
The round of his conſummate bliſs!
May he with wonted favour view
The hymn to brave Ageſias due;
Who from maternal climes removes
Arcadia's meads, and peaceful groves;
In Sicily's bleſt realms to trace
His father's, and a nobler race.
'Tis well, when nightly tempeſts roar,
The ſhip with double anchors to ſecure.

EPODE THE LAST.

May heav'n's wide favour to each realm encreaſe
Their choſen lot of happineſs and peace:
And oh dread ruler of the boundleſs ſea,
Whoſe voice the tempeſt hears, the waves obey:
Thro' life's rough waves Ageſias ſafely ſteer,
From ſtorms protected, and from quick-ſands clear:
With winds propitious ſwell his happy ſails!
And as my ſongs fame's ocean croſs,
Croud glory's favouring gales!

THE SEVENTH PYTHIAN ODE.

STROPHE I.

SO nobly whence deduce the ſong,
Sacred to Megacles' renown,
A chief from great Alcmæon ſprung,
As from Minerva's mighty town?
Since where a family ſo great,
Thro' Grecia's realms is found;
And where ſo truly fam'd a ſtate,
Thro' earth's capacious round?

ANTISTROPHE I.

Athens, thy fame to all is known,
Thy ſons by all are prais'd,
Who, Phœbus, by mad foes o'erthrown,
Thy hallow'd temple rais'd:
And, Megacles, to ſound thy fame,
Thoſe conqueſts urge me on,
By thee, at every glorious game,
And thy forefathers won.

EPODE

Even five Corinthian palms obtain'd,
And one at great Olympus gain'd;

At ſacred Delphi two:
Your late ſucceſs I gladly hail,
* Yet mourn that envy ſhould prevail,
O'er fame and men like you.
Yet truſt, your bliſs is more ſecure,
Your fortune's column ſtands more ſure,
Round which ſome winds have blown,
Than that to heaven its head which rears,
And tempeſts unmoleſting dares,
Which blow!—and 'tis o'erthrown!

* The original is — το δ' ακνυμι
φθονον αμειβομενον
τα καλα ἐργα —— where the ſcholiaſt obſerves — ἐπιτῃ νυν ἐυτυχηθειση τῃ νικᾳ χαιρω· ακνυμαι δε δια τον Ιπποκρατην· who, as he adds, died about this time, and was a relation of Ageſias. Sedorius, in his tranſlation, follows this explanation of the ſcholiaſt.

Unum illud doleo, poſt tot adoreas,
Te læſum Hippocratis morte domeſtica.

So that in the original, envy muſt be underſtood as a perſonage, who had power to throw in a change, and deſtroy the felicity of great actions: the poet conſoles him upon this, with a piece of morality; aſſuring him, that the happineſs is the moſt firm, and moſt flouriſhing, μονιμαν ϗ θαλλοισαν, which is mix'd with ſome viciſſitudes of fortune, which brings τα ϗ τα, good and bad — τουτ' ουϛι ϗ το, παρ' Ομηρῳ, ſays the ſcholiaſt. —

Τον περι μυσ' ἐφιλησε, διδυ δ' αγαθοντε, κακοντε,
Οφθαλμων μεν αμερσε· διδυ δ' ηδειαν αοιδην.

THE

THE NINTH PYTHIAN ODE.

STROPHE I.

GLOWING bright with ſhield of braſs,
Victorious in the Pythian race;
Great Teleſicrates his praiſe,
My ſoul delights to ſound in nobleſt lays.
Ye Graces aid your poet's ſong,
And boldly bear the ſtrain along.
Spread, ſpread the bliſs, the glory wide,
Of brave Cyrene's garland and her pride.
From Pelion's mount where winds perpetual roar,
Bright-hair'd Apollo fair Cyrene bore
To thoſe bleſt realms, where flocks in thouſands ſtray,
And fulleſt plenty crowns the ſmiling plain:
In golden car he bore the nymph away,
And gave her o'er the world's third part to reign.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Bright Venus, goddeſs of the fair,
Who holds her courts and revels there;
Smiling receiv'd her Delian gueſt,
And breath'd ſoft love thro' each enamour'd breaſt.
While modeſty, ſweet bluſhing, ſpread
The happy love-expecting bed;
Where glad Apollo's glowing arms
Might claſp Hypſæus' blooming daughter's charms.
From Ocean's monarch was Hypſæus ſprung,
King of the Lapithæ, a warlike throng:

Peneus,

Peneus the God's, Hypſæus Peneus' ſon,
Who dalliance with fair Crëuſa held
In Pindus' vale, where he the virgin won,
And with Cyrene's god-like father fill'd.

Epode I.

That father, with induſtrious care,
Each female virtue taught the fair:
But ſhe—a nobler taſk approving,
Scorn'd the loom's enervate toys:
Far from female trains removing,
Talking banquets, lazy joys:
With the bow, the quiver arming,
To the field triumphant flew;
Where the ſavage race alarming,
Theſe her darts unerring ſlew:
O'er the hills Aurora riſing,
E'er equipp'd the maid beheld;
Sleep's emollient bliſs deſpiſing,
Early haſt'ning to the field:
No hoſtile beaſts her father's realms annoy'd,
She clear'd each foreſt, and each foe deſtroy'd.

Strophe II.

Once, without help of dart or ſpear,
Maintaining an unequal war;
Phœbus on Pelion's top ſurvey'd
Engag'd with lion fierce the lovely maid!
Strait Chiron, call'd he, from his cave,
Phyllirides, thy bower leave;

Forth,

Forth, forth, dread Centaur from thy bower,
To view the triumphs of a female power.
View with what courage ſhe maintains the fight,
While her great ſpirit ſoars beyond her might;
She knows not fear:—relate her happy ſire,
What root its birth to branch ſo glorious gave?
What mortal to the honour may aſpire,
Of daughter ſo undaunted, fair, and brave?

ANTISTROPHE II.

On the virgin, Chiron, ſay,
May we ſoft compulſion lay;
Gently force her to our arms,
And crop her virgin flower, and full-blown charms?
Soften'd to ſmiles his features grave,
This anſwer ſober Chiron gave;
Who love's purer flames would ſhare,
By ſweet perſuaſion ſteal upon the fair;
And with fond elegance of paſſion move,
The yielding fair one to a virtuous love:
In modeſt hints firſt ſighing out their flame,
And delicate alike, tho' bolder grown:
For gods and men hate thoſe who know not ſhame,
But ſhock the ear with ribbald lewdneſs' tone.

EPODE II.

But thou, of truth great Deity,
Whoſe proving touch all falſhoods fly:

Gentle

Complaiſance alone inſpiring,
Thee hath led to this requeſt:
Art thou gracious, thou enquiring,
Whence deſcends this maiden bleſt?
Thou, who all events art knowing,
Every path that mortals tread;
Whence their ſeveral fates are flowing,
Where their ſeveral actions lead:
Whoſe is wiſdom paſt expreſſing,
Knowledge paſt our power to tell:
Sooner count we earth's encreaſing,
When her pregnant bowels ſwell:
Sooner, when waves roll rough, and tempeſts roar,
Number the ſands that raging croud the ſhore.

STROPHE III.

All things are open to thine eyes,
Both where they flow, and whence they riſe:
Yet if, with one ſo wiſe and great,
'Tis granted me, dread king, myſelf to meet;
Hear what the Centaur hath to tell:
Deſtin'd the maid's, thou ſought'ſt this vale;
Hither thou cam'ſt, her love to ſhare,
And to Jove's gardens o'er the ſeas to bear.
Thither thy * people from their † iſle ſhall tend,
And to the vale-ſurrounded hill aſcend;

* The Spartans. † Thera.

Where rule from thee, Cyrene, ſhall receive!
Now for thy ſake glad Lybia to the fair,
In golden domes reception waits to give:
And yield her of her ſpacious empire ſhare.

ANTISTROPHE III.

There ſhall they rule, their laws the ſame,
And joint command, and empire claim;
O'er realms for nobleſt beaſts renown'd,
O'er fields with fruits and fulleſt plenty crown'd.
There with a ſon ſhall ſhe be bleſt,
Whom, carried from his mother's breaſt,
The golden-throned hours ſhall join
With mother earth to nurſe, and make divine:
Hermes to them ſhall bear Apollo's race,
And on their laps the ſmiling infant place:
His roſy lips the well-pleas'd nymphs ſhall bleſs,
With nectar and ambroſia, heavenly food;
Which, to his ſires and grandſires place ſhall raiſe,
And make of men's delight, the man, a god.

EPODE III.

The fields, the flocks, his care ſhall claim,
And Ariſtæus be his name."
—Speaking thus, to conſummation,
Chiron inſtigates the god;
Swift is each immortal action;
Swift the flight, and ſhort the road:

Saw

Saw that day the deed unended?—
Lybia ſtrait received the pair:
Both the golden bed aſcended,
Bleſt, and both immortal there;
There her beauteous city guarding,
Fair Cyrene ever ſmiles.
Her Carneans ſtill rewarding,
In the Pythian's ſacred toils.
Thrice bleſt Carnean,* whoſe renown can give
Fame to thoſe realms, whence all their fame receive!

* Teleſicrates.

A N O D E

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

" WITH awful port and carriage grand
I ſaw him lead his gallant band:
Ocean's rough waves ſafely croſt,
I ſaw him on Germania's coaſt,
There the Britiſh colours flying,
Britiſh drums and ſhouts reſound:
There the Britiſh courſers neighing,
Snuff the air, and paw the ground!
Still wonder, her finger her ruby lip preſſing,
Sate fix'd in a cloud o'er the throng;
As ſlow, in order juſt, the heroes march'd along!
But when thy manly ſoldier came,
I ſaw, I mark'd each ſpeaking face:
Each eye was fix'd, illuſtrious dame,
And every finger mark'd his martial grace!
Great GRANBY—Rutland's noble ſon;
Thro' all the crowd—was heard aloud,
And every voice and heart was one:
" Safety on his helmet play:
" Conqueſt mark his falchion's way."

II.

Thus on her couch, while penſive GRANBY lay,—
Her hand upheld her head with cares oppreſt:
What marvel, when her hero was away,
That tears her eyes, that terror fill'd her breaſt?

Thus

Thus ſpoke the genius of the RUTLAND line:
She heard—ſhe knew—ſhe bleſt the ſound:—
For if old bards have rightly ſung,
Deeply read in ancient ſtory:
The guardian genius of each race,
When mortals to appear among,
They diſrobe them of the glory,
Which cloaths the ſplendid children of the ſkies,
Wove in light, and far too bright,
For dazzled human eyes:
They then aſſume the form, the grace,
The tone of voice, the turn of face,
And all the manner of the line,
O'er which the laws of heav'n their guardian care aſſign.
He ſpoke—ſhe heard, ſhe knew the ſound;
"And is he ſafe, ſhe roſe, ſhe cried,
"And is he ſafe on hoſtile ground?
"Safety on his helmet play:
"Conqueſt mark his falchion's way!"
Who can wonder at the throng;—
Heav'n applaud and hear the ſong!
Who can wonder—theſe admire?
Whereſoe'er my ſoldier moves,
Every boſom is on fire,
Every eye, that views him, loves!
Tell me, gentle genius, tell,
I a thouſand truths wou'd know:
On his cheeks with roſeate glow
Still doth health delight to dwell!
Tell me gentle genius tell!
Every grateful truth diſcover,
Eaſe the wife, the friend, the lover,

Where's

Where's my hero —eaſe my care;
Tell me gentle genius, where."

III.

With ſmiles ſerene,
Such as ever beaming play
On the brows of ſpirits bleſt,
In the realms of endleſs day,
And diffuſe, where'er they move,
Like the gay ſun, thro' every breaſt,
Light and comfort, joy and love!
With ſmiles ſerene,
He ſaw the generous paſſions as they ſtrove;
He ſaw applauding, wav'd his head,
With amaranthine flowrets crown'd:
His rich celeſtial plumage ſhook, and ſhed
Ambroſial odours all reviving round:
And thus with tender ſympathy addreſt,
And thus with tone mellifluous lull'd to reſt
The heaven-born paſſions, all approv'd,
That anxious throbb'd within her breaſt.

IV.

" Matchleſs wife—on golden pinion,
Summon'd by thy tender care,
From GERMANIA'S vex'd dominion,
Like a ſun-beam thro' the air,
Have I wing'd my azure way;
Ocean's wide waſte
In a moment o'er-paſt
At the ſummons of virtue no ſpirit can ſtay.

Heaven approves thy ſweet concern:
Ceaſe to fear and ceaſe to mourn.
From antient times and annals old,
The care of many a baron bold
Of RUTLAND's gallant line,
Hath claim'd my watchful hand and eye;
To ſave, to raiſe in glory high,
The pleaſing buſineſs mine.
But when the honour of the race,
The high-born heroes I re-trace,
Heroes, who now in golden domes,
Where everlaſting pleaſure blooms,
Drink the pure nectar of delight,
My charge thro' all the radiant day,
My watch thro' all the night:
None, none amidſt them I ſurvey,
Whoſe generous worth and ample mind,
Noble ſoul and nature kind,
So well my ſervices repay,
So enkindle each deſire,
Higher ſtill to raiſe and higher
In the ſounding ſong of fame,
As him, to whom the power divine
Has to thy care, bright fair, and mine,
Allotted equal claim!

V.

Now his country calls to arms;
Huſh each tender female fear:
Now the generous ardour warms;
Truſt him to his guardian's care.

Shou'd

Shou'd the furious battle rage,
Rank with hoſtile rank engage:
At his ſide attendant ever,
I from danger will deliver:
When the glowing ball ſhall fly,
Levell'd from the roaring mouth of death:
I will turn it harmleſs by,
And bid it fan him with its guiltleſs breath.
When juſt on his head deſcending,
The battle-ax cleaves the air:
From the fierce ruin defending,
I will ſuſpend it there.
Helm, or habergeon may fail,
Greaves of braſs, or coat of mail:
Truſtier armour ſhall he prove,
In his GUARDIAN'S care and love,

VI.

Nor in the wild rage of the battle alone,
Shall the banner of ſafety around him be thrown:
The ſickly troop and pale,
That on diſeaſe's camp attend,
Not daring to aſſail
Whom heav'n and roſy health defend,
Gnaſhing their teeth ſhall growl and fly;—
But why, great MARLBOROUGH *, gracious heav'n, ah why?
I ſee his GENIUS ſtand in ſpeechleſs trance:
Drooping his ſky-tinctur'd plumes,
Inverted his celeſtial lance!

* The duke of Marlborough died in Germany, 1758.

While

While tears, ſuch as angels weep,
Down his bright viſage all unbidden creep.
Oh that every virtue join'd,
The prudent head, the feeling heart,
The manly, martial, melting mind,
Cou'd not arreſt awhile th' unerring dart!

VII.

Cou'd not—but why indulge the plaintive mood?
Or why the juſt decrees of God arraign?
He wills, and what He wills, is wiſe, is good;
And who ſhall dare complain?
Suffice it, fair one, that to thee
Is given the bleſt ſecurity,
Ere the gayly circling ſun
Thro' the Zodiac hath run,
On thy boſom's downy reſt,
On the throbbings of thy breaſt
Thy ſoldier to receive,
With all the melting bliſs
Chaſte affection has to give.

VIII.

Rapturous Hymen then ſhall come
Young deſire, with purple bloom;
Innocence in milk-white veſt,
Truth unzon'd with open breaſt:
With all the loves, that crown'd with roſes
Ever dance in jocund play,
Round the couch on which repoſes

The virtuous pair delighted,
In ſofteſt trance united:
Squint ſuſpicion far a way,
And all the ſnaky brood of hell,
That in the harlot's bought ſmiles maſk,
And ſerpentine embraces dwell!
And I, with that illuſtrious ſpirit,
Who preſerves the matchleſs merit
Of thy high-born houſe, whoſe glory
Liveth long in ancient ſtory,
Will weave a web of richeſt texture,
Of each line's grand intermixture;
Which to lateſt times ſhall ſhare,
Our mutual and united love,
Our mutual and united care.

IX.

Till the happy hour arrive,
Live reſign'd and chearful live,
Fair blooming branch of SEYMOUR's ſtately tree!
Cloſe by thy hero's ſide,
I will preſerve, will guard, and guide,
And ſafe reſtore to Britain and to thee!
And returning, round his head
My ſevenfold ſhield, of heavenly temper made,
Impervious to each mortal ſtroke,
Will all-protecting ſpread."

X. Thus

X.

Thus while he ſpoke,
Attention liſten'd on her face:
And every gentle paſſion ſtrove
To glow with moſt attracting grace,
Affection, juſt concern, ſoft fear, and patriot love:
But judging ſilence here a ſin,
They joined all in one requeſt,
And ſpoke the burden of her breaſt:
" Gentle genius, no delay,
Quickly, quickly then return:
Haſte thee, guardian, haſte away,
Painful is a moment's ſtay,
For thy inſtant departure impatient I burn:
Oh tarry not, but haſte and ſpread
Thy ſhield, of heavenly temper made,
Bleſt genius, round my lord's, my lover's valued
head."

ANODE.

OCCASIONED BY LADY N———D'S BEING PREVENTED BY ILLNESS FROM COMING TO THE CHAPEL OF THE MAGDALEN-HOUSE.

I.

HENCE, loathed pain;
With envious diſappointment in thy train!
Hence, and croſs the frozen ſeas,
To the northern Hebrides:
Or where th' unfeeling Calmuc ſtains
With ruthleſs blood the plunder'd plains!
But no more thy harpy hand
Lay upon N———d;
Neither in thine iron chain,
From the pleaſing ſcenes detain,
Where the cherub pity ſhares
Joy, that pleaſure ſeldom bears
On her gayeſt ſmile; or knows,
When her laughter loudeſt flows!

II.

Noble ſpirits, moſt partaking
Of the pure æthereal flame,
Find the fulleſt bliſs in making
All around enjoy the ſame.
O how pleaſing to diſpenſe
Rays of rich benevolence!

O how godlike to impart
All the generous feeling heart!
And with comforts to o'erflow
All the weeping wants of woe!
But from vice's filthy jaw,
But from death and hell to draw;
And to plant in virtue's plain,
And to give to heaven again;
Theſe are works which warm the breaſt
With the tranſports of the bleſt;
Theſe, theſe are works, which time itſelf defy;
Built on the boundleſs baſe of vaſt eternity!

III.

Illuſtrious branch of SEYMOUR's ſtately tree,
Theſe are the works, whoſe captivating form
Soft-ey'd compaſſion waits to ſhew to thee,
Waits with her own pure flame thy ſoul to warm:
Waits to raiſe the generous ſigh,
To ſteal a tear from thy bright eye;
Drops of melting charity!
Sighs which pleaſe us while they pain,
Tears which ſpeak the heart humane;
Tokens ſure of virtue's reign!
And thoſe will riſe, and theſe will flow,
When thou with lenient looks ſhall view,
The decent throng, in modeſt guiſe array'd,
With humbled heart, and humbled eye,
The decent throng, ſo lately loſt and dead,
Wrapt in foul woe, and cloath'd with infamy!

" Planted now in virtue's plain,
" Now reſtor'd to heaven again!"
When thou ſhalt hear their ſolemn prayers,
Mix'd with deep repentant tears:
Grateful ſongs and tuneful praiſe,
Pious orgies, ſacred lays;
Finer pleaſures which diſpenſe
Than the fineſt joys of ſenſe:
And each melting boſom move,
And each liquid eye o'erflow
With benevolence and love!

IV.

Let the roving talkers boaſt;
Who, themſelves to virtue loſt,
Still ſeducing,
Still deluding,
With ungrateful ſcoffs decry
Thoſe they won to wanton joy!
Black'ning the fair female fame,
With the foul love of luſt and ſhame!
All their cenſures to diſprove,
Let them ſeek this firſt retreat
Britons gave to them, whoſe love
Gives to life its choiceſt ſweet!
Then will they view it with abaſh'd ſurprize,
By ruin'd, but returning fair-ones throng'd,
And own that on themſelves, not thoſe they wrong'd,
The heavy charge retorted doubly lies!
But, ah! beware,
Seducers, that it reſts not ever there!

V. Daughters

V.

Daughters of Britain's blooming iſle,
Where beauty wears her ſweeteſt ſmile,
Where virtue veils in whiteſt ſnow;
And love's own roſes fulleſt blow:
Ah! gentle fair, accept the tribute due
To truth, to virtue, and to you!
Lo! conſcious of our blame,
For thoſe, whom pleaſure's golden bait
Has drawn from virtue's ſacred ſeat,
Through man's ſeducing ſhame;
This houſe of mercy is procur'd,
Where, from deceit's ſly ſnares immur'd,
Fair chaſtity again may light
Her late extinguiſh'd flame!
Aid then, ye lovely ones, the good deſign,
So may each pleaſure in your dwellings reſt!
The virtuous huſband, and the lovely line;
So may each joy domeſtic glad each breaſt!
But chiefly thou, illuſtrious SEYMOUR, pour
Thy foſt'ring ſuccours, thy indulgent care:
Yet, yet but tender is the budding flow'r:
Thy genial hand's kind tendance let it ſhare!

VI.

And thou, DINGLEY, virtue's friend,
Son of ſoft humanity;
Still thy pleaſing charge attend:
And in the name of charity,

Of

Of returning penitence,
Liberal benevolence:
Weeping virtue, heavenly love;
This and every fair one move,
Every Britiſh fair renown'd,
Thro' the globe's capacious round,
For the pleaſures they diſpenſe,
Beauty, kindneſs, innocence:
Ah move them in the generous work to join!
—But wherefore ſtrive to move?
Already every worthy heart is thine.

1759.

AN

SUSPENCE. AN ODE.

WRITTEN WHILE WAITING FOR THE COMING OF A LADY.

SHALL I write—or ſtill tormented,
Muſing ſit, or lonely ſtray?
Yonder firſt—no, here contented,
Let me ſcribble care away.
Poh, 'tis idle—gods, I'll to her,
Venus, Cupid aid! vain fool,
What can they? Go, ſoftly woe her,
Plead, and mingle ſoul with ſoul:
Quick adown that walk I'll wander—
Something white; oh ſure 'tis ſhe!
Nothing—nothing—ah, Leander,
Doubt is death to Helle's ſea.
Watch! thou dotard time, move faſter;—
But one hour—I thought it four!
Dull machine—unlike thy maſter,
Clicking even ever more!
All is hurry—expectation,
Panting, trembles in my breaſt;
Since I held her hand—vexation,
Thrice ten hundred minutes paſs'd!
Come my love, my charmer, bleſs me,—
Or her thoughts, kind genius, bear!
But oh rather come, releaſe me
From my ſoul-bewildering fear!

Shall my hand, thy ſoft hand preſſing,
Aid the pleadings of my heart?
Hold—hold—torture paſt expreſſing—
Sure—ſhe would not mock my ſmart!
Oh 'tis mighty—that ſame reaſon,
Spark divine—lord man's proud boaſt:
Love, his ſubject, rank in treaſon,
Hourly makes him quit the coaſt.
Little rebel, I'll ſubdue thee—
And thy dread companion doubt!
Nay, my friend, I ſtill will woe thee;
Drive, but drive that monſter out!
Send him to his proper ſtation,
Lords, kings, miniſters, or court,
Where the ſons of expectation
Fall of place and promiſe ſhort:
Send him to the biſhop's palace,
Where the poor lean curate ſcouts:
Or to where, in ſuff'rings callous,
Client nine years law-ſuit doubts:
Send him juſt where is your pleaſure,
Admirals, generals, ſurgeons-hall:
Playhouſe poets, ſharks of treaſure,
E, O White's, or good Sir P*.
Vain, alas, my fond providing,
See, ah ſee—he haunts me here:
And with ſneers my cares deriding,
Points me to the ideal fair:
Will ſhe come? I fly to meet her:
Hence, vain muſe, your rhymes I throw:
She comes, 'tis her—thanks, thanks, dear creature!
Blank—falſe, ſhe's falſe—yet—
Sure ſhe's true! 1749

TO TWO AGREEABLE SISTERS,

WHO DESIRED VERSES OF ME IN THE YEAR 1738.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF YORKSHIRE.

COU'D I, like Pope, or Swift indite,
What pleaſure, ladies, 'twere to write!
Like theirs, were my expreſſions fraught
With elegance and ſtrength of thought;
No muſe, no goddeſs I'd require
To ſtring my harp and tune my lyre;
Eliza's charms, Eliza's name,
My lofty lays ſhould give to fame:
And echo, each harmonious ſtrain,
With wanton joy, repeat again;
In flowing numbers while I trace
The beauties of her matchleſs face;
The virtues of her ſpotleſs ſoul,
Which dart a luſtre on the whole;
Which, when the roſe and lily fade,
Will ſtill embalm the lovely maid;
Will ſtill endear the marriage ſtate,
When other charms ſubmit to fate.
Nor ſhould the other darling fair
Be leſs the poet's theme and care;
Bright Patſy! whoſe engaging face,
The graces all conſpire to grace;
Leſs fair the celebrated maid,
That whilom on * Tweed's borders ſtray'd;

* See a celebrated ſong, called Tweed ſide.

The love and wonder of each ſwain,
Who tripp'd it o'er the daiſied plain.
No ruffling guſts, no guilty joy,
Her ſettled calm of mind deſtroy;
But in her air, and lovely mien,
The beauties of her ſoul are ſeen.
Happy the ſwain, yea, doubly bleſt,
Of either beauteous fair poſſeſt!

T. P.

STAN-

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY THE VERSES ON TWO AGREEABLE SISTERS.

HAPPY poet, pleas'd inditing
Sweet Eliza's heav'nly charms;
Happier far the youth delighting
In the nymph's more heav'nly arms!
Freely ſing, thrice bleſt enjoying
All the tranſports ſhe can give;
Claſp'd in pleaſures never cloying,
Live, O favour'd mortal, live.
But preſumptuous, never venture
Patſy's grace divine to ſing;
Far below thy verſe muſt centre,
Far too weak thy trembling wing.
Oh what racking tumults ſeize me!
Oh what pangs of jealous love!
Muſt another poet pleaſe thee?
Can my fair his ſtrains approve?
Can my fair forget the pleaſures,
Harmleſs hours of joy we've ſeen;
Sweeter far than miſer's treaſures,
More than halycon ſeas ſerene?
Yet, alas! hard fate requiring!
Sad oblivion abſence draws;
Loſt, forgot, I lie expiring,
Patſy falſe, the much lov'd cauſe.

Pity, charming maid, relenting,
Call to mind thy abject ſlave,
Smile propitious, ſmile conſenting,
Give thoſe pleaſures once you gave!
Know that Venus, now attending,
Soon will leave thy form divine,
All thy outward beauties ending,
Ceaſe to charm, and ceaſe to ſhine.
Kind the leſſon true receiving,
Kind my heart, my ſoul return;
Big with love thy boſom heaving,
Big with love my breaſt ſhall burn.
All our youth, one endleſs bleſſing,
Gay tranſporting joys ſhall crown;
Solid comforts ſure poſſeſſing,
When declining life moves down:
Then new bliſs — but, where tranſporting,
Idle fancy! wilt thou lead?
See the nymph, her neck retorting,
Flies, nor deigns to hear thee plead.

AN

AN ODE,

OCCASIONED BY A YOUNG LADY'S LAUGHING AT ME FOR STAYING FROM AN ASSEMBLY.

OH 'twas hard — nay, ceaſe your ſmiling,
Prithee laugh not — ſure 'twas hard:
Still ſeverer, you reviling,
Joys like thoſe to be debarr'd:
Belles in beauty's glitter ſhining,
Gay delights ſoft-ſwimming round;
Duty's mighty chain confining, —
Theſe I ſaw, from theſe was bound!
Hark, with tranſports ſoftly thrilling,
Muſic melts each gentle breaſt,
Sounds once pleaſing, ſadly chilling,
Tell inſulting — thou'rt diſtreſt!
Thus, in cage the goldfinch ſighing,
Droops, in ſummer ſun-ſhine hung;
Fluttering friends around him flying,
Gayly tune their amorous ſong;
There their burniſh'd wings diſplaying,
Tuning here their notes to love:
He in vain like them eſſaying
Free to ſing, and free to rove.
Cytherea fond attending,
Wou'd young Paris not have gone?
You, with beauty her's tranſcending
Sighing view'd I, forc'd to ſhun.

Aſk

Aſk the ſailor, if appearing
Bliſs and plenty on the coaſt,
From ſo ſweet enchantments veering,
Rocks and winds, and waves he'd truſt?
Sight moſt cutting! view thoſe graces
Smiling in each dimpled cheek:
Joy on joy in tranſport preſſes,
General rapture all things ſpeak.
I ſink, I flag: ſleep cruel flies me,
Darkneſs, horror round my bed:
Twelve's ſad beats with fears ſurprize me,
Ghoſts and goblins, maiden's dread!
"Sleep, benignant god, receive me;"
He conſents—and all is peace:
And in kindneſs to relieve me,
Bore me where my ſoul found eaſe:
In a grove of myrtle ſtraying,
Thee, my Delia, there I found:
Cupid too was come a-maying,
Him we join'd, and mirth went round.
Sudden wak'd from bliſs ſo charming,
(Pleaſures oft exchange for pain:)
Soon the ſcene my ſoul alarming,
Came that Cupid * and his train;
And a Venus, Delia, believe me,—
Fair and form'd in ſtamp like thine:
Cupid's whiſpers can't deceive me—
Both are ſiſters, both divine. 1748.

* Miſs P's brother, a little boy about three years old.

A TALE.

OCCASIONED BY THE SAME YOUNG LADY'S REFUSING TO PLAY AT QUADRILLE, WHEN ASK'D BY A GENTLEMAN.

Carmina non injussa cano.

AMIDST her gay and brilliant court,
Where ſhining beaus and belles reſort;
To hear complaints in mighty ſtate,
Aloft the queen of cards was ſate:
When, buſy buſtling thro' the throng,
With hoop ſwung high, there came along
A ſmall, important, vengeful ill,
Firſt confidante of queen quadrille:
The lady ſeem'd quite out of breath,
And vow'd herſelf fatigu'd to death;
Play'd quick her fan, while heav'd her breaſt,
And eyes of anger ſpoke the reſt.
" Well, ſuch a thing," was firſt her cry,
" I tremble for your majeſty;
" Your empire ſure can't laſt a minute,
" I never thought ſuch rebels in it!"
Strait was the court in ſuch a way —
The queen was fainting " hartſhorn, pray!"
All the choice ſpirits in a hurry,
The ladies too in ſuch a flurry:
Oh ſhocking! what can all this bring,
Haſte — ſalts, drops, ſpirits — any thing!

But now ſuppoſe 'em all much better,
And hear miſs MAT. read o'er her letter:
" Long live and proſper, long the reign
Of our belov'd, high-favor'd queen:
Spadill. Baſt. Pont. and ſo forth greeting —
Whereas (Sept. 4th, our laſt lov'd meeting,)
Some ſubjects loyally intending,
Your majeſty's fair realms extending;
Good, honeſt, ſtaunch and amicable,
Furniſh'd with fiſh and cards the table:
And thinking nothing in their way,
Lo, a fair nymph refus'd to play:
Nay, and what more the crime compleated,
Tho' by a gentleman intreated!
Putting the reſt in fear and fret
Of that day making up a ſet;
Endangering the ſtate hereby,
And ſcandalizing majeſty:
Wherefore we joint petition make,
The matter you'd in council take;
And puniſh ſuch preſumptuous beauty,
That others hence may know their duty."
" Beauty! miſs MAT. was then the cry,
" And entrè nous, and let me die,
" Was whiſper'd loud from beau and belle,
" With ſtuff, meer ſtuff, Pha, Bagatelle;
" Nonſenſe! — But pray, to know her better,
" Deſcribe this beauty, — La, poor creature!"
" Nay, I confeſs it is but ſmall —
" And then her merit, none at all:
" (With haughty ſneer miſs MAT. went on)
" With us, ſhe'd not be look'd upon:

" For

" For tho' her eyes are ſweetly bright,
" And would kill thouſands, if they might:
" She keeps them modeſtly at home,
" Nor lets their pointed ogles roam:
" Nor languiſhings with art beſtows
" On all the circling group of beaus:
" And tho' her face and every feature
" Are well enough (there are much better!)
" Yet ſhe has ſuch an humble ſoul,
" So ſoft, ſo modeſt—little fool,
" I cou'd, methinks, almoſt deſpiſe her,
" But that all, all—'tis pity—prize her."
She ended, and in all their ears
Left ſuch contempt, that thouſand ſneers,
With thouſand laughs loud iſſu'd forth,
With " paſſing beauty, paſſing worth,
To ſentence, ſentence, haſte we duly;
Ah ridicule—fine beauty truly!"
'Twere tedious, readers, here to draw
The various forms of long-breath'd law;
Since juſt the ſame the women wore 'em
As the wiſe brethren of the quorum,
Tho' chance the ſhes were wordier, than
Their winking, wig-wiſe brethren;
For theſe, to country ſeſſions run,—
Our ſentence firſt, and we have done:
" To all and ſingular each one,
To whom theſe preſents ſhall be known:
Whereas a nymph, Preſtantia hight,
In manners' and our queen's deſpight,
Has ventur'd hardily to run
The vengeance of our gracious throne,

Hereby enacting, we command
Our loyal ſubjects thro' the land,
With utmoſt rigor to fulfil,
Our juſt decree, and royal will.
First, we command pale Modeſty,
With down-caſt-ey'd Humility,
That baſhful ſtrumpet, Innocence,
That prude, miſs Virtue; formal Senſe;
The ideot, laughing child, Good-Nature,
Proud Honor, Softneſs, plaguing creature,
With all the train of ſuch-like Graces,
With pious eyes, and holy faces,
Ever to plague her where ſhe goes,
But chief amidſt our friends, the beaus.
Next, that whene'er our friends are met,
And want one to compleat their ſet,
On no conditions whatſoe'er,
Their compliments be ſent to Her.
And be it ſpecially provided,
With ſecrets ſhe be ne'er confided:
Such as tend chiefly to maintain
Our loving ſiſter, Scandal's reign:
Nor bear a part in prittle-prattle,
Of rumor-loving tittle-tattle.
Nor may ſhe feel that warmth of ſoul
Shar'd by true ſubjects on a vole,
And if ſhe ſhould attempt to play,
Be beaſted all the live-long day:
And like ourſelves, when luck runs croſs,
Frown, ſnap, ſnarl, ſcowl, bounce, fret and toſs:
May then no ſmiles her dimples ſhew,
No laughter blythe her ivory row;

Nor

Nor well-conducted vengeance dart
From ſnow-white hand the gazer's heart.
And laſt of all, when thus contemn'd,
May ſhe for ever be condemn'd
The ſweets of liberty to loſe,
Faſt bound in tyrant huſband's nooſe:
No beau:—a thing of wealth and ſenſe,
With much of wiſdom, and more pence,
To raiſe her cares, and drive about
In chariot with her ſee-ſaw lout;
Far from intrigue, dear rout, and drum,
With huſband dull, and duller home:
And, worſt of all, may prattlers many,
A Gilly, Betſy, Philly, Fanny,
Torment her, as they do her mother,
And render her juſt ſuch another:
Mad to deſpiſe the dear beau-monde,
For children fair, and huſband fond."
Thus ſpake the learned of the laws,
The court malicious ſneer'd applauſe;
Miſs MAT. the ſentence ſeiz'd and kiſt,
And ſtrait to B * * n was diſmiſt.

1748.

HAP-

HAPPINESS EVERY WHERE.

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S CONDEMNING OUR CHOICE OF MARGATE FOR A PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

Eſt Ulubris. Hor.

" THO' deteſtible the place;
" Mean the lodgings, ſmall and baſe:
" Tho' the crouded hoy pours forth
" Company of little worth:
" Coach or chariot, tho' there's none
" Rattling thro' the fiſhing town:" *
Yet Maria, yet my fair,
Happineſs ſhall find us here.
Happineſs our friend ſhall be;
Ubiquarian Deity!
There's the rapture! in the mind
Dwells the goddeſs, unconfin'd:
Place ſhe ſcorns; delighted beſt,
When enthron'd within the breaſt!
Ha—Maria—then I've found
Whence it comes that I am crown'd
With ſuch ſweet ſerenity
When accompanied by thee!

* This is ſuppoſed to come from the mouth of the objector, but in reality is far from the truth; ſince the company is very agreeable, and the carriages and horſes ſo numerous here, that there is not room enough for either; many being obliged to ſend them to Ramſgate, and elſewhere. 1762.

Thou

Thou thyſelf art happineſs!
—From thy conſtant aim to bleſs,
From thy ſtudious zeal to pleaſe,
Chearful, unaffected eaſe,
Smiling brow, and gentle tongue,
I have known and felt it long.
And I muſt—I muſt be bleſt,
For thou reigneſt in my breaſt!

Whether then upon the ſtrand
Arm-in-arm we wond'ring ſtand,
And the world of waters ſee,
Dread Creator, full of Thee:
Whether on the ſands we rove,
And talk of Clementina's love*,
Dropping, for the pious fair,
Now and then a tender tear:
Whether o'er the fertile iſle
Pleaſing rides our time beguile:
Whether to the rooms we ſtray,
Bright aſſemblage of the gay,
Where, in ſocial converſe join'd,
Mirth exhilarates the mind:
—Every ſcene ſhall ſure ſupply
An exuberance of joy;
For our conſtant friend ſhall be
Heart-enthron'd Felicity!

There's the rapture!—Thus, my fair,
Happineſs is ev'ry-where.

* Reading Sir Charles Grandiſon at this time.

VERSES,

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD, IN TEARS AT THE MAGDALEN HOUSE.

BRight Charity, as ſtories ſay,
Met Britain's Genius t'other day;
Both look'd delight, and never wore
A face of greater joy before.
"How falſe the ſtories ſome have ſpread
(The laſt began,) immortal Maid!
How falſe the tale, that never times
Were ſpotted with ſuch numerous crimes;
That never days, like theſe, were known,
With ſuch degenerate weeds o'ergrown!
Hear them,—and Virtue proſtrate lies,
While Vice and Folly tyrannize;
Religion's lamp hath loſt its light,
No man is good, no deed is right!
But, beſt of Graces, every day,
In public while you pleaſe to ſtray
Thro' my fair realms, you prove full well
The falſhood of the tale they tell."
Her cheeks in crimſon bluſhes dyed,
The heav'n-born Virgin thus reply'd:
"Bright Genius of the happieſt iſle,
That lives in heav'n's auſpicious ſmile;
Ah! wonder not, that, thus careſt,
I leave the manſions of the bleſt;
Delighted thro' thy realms to rove;
—For Love, thou know'ſt, engages Love.

And

And whereſoe'er I paſs along,
In private or amidſt the throng,
Whether the palace of the great
I viſit, or the humbler ſeat;
A pleaſing welcome ſtill attends,
And all rejoice to be my friends!
Thus I diffuſe my comforts round,
And offer balm to ev'ry wound:
Thus univerſal good ſupply,
And wipe the tear from every eye!"

" Ah no, the Genius ſmiling ſaid,
I ſaw but now, immortal Maid,
The tender tears in plenty flow——
(Tears drawn by Pity and by you!)
From her fair eyes, whom, at firſt look,
I frankly own that I miſtook
For you yourſelf; though pleas'd to ſee
'Twas one ſo near and dear to me."

" I know her well, (the Grace rejoin'd)
My ſiſter, Pity, form'd her mind;
She long has our familiar been:
—'Tis H***'s counteſs, that you mean.
I know the place, the time I know,
—'Twas at my favourite houſe below:
Where many a bright and noble eye
Have paid their debt to Charity:
Where e'en your Prince *, you muſt confeſs,
Touch'd with the tender ſoft diſtreſs,

* Prince Edward, who was at the chapel at the ſame time, with ſeveral other of the nobility.

Cou'd not refrain the melting tear,
But own'd, that I indeed liv'd there!"
" Yes, Charity — with loftier tone,
Britannia's genius then went on;
That prince I call with pleaſure mine,
The more, my friend, as he is thine!
His brother too, — (Thou know'ſt him well,
What need for me his worth to tell?)
Thy Patron* ſhines! and long will be
(If heav'n indulge or thee or me)
The friend, the guardian, the defence,
Of Briton, virtue, innocence!
" Under his illuſtrious reign,
" Miſtreſs of the ſubject main,
" Glory ſhall my ſails unfurl;
" Courage ſhall my thunders hurl;
" Peace at home my plains ſhall bleſs;
" Freedom range with happineſs:
" Labour his ſounding anvil ply;
" Through the loom the ſhuttle fly;
" Arts their wreath-crown'd head ſhall rear;
" Virtue their reward ſhall bear:
" Bright religion through the land,
" Pleas'd, ſhall wave her olive wand;
" Whilſt thou, immortal maid, ſhalt be
" An undivided friend to me;
" And ſuppliant win th' eternal ſmile,
" That gives its glory to each iſle."

* His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, our preſent moſt gracious Sovereign, has condeſcended to become the Patron of that excellent Charity " The Small-Pox Hoſpital."

SO-

SOCIETY

AN ODE.

I.

O Sweet Society!
What is living without thee?
Solitude hath oft and long
Been the theme of poet's ſong;
And charming ſolitude
Is exquiſitely fair and good;
But never, never without thee,
Beſt boon of heav'n, O ſweet Society!

II.

She too, ſhe ſhall have the praiſe
Of my rude, unlabour'd lays:
But never to diſparage her,
Elder-born, and fairer far,
Divine Society!
Firſt, beſt boon of bounteous heav'n,
To the lonely mortal giv'n;
Who not ev'n in Paradiſe,
While alone, cou'd taſte of bliſs:
God himſelf the truth confeſt,
"Man alone cannot be bleſt."
Woman, dear lovely woman then was giv'n;
And thus Society began,
Beſt boon of bounteous heav'n!

III.

Place me on Gallia's ſouthern plain,
Where ſpring and health for ever reign:
To ſoft Italia's boſom bear,
Where ſummer revels all the year:
Be every fruit of luſcious taſte
On my plenteous table plac'd;
Wine of ev'ry clime afford,
Oldeſt date, and choiceſt hoard:
Ev'ry daintieſt cate ſupply
Wiſh of niceſt luxury:
Fountains bubble at my feet;
Muſic murmur, ſoft and ſweet:—
Yet, doom'd theſe joys alone to prove,
Without the nymph, I woe and love,
Divine Society!
Theſe, and more wou'd I deſpiſe
For northern ſuns, and cloudy ſkies;
For herbs, and olives, meaneſt cheer!
Let but the nymph I love be there,
Oh beſt Society!

IV.

Lead me, nymph of graceful mein,
Lead me to the ſocial train;
Who, in converſe free and gay,
Paſs the jocund hours away;
Who, with unaffected eaſe
Pleaſing, ſtudy all to pleaſe!

Let

Let good ſenſe the fire be there,
Solid ſenſe, with manly air:
There be decency, his bride,
Sweet good-nature by her ſide;
With politeneſs, welcome gueſt,
Lovely female, richly dreſt.
Science too, the grave, ſhall come,
Deeply learn'd from Greece and Rome:
And all the arts ſhall take a place,
Seated by them ev'ry grace.
Nor by any means exclude
Dear religion, mild and good;
On whoſe heav'nly brow is ſeen
Peace celeſtial and ſerene.

V.

So juſtly what belov'd
As converſe, thus improving and improv'd,
Dear ſocial intercourſe!
Let me but happy be,
Sweet nymph, with love, with friendſhip, and with thee,
And fortune do her worſt!
And when of thee I've had my fill,
All unperceiv'd away I'll ſteal
To duſky grove, or ſilent wood,
To muſe and walk
In ſober talk
With heav'nly-penſive ſolitude!
Then ſhall reaſon plume her wings;
Then, ſoaring to the king of kings,

Devotion's

Devotion's eye and voice ſhall riſe;
Thankful for interchanged joys;
Pleaſing thus alike, and good;
Society and ſolitude!

VI.

Thus my mind repair'd and chearful,
Smiling will I haſte again
To the bliſs of converſation,
To the buſy hum of men!
Thankful there for each enjoyment,
Pleas'd my part in life I'll fill;
Joy diffuſing, while poſſeſſing,
Bleſt the moſt, by bleſſing ſtill.
Thankful thus for each enjoyment
By the hand of heav'n beſtow'd,
Innocence, the feaſt approving,
All I'll taſte; for all are good.

THE

THE ~~CUCKOW.~~ Bullfinch.

IN a mighty great hurry, the more for he thought
That ſomething to give us much pleaſure he brought,
Our Peter approach'd—with a bow and a word,
" I have brought you a rarity, madam, a bird—
" A ~~cuckow~~ bullfinch, quite fine—I have juſt knock'd it down:
" See the wound on its back! It is worth half a crown.
" Pleaſe to take it," quoth he,—and a ſimper put on,
Plainly ſpoke, what a feat, he ſuppos'd, he had done.
With a tear in her eye MOLLY ſeiz'd the poor ſlave,
And a ſtroke and a kiſs to the flutterer gave.
Then to Peter, aſtounded, " thou cruel, ſaid ſhe,
Expect nor reward, nor applauſes from me;
What injury, pray, had this innocent done,
That thus thou ſhou'd'ſt treat it?—I pr'ythee begone;
Learn, learn more humanity:—think what a ſhame,
At once a poor bird to enſlave and to maim!
Pretty rogue,—perhaps perch'd on ſome favourite tree,
Thy lonely mate droops, and ſits longing for thee!
And ah! were it not for this horrible blow,
Wing'd with comfort and liberty ſtrait ſhou'd'ſt thou go:
But I'll try to relieve thee, ſweet bird, and diſmiſs—"
And ſhe ſtrok'd it again,—gave a tear and a kiſs:
Then her maidens croud round with much hurry and care,
And baſket, and flannel, and ſpirits prepare—
While Peter ſneak'd off—but was heard to complain,
That oft our beſt efforts to pleaſe are in vain!
Tho' ſad was the moral, for him it was good.
For myſelf, the tranſaction with rapture I view'd:
For oh! my MARIA, what bliſs muſt be mine,
To reign the ſole lord in a boſom like thine!

THE APOLOGY.

TO MISS I——T.

BREAK my word, ſweet nymph, with thee—
Juſtly may'ſt thou be ſevere:
But ere paſs'd the ſentence be,
My defence vouchſafe to hear.

Where the young and gay reſort,
All the purpoſe is to pleaſe;
There delight, her ſmiling court,
Holds with love, and health and eaſe.

Moping, melancholy care,
Languid, heart-depreſſing pain;
Never ſure ſhould enter there,
Sad and ſable-ſuited train!

Grown with theſe familiar late,
Complaiſant they will not be:
Nor their fierce attacks abate,
I——t, tho' charm'd by thee!

Why then, when my gladſome heart,
To delight rejoices moſt:
Shou'd I give a moment's ſmart,
When the power to pleaſe is loſt?

Deem

Deem not therefore, fair one bleſt
With a form which ſpeaks thy mind;
Deem not this too feeling breaſt,
Senſeleſs, or to beauty blind!

From the raptures when I flee
Of ſociety like thine;
Gentle ſenſibility
Owns the fault is never mine!

A SECOND APOLOGY.

TO MISS I——T.

YOU tell me I flatter—indeed you are wrong—
But hear my apology, once more in ſong.
Very blind, my dear I——t, needs muſt you be,
Not the charms of your elegant perſon to ſee:
And we, your aſſociates, muſt ſtill be more blind,
Not to ſee in your perſon a draught of your mind.

But remember, fair daughter of ſofteſt delight,
The chat which we held in the rooms t'other night: *
When we noted, how ſome above others are bleſt
With the lovelieſt form, and moſt ſenſible breaſt;
A form, which delights every eye that ſurveys,
And a breaſt, where each paſſion benevolence ſways.

But theſe, tho' endowments we highly ſhou'd prize,
Will raiſe no vain pride in the heart of the wiſe:
For who can be vain, to his portion that fall
Superior gifts from the giver of all?
No; the ſenſe of a God to his creature more kind,
Exalts not, but humbles a rational mind.

When therefore, ſweet maid, I beſtow the due praiſe
On your perſon and mind, in ſincere but rude lays;
To virtue exalted I rouſe by my ſtrain,
Not flatter with falſehood, or teach to be vain:

* This was written at a publick place.

You're

You're handſome — you're ſenſible — humane and good:
But whoſe is the merit? — oh, give it to GOD!

Becauſe of the higheſt perfections poſſeſt,
More humble are angels, and therefore more bleſt:
Know then, my fair I——t, know and adore —
If bleſt like the angels; like them you owe more:
So follow their pattern; and thus to outſhine
In goodneſs, as much as in form, will be thine.

ON SEEING AN OLD MAN, BEGGING OPPOSITE AN INN AT HOUNSLOW.

I.

AH me! behold! where, trembling, palſied, poor,
Bent down with years, yon aged father ſtands!
Plac'd by the public-way, his lips implore
A ſcanty gift from paſſing pitying hands!
See, while whirling careleſs by
Pompous equipages fly,
From his bald head, as it ſhakes,
His wither'd hand the covering takes;
Holds it forth, and humbly ſues,
"Oh, for mercy don't refuſe,
" From your plenty to beſtow
" Mite on age depreſs'd with woe!
" Seventy years have left me here,
" Friendleſs, helpleſs, weak, and bare;
" Mercy, tender mercy ſhow
" Upon age depreſs'd with woe!"

II.

Old ſire! Thou need'ſt not aſk of me,
I have an heart which feels for thee!
Feels for myſelf, and for my kind,
While ſad reflection fills my mind!
— After a life of ſeventy years,
In labour ſpent, and fraught with cares;
Thus doth the toilſome journey end,
With loſs of ſtrength, ſupport, and friend! —

III.

Thou, gracious GOD! whoſe works all-bounteous prove
Thy care paternal of the human race,
Teach me the tokens of thy general love,
In ſuch an object teach me, Lord! to trace.
Hail IMMORTALITY! I ſee
Its ample proof, old fire! in thee.
Hail IMMORTALITY! man's pride!
The God, the God is juſtify'd!
Or age, or pain, or want attend
The mortal at his journey's end,
Swift ſhall a mighty change enſue:
Such miracles the grave can do!

IV.

Yet muſt the mind for realms of bliſs be meet,
Nor foul or ſordid thoughts incruſt it o'er.
How hard for thoſe to ſcape, whoſe creeping feet
Bear them to beg vile alms from door to door!
Some ſtates there are ſo wretched — I admire
How human nature can the weight ſuſtain!
But quench'd in ſuch is that celeſtial fire,
Which gives the generous heart its honeſt pain.
Then, hear me, heav'n! whate'er of ills befal,
Bleſs'd independence grant me to maintain;
Come age, with all its woes, I'll bear them all,
Nor ever impious at thy will complain!
But take not, never from me take —
The heart which loves to feel and ake,

Ake

Ake at ſorrow's ſore diſtreſs,
Feel, as quick to aid and bleſs!
Never to my pow'r deny
Means, the wretched to ſupply:
Never from my ſoul remove
The luxury of Chriſtian love!
Then, what thou wilt, or take or give;
For this, this, only, is to live.

TO

TO MISS F**R

WHEN I think, my dear F**R, how rarely we find
For friendſhip all proper endowments of mind;
When I ſee, with what groveling proſpects in view,
Human creatures ſelf-intereſt, unceaſing, purſue;
A friend, boſom friend, as belov'd as ſincere,
Muſt ever the greateſt of wonders appear!
But of wonders, if greateſt, it muſt be confeſs'd,
That the bleſſing's as great, when it can be poſſeſs'd:
For thence ſuch ſenſations, ſuch high pleaſures flow,
As mean hearts ne'er dream of, as bad hearts ne'er know.
Go on then, dear creature, increaſe in your love;
Your friendſhip—which, heart and pen, ſee, I approve—
Your friendſhip to her, my lov'd partner and bride,
Whoſe worth you have known, and whoſe truth you have try'd.
Go on, well aſſur'd, that the faith you expreſs,
Will gain, by exertion, a conſtant increaſe;
Till your hearts, all refin'd, for thoſe regions are meet,
Where never ſhall enter chagrin or deceit;
Where parting or abſence ſhall never be known,
The cynic's mean jeſt, or the father's ſtern frown!
—But, for evils like theſe, while on earth you remain,
Expect them, nay, welcome them,—do not complain:
They're the terms of our being;—a tax, which all they,
Whoſe ſouls and whoſe pleaſures are godlike, muſt pay.
And who, for ſuch gifts, would not pay them with glee?—
Here, take them, ye cenſurers, take them from me!

While

While my carriage rolls lightly along the ſmooth road,
My pence at the turnpike are freely beſtow'd *.
This tax, YOU, with pleaſure, my dear, may lay down,
Whom many high bleſſings, diſtinguiſhing, crown:
But two are in chief — the beſt heaven could ſend —
A FRIEND, and a HEART, which can reliſh that friend:
That friend, whoſe warm heart is ſo much of your own,
That ſometimes I think your dear ſouls are but one!
So ſenſible each, that you both feel too much,
Like the plant, which ſhrinks back at the gentleſt touch.
Oh both, in ſuch dearth of ſincerity, bleſt,
To have found for each other ſo ſocial a breaſt!
Thrice happy in friendſhip! — which, while I admire,
Let me breathe the ſoft wiſh, and indulge the deſire;
" Be my heart with your hearts in triple league ty'd;
" And let death, — no, not death the ſweet union di-
" vide."

* Written on a journey, in a carriage.

SACRED

SACRED TO HUMANITY.

HOW much one good, well-natur'd deed
Exhilarates the mind!
Self-love ſhould prompt each human heart
To ſtudy to be kind!
Remembrance on a little act
Will always ſmiling look,
Which, though 'twas uſeful and humane,
Small coſt and labour took.
With lov'd MARIA by his ſide,
As happy as a king,
See! chearful WILLIAM ſmiling ride,
To taſte the balmy ſpring.
Beſide earl TILNEY's park they rode,
Earl TILNEY's, grand and gay!
When lo! within the pales they ſpy'd
A palmer, poor and gray!
Though aided by his oaken ſtaff,
His feeble knees did bow:
Fatigue, and ſad anxiety
Were painted on his brow!
Cloſe by his ſide his aged dame
Sollicitouſly trod:
While, leſs concern'd, their little boy
Came tripping o'er the ſod;
He, careleſs of the wilder'd way,
Which caus'd his parents' woe,
Whiſtled, and play'd with ſportive Tray,
For Tray muſt with them go!

Our travellers the aged ſire
Diſcern'd approaching ſoon;
When ſtrait he doff'd his ruſtic hat,
And ſtrait he begg'd a boon:
" Wearied we are, and ſore beſted,
" In paths unknown we ſtray,
" For kindneſs, gentry, ſet us right,
" And guide us in the way:
" Bewilder'd in this park, we ſeek
" A paſſage out in vain;
" And ah! I faint: my feeble feet
" Will ſcarce my weight ſuſtain!
" Full many a painful mile we've paſs'd
" Since roſe the morning ſun!
" And my poor dame, as well as I,
" Is now almoſt fore-done.
" To Eaſtern-HAM our courſe we ſteer,
" A daughter lov'd to ſee;
" But where we are, which way to go—
" Who kens ſo ill as we!"
" Alas, old father, WILLIAM cry'd,
" Indeed your courſe is wrong;
" And either way from out the park,
" You'll find the journey long!"
" Woe worth the day—what ſhall we do?
" Then ſigh'd the ancient dame;
" For my poor huſband's wearied quite,
" So long has he been lame!
" All winter laſt, in pain he liv'd,
" Nor work at all could he!
" Such fatal ſorrow wrought us both
" His falling from a tree!"

" WILLIAM!

" WILLIAM! ſaid then MARIA quick,
—Full was her gliſtening eye;
" Can you not help theſe poor old folk?
" Do, think, my love, and try!"
" Comfort, ſaid WILLIAM, ancient pair,
" I comfort ſee in Time;
" Juſt by the topmoſt pales are broke,
" And o'er them you may climb!"
" Alas, for my old ſtiffen'd limbs,
" The aged man reply'd,
" They cannot bend, I cannot climb,
" And I am lame beſide!"
Then from his horſe did WILLIAM leap,
As nimbly as a deer;
" Come to the pales, I'll help you o'er,
" Quoth he, good ancient pair!"
He took the old man in his arms,
And with much ſtrength and might,
His helpleſs ſtiff limbs dragging drew
To t'other ſide outright.
The aged dame he alſo help'd,
Who ſmooth'd her coats, and o'er
Was likewiſe dragg'd full decently,
As was her ſpouſe before.
He gave the little boy his hand,
The fence who lightly ſprung:
Nor Tray, poor Tray, unaided left;—
Shall Tray be left, unſung!
MARIA, with her wonted grace,
A welcome mite beſtow'd;
And WILLIAM, with minuteſt care,
Directed them the road.

So, forward see the neat old pair
To HAM direct their way,
With blessings loading their good friends,
Their friends as pleas'd as they.

GOOD

GOOD KINGS HAPPY.

HOW Providence, with tender care
Conciliates human things!
And makes felicity the ſhare
Of ſubjects, and of kings!
Theſe, plac'd in humble rank below,
Commiſerate the great:
And well can paint the heavy woe,
Which always follows ſtate!
" They would not have a throne, they cry,
" All thorny is a crown:
" Thoſe, who on flocks contented lie
" Want not the coſtly down!"
Happy—but ſurely much they err,—
As worthy kings can tell,
Who live but favours to confer
On ſuch as merit well.
That ſtate is certainly moſt bleſt,
Where moſt can be beſtow'd:
Then who can doubt, a king's the beſt,
Whoſe heart is great and good?

POPULARITY.

A THOUGHT FROM SHENSTONE.

WITH a cynical ſneer, you inform me, kind ſir,
—And vanity thence, and much weakneſs infer,—
"That I love Popularity!" "Man, it is true:—
"You ſtart at my frankneſs—but, pr'ythee don't you?
"Be certain, 'tis planted, the Love in your breaſt,
"Of the means to engage, tho', perhaps, not poſſeſt.
"You redden—I ſmile—: but, your pardon, I cry—
"Allow me a queſtion, and make your reply;
"Find you not in your boſom a reigning deſire,
"To be lov'd by all thoſe you eſteem and admire;
"To be lov'd e'en by all of your nature and kind?"—
"Yes ſure!"—"POPULARITY then is defin'd.
"What more than the love of being lov'd is in this?
"And tell me, ſir cynic, is that aught amiſs?"

ON

ON SEEING A SINGLE SWAN ON THE BANKS OF THE AVON.

THOU art the only Swan I ſee,
On ſilver Avon's tide:
Sweet Avon, ever may thy ſtream
In peaceful current glide!
For gentle Shakeſpeare's youthful feet,
Beſide thee frolic rov'd —
Sweet Shakeſpeare, Avon's ſingle ſwan,
By every muſe belov'd.
Swim on, thou ſolitary ſwan,
Sweet Shakeſpeare's emblem be,
Nor hope to find on Avon's ſtream,
A ſilver ſwan like thee!
But Nature, with exulting pride,
Aſſumes an higher tone;
" No river boaſts, I hear her ſay,
" A poet like my own.
" Yet, Avon, with his ruſtic urn,
" Muſt e'er moſt favour'd be;
" For, thence he drank, the eldeſt child
" Of Fancy, and of me.

EQUA-

EQUALITY.

QUoth Thomas to William, "that Numſkull behold!
"How he lolls in his chariot, embelliſh'd with gold!
"With his ſleek courtly ſlaves in rich liveries behind:
"Ten thouſand a year, with ſo ſenſeleſs a mind!
"How unequal the Deity things doth diſpenſe!
"Such wealth to a wretch without feeling or ſenſe!"
"Hold, Thomas, ſaid William, too faſt you proceed,
"You take but one ſide of the queſtion indeed:
"Suppoſe me of power to ſay to yourſelf,
"Here, preſto, Sir Murmurer, change with that elf:
"Give to him, what I gave you, Refinement of Soul,
"Senſe, Feeling, Diſcernment, Wit, Taſte, — quit the whole:
"In an inſtant, come take his ten thouſands, — vile pence —
"Be him, ſuch a dolt, without Feeling or Senſe."
You heſitate, Tom — "My good friend, he reply'd,
"I feel, I am wrong; you have truth on your ſide:
"The Deity, henceforth, I'll thank and revere —
"A Mind is a balance for thouſands a year."

PIOUS

PIOUS MEMORY.

OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE GRAVES DRESSED WITH FLOWERS, AT BRECKNOCK IN WALES.

"WHither away, fair maid?" I cry'd,
As on old HUNDY'S* bank I lay;
When, paſſing by me, I eſpy'd
A modeſt maid in neat array:
Upon her red, but well-turn'd arm,
A little wicker-baſket hung;
With flow'rs of various hues replete,
And branches ever-green and young:
The fragrant bay, the mournful yew,
The cypreſs, and the box, were there;
The daiſy py'd, the violet blue,
The red pink, and the primroſe fair.
"And why that baſket on your arm,
"With all thoſe fragrant ſweets ſupply'd?"
With bluſhing look, and penſive air,
And voice of meekneſs, ſoft ſhe ſigh'd,
"To yonder church-yard do I haſte
"To dreſs the grave where HENRY ſleeps;
"No maid a truer lover bleſt,
"No maid more faithful lover weeps.
"Stern death forbade us to unite,
"And cut him down with ruthleſs blow:
"And now I ſpeed to deck his grave,
"As 'tis our weekly wont to do."

* A river, which runs by Brecknock.

The melancholy cuſtom pleas'd:
She left me wrapp'd in penſive thought;
Ideas, ſad, but ſoothing, roſe,
When my ſlow ſteps the church-yard ſought.
There, kneeling o'er her HENRY's grave,
Adorn'd with all her baſket's ſtore,
The rural maiden, ſighing, hung,
Her eyes with tender tears ran o'er.
She rais'd thoſe eyes, ſo full of tears,
Which now and then ſtole down her cheek;
And much to Heav'n ſhe would have ſpoke,
—But ſorrow would not let her ſpeak.
Yet, though her thoughts could find no vent,
There is; who reads each honeſt mind:
And the true heart to HIM devote,
Shall ample ſatisfaction find.
Then, gentle maiden! do not fear,
Again thy HENRY thou ſhalt meet:
Till then thy tender taſk purſue,
And ſtrew thy greens and flowers ſo ſweet."
And you, whom all around I ſee,
The ſame dear, mournful taſk employ:
Ye parents, children, huſbands, wives,
The melancholy bliſs enjoy!
Oh! 'tis delicious to maintain
Of friends deceas'd a due reſpect!
Then bring me flow'ret's, bring me greens,
Strait ſhall my parents' grave be deck'd;
And many a friend's (whom faithful love
Still keeps alive within my breaſt,)
Luxuriouſly ſad, I'll ſee
With choiceſt garlands weekly dreſt.

Come,

Come, then, the wicker-baſket bring,
Come, MEMORY, and with me go!
Each lovely flow'r that breathes the ſpring,
AFFECTION's gentle hand ſhall ſtrew:
A mellow tear of ſoothing woe
Shall o'er the graves ſpontaneous fall;
While Heav'n the heart's ſtill wiſh ſhall hear,
And to each other grant us all.

ODE

WRITTEN IN THE WALKS AT BRECKNOCK.

TO DR. SQUIRE, LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

I.

" RUDE romantic ſhades, and woods,
" Hanging walks and falling floods!
" Now, that guſh with foaming pride
" Down the rough rock's ſteepy ſide:
" Now, that o'er the pebbles play,
" Winding round your ſilver way:
" Mountains, that in duſky cloud,
" High your ſacred ſummits ſhroud;
" Whoſe variegated ſides adorn
" Fields, and flocks, and groves, and corn,
" And whited cots, beſide the ſteep,
" Where health and labour ſweetly ſleep;
" Haſl! pleaſing ſcenes!" AMYNTAS cry'd,
As by old HUNDY'S † gurgling ſide,
In careleſs ſort his limbs he laid,
The hoar hill hanging o'er his head.
His harp of ancient Britiſh ſound lay by;
He ſeiz'd it rapturous: o'er the ſtrings
His fingers lightly fly,
While thus his voice reſponſive ſings:

† See the foregoing poem, p. 193.

II.

II.

" From that celeſtial orb, where, thron'd in light,
" Thou dwell'ſt of powers angelic, firſt and beſt;
" Oh lovely gratitude! divinely bright,
" Deſcend, in all thy glowing beauties dreſs'd.
" Goddeſs come, and oh! impart
" All thy ardors to my heart;
" Tune my harp, and touch my tongue,
" Give me melody and ſong:
" Softeſt notes and numbers bring,
" 'Tis PALÆMON, that I ſing:
" GRATITUDE, exalt my lays,
" 'Tis my benefactor's praiſe!

III.

" But where can or numbers, or notes,
" Sufficiently pleaſing be found,
" To expreſs the due ſenſe of his worth,
" Who my life with ſuch comforts hath crown'd?
" He mark'd the ſmall flock which I fed,
" And my diligence gave him delight;
' Young ſhepherd, I'll help you,' he ſaid,
" And he plac'd me ſtill nearer his ſight.
" Then he gave me ſome ſheep of my own,—
" Oh could I the charge but improve!
" 'Twould ſhew, how I honour'd his gift,—
" And would I could merit his love!

" But

" But ſooner this brook at my feet
" Shall ceaſe in ſoft murmurs to flow;
" Theſe mountains ſhall ſooner ſink down
" To a plain with the vallies below;
" Than mute to his praiſes, my tongue
" Shall ceaſe his lov'd name to reſound;
" Or my heart to his favours, ſo priz'd,
" Be ever inſenſible found.

" Oh! may the GREAT SHEPHERD of all
" His life with rich bleſſings increaſe;
" And ſweetly encompaſs him round
" With plenty, with health, and with peace.
" On all that partake of his board,
" Be happineſs largely beſtow'd;
" His wife, be ſtill loving and kind;
" His children ſtill lovely and good!
" And—paſs'd his benevolent days
" 'Midſt elegant labours of love!
" Oh late, ye good angels, his ſoul
" To the ſeats of the bleſſed remove!"

Thus AMYNTAS ſung pleas'd to his harp,
With BRECON's white walls in his view:
Many poets much ſweeter you'll find;
No poet more honeſt and true.

MAY, 1764.

GRA-

GRATITUDE. AN ODE.

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN OLD MAN AND WOMAN PASSING BY ON FOOT UP A STEEP HILL, IN A VERY HOT DAY, AS THE AUTHOR WAS TRAVELLING IN AN EASY VEHICLE INTO KENT.

I.

AWake, awake, the grateful lyre,
With rapture touch each tuneful ſtring;
SPITIT OF LOVE, my voice inſpire,
And aid me while the Saviour's praiſe I ſing.
Bleſſed MASTER, whence to me
All this rich benignity!
Call'd from nothing, form'd from earth,
Thine my being, Thine my birth;
What had I, alas! to claim?
Freely all thy bounties came!
If I wonder, why more free
Flow thoſe bounties, Lord, to me,
Than to thouſand' ſons of duſt,
Who prefer a claim as juſt?
All reſearches fruitleſs prove;
—'Tis the LORD, and it is Love.

II.

II.

Ah me! Behold yon' brother toil
Up that ſandy hill's high length,
With feeble ſteps and ſlow; the while
The thirſty ſun-beams drink up all his ſtrength!
And his back a burden bears,
And his head is white with cares;
On his cheek ſits want, all-pale,
And his languid eye-balls fail;
Labour, penury, and he
Hand in hand, a woeful three!
Tottering on her ſtaff behind,
Weak in body, ſad in mind,
Lo—up ſhe drags her weary frame,
His long-approv'd induſtrious dame;
Sighing oft as on ſhe goes,
Revolving all her long life's woes!

III.

Tell me, oh tell, ye aged pair,
As my flaunting wheels whirl by,
Can ye behold me, ſeated here
With other than a diſcontented eye?—
I marvel not; and, gracious heav'n,
If aught, ſure this may be forgiv'n.
How they labour! while I ride,
Dear affection by my ſide.

Full

Full health mantling in my eye,
Gladneſs, peace, vivacity!
Soothing friendſhip gives her balm;
Soft content her happy calm:
" Plenty wears me at her breaſt,"
" Pleaſure lulls my ſoul to reſt."
Every hope and fear flows even,
From their ſource, firm faith in heav'n!

IV.

THRICE HOLY!—whence ſuch love to me!
Theſe, theſe are thine, as well as I:
My fellow-chriſtians, dear to Thee—
For,—ah! for them Thou did'ſt not ſcorn to die!
Let me then the thought improve
Into Gratitude and Love:
Come, and make my heart Thy home,
Humanity, bright cherub, come;
And my inmoſt ſoul impreſs
With ſympathetic tenderneſs:
Time prolong but to beſtow
Balm to every brother's woe:
Love I aſk—may Love be giv'n;
GOD is Love,—and Love is heav'n!

AUG. 1760.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY A PRESENT OF A MOSS ROSE-BUD, FROM MISS JACKSON OF SOUTHGATE.

I.

THE ſlighteſt of favours beſtow'd by the fair
With rapture we take, and with tranſport we wear;
But a MOSS-WOVEN ROSE-BUD, ELIZA, from thee,
A well-pleaſing gift to a monarch would be:
—Ah! that illneſs, too cruel, forbidding ſhould ſtand,
And refuſe me the gift from thine own lovely hand!

II.

With joy I receive it, with pleaſure will view,
Reminded of thee by its odour and hue;
" Sweet roſe! let me tell thee, tho' charming thy bloom,
" Tho' thy fragrance exceeds Saba's richeſt perfume;
" Thy breath to ELIZA's hath no fragrance in't;
" And thy bloom is but dull to her cheek's bluſhing tint.

III.

" Yet alas! my fair flower, that bloom will decay,
" And all thy fine beauties ſoon wither away;
" Though pluck'd by HER hand, to whoſe touch thou
" muſt own,
" Harſh and rough is the cygnet's moſt delicate down:
" Thou

" Thou too, ſnowy hand; — nay, I mean not to preach;
" But the ROSE, lovely moraliſt! ſuffer to teach."

IV.

" Extol not, fond maiden, thy beauties o'er mine,
" They too are ſhort-liv'd, and they too muſt decline;
" And ſmall in concluſion, the difference appears
" In the bloom of few days, or the bloom of few years!
" But remember a virtue, the ROSE hath to boaſt,
" — Its Fragrance remains, when its Beauties are loſt."

"Thou too, flowy hand: — nay, I mean not to preach;
"But the roses, lovely morlish! suffer to teach."

IV.

"Exult not, fond maiden, thy beauties o'er mine,
"They too are thorn-liv'd, and they too must decline;
"And finall in conclusion, the difference appears
"In the bloom of few days, or the bloom of few years!
"But remember a virtue, the rose hath to boast,
"— Its fragrance remains, when its Beauties are lost."

MORAL PASTORALS.

THE SON.
THE GOOD OLD WOMAN.
THE SERVANT.
THE MOTHER.
THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.
THE BENEVOLENT MAN.

Aimable en ſon air, mais humble dans ſon ſtyle,
Doit éclater ſans pompe une élégante idylle.
Son tour ſimple et naïf n' a rien de faſtueux,
Et n'aime point l'orgueïl d'un vers préſomptueux.
Il faut que ſa doceur flate, chatouille, éveille :
Et jamais de grands mots n'épouvante l'oreille.

BOILEAU de l'Art Poetique, Chant. ſecond.

MORAL PASTORALS.

PREFACE.

SOme time ſince a learned correſpondent abroad wrote me word, that GESNER had juſt publiſhed ſome PASTORAL or RURAL POEMS, upon a plan entirely new; which, he heard (for my friend had not read them) were of a moral nature; each poem enforcing ſome virtue, and all of them inculcating, from rural incidents, the whole ſocial ſyſtem. I was extremely pleaſed with the information, and very impatient to ſee the poems, which I ordered immediately, expecting high entertainment: for fond as I have always been of Paſtoral Poetry, it has long appeared to me, that the ſubject has been exhauſted, upon the common plan; and that nothing new can be added, after the great maſters, who have excelled ſo much; laviſhing all the graces of poetry upon every rural idea proper for the uſual kind of paſtoral ſong. There is a time too, I ſuppoſe, with us all, when the contentions of DAPHNIS and CORYDON concerning the perfections and beauties of their miſtreſſes, become leſs important; and ſurely it is to be wiſhed that other topics, than thoſe of love and ſong, might employ the paſtoral reed.

Full of theſe ideas, I received GESNER's poems. They are before the public, and in our own language: the readers of them, therefore, will eaſily imagine that my diſappointment was great: for, though there are many pleaſing moral alluſions in them, yet the generality of them, it muſt be confeſſed, are puerile; or at leaſt they come not up, either to the character my friend had given, or to the idea I had formed. GESNER ſeems to think, that, for paſtoral ſcenes, we muſt neceſſarily

ceſſarily recur to the golden age: I cannot help diſagreeing intirely with him in this reſpect: THEOCRITUS, VIRGIL, and SPENSER, all excellent in this kind of poetry, recurred not to the golden age.—But allowing this to be indiſpenſably requiſite in paſtoral poetry, no modern, certainly, ſhould attempt it: for there is a peculiar diſguſt ariſing in the mind, on peruſing the compoſition of a modern, in which perpetual alluſion is made to that heathen ſyſtem, which we know the modern utterly explodes: we cannot bear to read of Jupiters, Junos, Pans, Fauns, Dryads, and Metamorphoſes in a GESNER. In a THEOCRITUS or a VIRGIL they do well: the faith and enthuſiaſm of the writers give a ſanction to their ſyſtem; and we can read, without offence, what we know was the creed of their times.

But I mean not to enter on a large diſcuſſion of this topic; it has been abundantly conſidered already. PHILLIPS's, GAY's, and POPE's paſtorals called forth the attention of the literati to this matter; and they who would ſee more on the head, may conſult the papers and diſſertations, which appeared at that period, and on that occaſion *.

I am only concerned to lay before the reader a ſhort hiſtory of what gave riſe to the poems, which at preſent offer themſelves for his entertainment.—Diſſatisfied with GESNER, and having my thoughts turned to the ſubject of paſtoral poetry, by means of his book, I ſat down to amuſe myſelf during an agree-

* Let me refer particularly to Mr. Johnſon on this Subject. RAMBLER, No. xxxvi. &c.

able

able receſs, and a few leiſure hours, with writing ſome paſtorals on the plan, which I conceived GESNER had purſued; and which, if he had purſued, he would utterly have precluded any attempt of mine. I formed my plans, as much from nature and real characters as I could: and ſeveral incidents in rural life helped me, during my ſtay in the iſland of THANET *. Laſt ſummer I finiſhed four of the paſtorals; which ſeveral of my friends approving, at their perſuaſion I finiſhed the other two, during the ſame agreeable receſs this year †: and muſt freely acknowledge, that from the ideas, which they neceſſarily called forth, I received great ſatisfaction, and had no ſmall pleaſure in the compoſition. What GESNER ſays of himſelf, I can in a great meaſure adopt: "The following poems are the produce of ſome of the moſt delightful moments of my life: what ſituation indeed can be more delightful than that in which our paſſions are becalmed, and the active imagination tranſports us, from the groſſer

* The incident of the CRADLE, mentioned at the beginning of the fourth paſtoral, THE MOTHER; and the circumſtance of the Quarrel at the beginning of the fifth paſtoral, THE HUSBAND AND WIFE, were real. The character of the Good Shepherd, is drawn from a perſon in that rank of life in Northamptonſhire, in whoſe converſation, in the fields, the Author hath frequently had great pleaſure, and whoſe praiſe is beyond all that the paſtoral ſpeaks of him. In drawing the picture of THE BENEVOLENT MAN, I am pleaſed to ſay, that I have fallen ſhort of my amiable original: and MY GOOD OLD WOMAN will pardon me, if I have not done her the juſtice ſhe deſerves.

† 1763.

ſcenes of this iron age, to thoſe of an age of gold!—Every deſcription of the charms of tranquillity and happy repoſe, cannot fail to give pleaſure to well-tuned minds; thoſe ſcenes which poetry borrows from real nature, pleaſing us by ſo much the more, as they ſeem to bear ſome reſemblance to thoſe ſituations in which we are the moſt happy. I ſometimes leave the buſy world in diſguſt, and ſeek relief in the charms of rural ſolitude: there the ſurrounding beauties of nature ſoon divert the diſagreeable ſenſations I brought with me. Enraptured by the variegated proſpects, and inſpired with a thouſand agreeable ſentiments, I think myſelf as happy as a ſhepherd in the golden age, and as rich as a king."

My application to buſineſs, during the winter, generally obliges me, for the recruiting my health and ſpirits, to retire for a little time in ſummer from all employment; and during that period, and that period only, I converſe with the MUSE, with whom, at other times, ſeverer and better occupations forbid me any correſpondence. This occaſional viſit, therefore, may, I hope, well be pardoned; and if the preſent performances, the conſequence of ſuch a viſit, contain nothing but what may ſerve the cauſe of virtue, the moſt rigid, I may reaſonably expect, will not be offended at them. If all the graces and excellencies of poetry are not found in them, let the candid remember, that the author preſumes not to affect that high character:—a POET is a rare production; and amongſt the number of rhymers and writers, a genuine ſon of the Muſes is but ſeldom to be found: a SHAKESPEARE, a SPENSER, a MILTON, are the comets of an age.

MORAL

MORAL PASTORALS.

PASTORAL THE FIRST.

THE SON.

THENOT. COLINET.

WHere SARUM's verdant plain extends around,
Like the vaſt world of waters, without bound;
A turf-built cot, ſee! THENOT's labour form,
To guard from ſummer's ſun, and winter's ſtorm;
Safe ſhelter'd there, on ruſtic pipe he plays,
The while his maſter's flock ſecurely ſtrays:
A larger flock to field no maſter leads,
Nor any flock more careful ſhepherd feeds.
One ſummer's day, young COLINET, to ſhun
The melting fervor of the mid-day ſun,
In THENOT's cooly hut refreſhment ſought;
And THENOT's heart, with guileſs friendſhip fraught,
Welcom'd, while room remain'd, each ſwain with glee,
No ſnarling cur in lonely manger, he!
Scarce, on the graſſy ſeat, reclin'd, his gueſt
The hut's reviving cool began to taſte,
Ere THENOT cried (for what engroſſes thought
By natural inſtinct to the tongue is brought)
" Oh COLINET,—laſt night!—But you was there,
" At the ſad ſcene, where clos'd my maſter's care,
" To earth-cold bed his aged father giv'n,
" Whom his dear love had kept ſo long from heav'n."

COLINET.

Yes, THENOT, I was there—and, ſhepherd, ſay
Who of the neighbouring hamlets was away?
Nor—tho' I wiſh'd within my penſive breaſt
To be young PALAMON, ſo good and bleſt,—
Could I refrain from oft-repeated ſighs,
Or ſtop the tears faſt trickling from my eyes!
Oh, happy ſon!—what different fates we prove!
I'm forc'd, my THENOT from a father's love;
Far from his dear embrace compell'd to roam
In queſt of daily bread, deny'd at home!

THENOT.

Let not that grieve you, ſhepherd—well you know
What mighty things from ſmall beginnings flow:
Once, like ourſelves, the maſter, whom we love,
His fleecy charge to field for others drove;
Poor was his ſire, and "He was forc'd to roam,
"Like us, in ſearch of daily bread from home:"
But, faithful to his truſt, he roſe to fame,
Which kindly to the 'SQUIRE convey'd his name.
Induſtrious ſhepherds he delights to aid,
And ſoon his tenant our young maſter made.
Scarce was he fix'd—with true affection fraught,
Ere his old parents from the dale he brought:
Like that young ſhepherd, Scripture's book commends,
Who call'd from Canaan all his houſe and friends:
And like that ſhepherd, he by heav'n is crown'd,
His crops are plenteous, and his flocks abound.

COLINET.

COLINET.

No wonder, THENOT: the commandment ſays
Who love their parents, ſhall have happy days:
And well the miniſter obſerv'd laſt night,
That God in duteous children takes delight;
And ſeldom ſuffers them on earth to prove
Want of his favour and paternal love.

THENOT.

Is not our PALAMON, a proof, good ſwain?
See thoſe brave ſheep, that cover all the plain!
How white their fleeces,—and what ſturdy lambs
Skip by the ſides of their twin-bearing dams:
Look to his herds, what cows ſuch udders bear—
And can you match with his the fattening ſteer?
See with what ſtacks his ample yard is crown'd;
Hark, how his barns with conſtant flails reſound!
Peace in his houſe hath fix'd her dear abode;
His wife is loving, and his children good.
On all he hath, methinks I read impreſt,
"Thus is the man, who loves his parents, bleſt!"
—Told I you, Shepherd, how I heard one day,
(As by the green-wood ſide I chanc'd to ſtray)
His filial bleſſings on his ſleeping ſire?
—Oh how his goodneſs did my boſom fire!

COLINET.

Come, let me hear: and I in turn can tell
Something, will pleaſe my THENOT full as well.

THENOT.

THENOT.

Returning home one eve, his ſire he found
Beneath an oak reclin'd, in ſleep profound:
The green-ſward only was his humble bed,
His hand the pillow for his hoary head.
With arms acroſs, the ſon attentive ſtood,
Now, with fix'd eyes his darling father view'd;
Now rais'd thoſe eyes to Him, who rules above,
Big with rich tears of gratitude and love!
" Oh thou, ſaid he, next heav'n rever'd and bleſt,
" Sweet is thy ſlumber — ſweet the good man's reſt!
" Thy tottering footſteps hither bent their way,
" In prayer to ſpend the ſtill decline of day!
" And I, thrice happy, in thoſe pray'rs have ſhar'd,
" Prayers, which all-bounteous heav'n hath ever heard!
" Elſe wherefore thus my farm ſecurely ſtands?
" Whence elſe thoſe fertile crops, which crown my lands?"
" When, leaning on my arm, with feeble feet
" Late paſs'd my ſire to ſhare th' enlivening heat,
" And view the proſpect, which the mid-day yields,
" Of reſting flocks, rich fruits, and fertile fields,
' Grown grey in peace on theſe lov'd plains, he cry'd,
' May peace for ever on theſe plains reſide.
' Soon o'er far happier plains ordain'd to rove,
' Oh, bleſt, for ever bleſt be theſe I love!'
" And muſt I then that hour afflicted view?
" And bid thee, father, beſt of friends, adieu!
" Muſt I ſo ſoon? — But in remembrance dear,
" O'er thy belov'd remains a tomb I'll rear;
" And ever yearly at thy ſhrine will pay
" Due ſacred honours each returning day;

" I'll

" I'll ſtrew my father's grave with flow'rs around,
" And from defilement guard the hallow'd ground;
" And — which I know will pleaſe his ſpirit beſt,
" Take each occaſion to relieve th' oppreſt,
" To ſooth the ſad, and make the wretched bleſt."

He paus'd, — and while the tears ſpontaneous ran,
With ſteady gaze, he view'd the good old man:
" How at his eaſe he ſleeps — what placid grace
" Irradiates ſoft his venerable face!
" Doubtleſs his virtuous deeds employ his dreams:
" O'er all his countenance ſuch goodneſs beams!
" Such peace ſerene ſits thron'd upon his brow:
" Oh, bleſſing piety! — oh bleſt man thou!
" — But let me wake thee, leſt ſome dire diſeaſe
" Spring from this falling dew, and evening breeze."

Then, ſtooping down, his cheek he gently preſt,
His much lov'd ſire to raiſe from dangerous reſt:
Bleſſing his ſon, the much lov'd ſire aroſe,
To find at home leſs hazardous repoſe *.

Now, COLINET, in turn, if able, tell
Something you think will pleaſe me full as well.

COLINET.

Not long ago, as happening to paſs by,
I ſaw him — and a tear o'ercharg'd my eye: —
Slow lead his weak old ſire to ſhare the ſun;
Whom, having ſeated, with much ſpeed he run,

* The author claims no merit from this paſſage, but that of a mere verſifier: the thought being wholly taken from one of GESNER's rural poems, call'd MYRTILLIS.

And

And from the houſe a bowl capacious brought
With warm refreſhment for his father fraught:
With tender care he gave the genial bowl,
While every geſture ſpoke his filial ſoul.
" Bleſt ſon, bleſt father!" ſaid I, ſad, and ſigh'd;
And full of thought, acroſs the meadow hied.

THENOT.

You bring that famous daughter to my thought,
Who her old father — (as the ſermon taught)
So long with milk from her own boſom fed,
At dungeons dauntleſs, nor by death diſmay'd*.
And thus affectionate, if right, I ween
In ſuch a caſe our maſter would have been.

COLINET.

Joy to his life — but joy will ſure attend;
A friend his conſcience, and high heav'n a friend:
His ſons ſhall bleſs him, and his grandſons prove
Zealous to copy and repay his love!

* At the bottom of the print of the Roman Daughter are inſcribed theſe lines:

Hinc pater, hinc natus: charitas me impellit utrinque,
Sed prius hanc ſervo, gignère quem nequeo.

ENGLISHED.

My child and father vital nurture crave,
Parental, filial, fondneſs both would ſave;
But if, a nurſling, only one can live,
I chooſe to ſave that life I cannot give. P.

Like

Like ſome majeſtic cedar ſhall he ſtand,
His numerous branches ſpreading o'er the land.
And, oh! might COLINET but hope to trace
His bleſt example, though with diſtant pace;
Might he but hope his ſire again to ſee,
And tend his wants, good PALAMON, like thee!
But, ſilly ſhepherd-boy, thy wiſh how vain—
Who ſcarce can'ſt food and ſorry raiment gain!

THENOT.

Grieve not for that, young ſwain; the GOD, whoſe ways
Are wiſe and wonderous, by ſtrange means can raiſe:
Bear but an honeſt heart, and do thy beſt,
And to the ſovereign ſhepherd leave the reſt!
I too could wiſh, perchance, and make complaint;
—But there's no jewel, COLIN, like content.

Thus grateful THENOT ſung his maſter's fame—
When THYRSIS to the hut with CUDDY came:
Lads, ſkill'd in ſinging both: they took their ſeat,
And chear'd the ſhepherds with their ditties ſweet.

PASTORAL THE SECOND.

THE GOOD OLD WOMAN.

SUSAN. LUCY.

THE ſun declin'd; and ruddy milk-maids ſound*
Their evening notice rural ESHER round,
Beating their cleanly pails, to field they go,
And well the pleaſing ſign their partners know:
Oft at the ſtile they wait, and clank the pail;
And faithful ſhepherds ne'er are known to fail.
It chanc'd one evening SUSAN of the dell,
SUSAN mid'ſt ESHER's maids who bore the bell,
Later than uſual, by ſome chance delay'd,
Tripp'd it alone to milking o'er the mead:
Rare hap — ſince, anxious, every ſhepherd ſtrove
To walk with SUSAN, and engage her love:
For the fair features of her modeſt face,
Her ſhape and ſkin were but her meaneſt grace;
Though face more fair ne'er gladden'd ſhepherd's ſight,
A ſhape more taper, or a ſkin more white:
But, more attracting far, the maid poſſeſt —
A heart ſo tender in her gentle breaſt,
So ſweet her manners, and ſo free from guile,
Such ſoft good-nature ſpoke in every ſmile,

* It is a common cuſtom, in many country villages, for the milk-maids, when they go a milking, to ſummon their companions, by beating a kind of tat-too on their pails with their ſkimming-diſhes.

So

So much ſhe ſought to comfort, pleaſe and aid,
That old and young alike eſteem'd the maid.
And ever, as ſhe ſmiling paſs'd along,
This was the language of each heart and tongue;
" Be bleſt, dear SUSAN! may our village ſee
" Another GOOD OLD WOMAN live in thee!"
For through the village was her grand-dame known
More by this appellation, than her own;
By all, with reverence lov'd: and happy SUE
Each truth important from her leſſons drew.

As to the brook ſhe came, which murmuring leads
Its winding current through the freſhen'd meads,
Juſt on the bridge ſhe LUCY met—whoſe care
Her eye and cheek too ſpeakingly declare!
For hapleſs LUCY, with ſad ſorrow ſtrove
To baniſh from her heart a worthleſs love.

" Ah LUCY, SUSAN cried, confeſs the truth;
" Knit you thoſe ſtockings for ſome favourite youth?"
—For then did LUCY's careful hands compoſe
From the beſt yarn, a pair of milk-white hoſe.

LUCY.

No, SUSAN! no, let happier girls approve
By pleaſing gifts their well-accepted love:
Your LUCY no ſuch gentle lot enjoys;
Her hands not LOVE, but GRATITUDE employs.

SUSAN.

Oh ſweet employ! for what can make us bleſt,
Like the good feelings of the grateful breaſt?
Love has its joys,—and, LUCY, it has pains;
But Love, with Gratitude triumphant reigns.

Your work is neat — the yarn, ſtrong, white and
clean: —
But ſay, for whom do you this preſent mean?

LUCY.

For her, whoſe kind advice and tender care
Preſerv'd me from deſtruction's artful ſnare;
From that vile ſhepherd, who, inſidious, ſtrove
Wedded to win me to a wedded love!
Ah, hard of heart, and cruel to deceive;
And ſimple I, ſo quickly to believe!
You know the tale — and therefore can divine
For whom this little tribute I deſign —
By far too mean: — a better could I give,
A better far, you know, ſhe ſhould receive.
But ſooner ſhall this river backward run,
And ſooner where he ſets, ſhall riſe the ſun;
Sooner theſe ſheep ſhall change their wool for hair,
And thoſe ſweet lambs, like wolves, their mothers tear;
Than ever LUCY's heart forgetful prove
Of all our GOOD OLD WOMAN's care and love!

SUSAN.

You cannot wonder, LUCY, that I hear,
With joy, the praiſes of a friend ſo dear:
— But truth it is, ſhe lives on every tongue,
Alike the fav'rite of the old and young.

LUCY.

What marvel, SUSAN, that the old revere
Wiſdom, which dignifies the hoary hair?
Goodneſs

Goodneſs unfeign'd, which vice itſelf might charm,
And piety, which coldeſt hearts would warm.
What marvel, that the young admiring ſee
Youth's ſweetneſs, mix'd with age's gravity?
Such tender care their pleaſures to encreaſe;—
Pleaſures compleat of innocence and peace:
Such anxious zeal, thoſe dangerous paths to ſhow,
Which, ſeeming lovely, lead to certain woe!

SUSAN.

Remembers not my LUCY well the day
When you all choſe me lady of the May;
How to our ſports ſhe came, with ſmiling face,
And, pleas'd to view our paſtime, took her place?—
Her preſence joy diffus'd: the ſhepherds ſtrove,
Who moſt ſhould win her notice and her love:
The maidens danc'd with rapture in her ſight;
To gain her notice was to gain delight:
How high our mirth! and yet how decent all!—
Not one foul word ev'n CORNISH NED let fall!
What pow'r has genuine goodneſs!—and you know,
When from the gladſome plain ſhe roſe to go,
All round her came, and thanks and bleſſings ſhed,
Innumerous, on her ancient pious head:
While thus ſhe, tenderly, herſelf expreſs'd,
"Children, farewell: be innocent and bleſt!"

LUCY.

In age, how rarely, SUSAN, do we find
Theſe pleaſing qualities ſo ſweetly join'd!
Too oft moroſeneſs dwells with wrinkled care,
Envying thoſe pleaſures it no more can ſhare;

Old

Old MOPSA ſhews it,—whoſe ill-boding tongue
For ever croaks, that all we do is wrong—
Malevolent and harſh, you hear her praiſe
Times which are paſt, and cenſure preſent days.
—Ah how unlike!—No ſentiments ſevere
From your good grand-dame on the age we hear:
Unleſs perchance ſome folly to explode,
To guard from vice, or to inculcate good,
Tales of paſt times ſhe tells; which old and young,
Attentive hear, nor ever think too long.
—Well—Let me own, that nothing can engage
My heart and love, like wiſe and chearful age!

SUSAN.

Then, then for ever in my LUCY's heart
Muſt my lov'd mother claim an ample part;
Her wiſdom all the hamlets round confeſs;
Your own experience, LUCY, ſpeaks no leſs:
Nay, ſigh not, maiden, but rejoice to think
Her counſel ſav'd you from deſtruction's brink:
Learn chearfulneſs from her; and learn the way
By which ſerene ſhe regulates each day.
To GOD her firſt, her earlieſt duty giv'n,
Each hour glides on, dependent upon heav'n:
Each ſocial office happily diſcharg'd,
To all the world her heart humane enlarg'd,
She lives to bleſs,—far as her pow'r extends,
The beſt of Chriſtians, and the firſt of friends.

LUCY.

Yes, SUSAN, yes, I know how ſhe imparts
The balm of comfort to afflicted hearts:

I know

I know with what delight ſhe brings relief
To beds of ſickneſs, and the houſe of grief:
When late the rot conſum'd our flocks around,
When juſt before the murrain ſpread the ground
With carcaſes of cattle—ſtrangely dead!
And ev'ry farmer hung his drooping head:
Remember, how from houſe to houſe ſhe went,
Conſoling all, and miniſt'ring content:
That—to the ſtroke of Providence reſign'd,
A murmurer 'mongſt us it was hard to find!
Ah bleſt good woman!—and for private deeds,
How much her merit all our praiſe exceeds!
I ſaw her enter yeſterday the door,
Where lies unhappy LOBBIN, ſick, and poor:
My heart rejoic'd—if envious I could be,
SUSAN, of girls I moſt ſhould envy thee!

SUSAN.

Much am I bleſt, my LUCY: may I prove
Worthy the dear example which I love!
With ſteps, howe'er unequal, may I tread
The peaceful paths, where ſhe delights to lead!
And if—But ſhepherds flatter,—and to me
They've learn'd, no flattery can ſo welcome be—
Yet if my PERSON any ſemblance bears,
Oh may my MIND and DEEDS reſemble hers!
But, on this theme, forget I time and place,
And ſee, the evening ſun declines apace:
She'll think me long:—I muſt to field away—

LUCY.

Let me not cauſe her pain, or urge your ſtay,
Tho' more, much more, methinks I had to ſay.

But with my preſent I'll to-morrow come,
'Twill then be finiſh'd; and you'll be at home?
Our converſation ſo we may renew——
Your hand, dear SUSAN — beſt of girls — adieu!

God bleſs my deareſt LUCY, SUSAN cry'd;
Then, ſmiling, croſs'd the bridge, and field-ward hy'd.

PASTORAL THE THIRD.

THE SERVANT.

LOBBIN. PERIGOT.

AH PERIGOT, my lad,—why ſtand you here?
Thus leaning on your crook, and full of care.
Come doff your doublet, take your beſt array,
Make haſte, and ſhare the paſtime of the day.

PERIGOT.

See, LOBBIN, what a numerous flock I keep;
And ſee, how much the flies torment the ſheep:
They gad about ſo much, that Tray and I
Have work enough all day to keep them nigh:
And almoſt every minute, as you view,—
Look there—a plague on that old black-fac'd ewe,
She always leads them wrong:—hark—fetch 'em, Tray:
I cannot keep them from the wheat away.
Oh that the time of harveſt were but come,
Then might I ſit at eaſe, and ſee them roam!

LOBBIN.

Phoh! Shepherd, never mind, they do no harm;
Or corn or graſs, 'tis all your maſter's farm.
What matters which they eat—or how they're fed?
Come, come, let's haſten to DUKE WILLIAM's head:
Beſides the hat at nine-pins, all who chooſe
May run in ſacks, boy—for a pair of ſhoes,

New, neat's-ſkin, and well-nail'd,—but, better ſtill,
Our SURRY DICK has challeng'd KENTISH WILL
To try a bout at ſingle-ſtick, they ſay;
Then, PERIGOT,—what lad would be away?

PERIGOT.

That lad am I;—for tho'—as you can tell
At nine-pins few could PERIGOT excel:
Tho' well I lov'd our village ſports to ſhare,
The firſt, in merriment, at wake or fair;
My duty, LOBBIN, now I better know,
Than to forſake my charge, and idling go
At every call, without my maſter's leave,
Waſting the moments I can ne'er retrieve;
And bringing home at night—the ſpend-thrift's part,
A muddled head, and diſcontented heart.

LOBBIN.

Rare maxims truly! and where got you theſe?
Preach to your ſheep, my boy, and talk to trees!
Our ſhepherd lads will only laugh to hear
—A maſter's intereſts to our ſports prefer!—
That will not LOBBIN, ever: for I trow
They to our ſports ſuch preference will not ſhew.
Then be they pleas'd or not, I'll have my day:
For if one will not do, another may.

PERIGOT.

Rare maxims too! but know an honeſt ſwain
Hears and rejects ſuch maxims with diſdain!
Remember, lad, a ſaying of your own,
"No moſs is gather'd by a rolling ſtone:"

So

So once you told me, with a piteous face,
When, wand'ring up and down, from place to place,
Your purſe was empty, and your cloaths were naught,
And your vain heart was humble, as it ought.
Now, ſince at ARGOL's board you live ſo well,
Your naughty heart again begins to ſwell.
But, ſwain, be careful, or too ſure you'll find,
You ſow the billows, and will reap the wind!

LOBBIN.

Something I reap—for on my back I bear
Cloaths, full as good as thou didſt ever wear:
My hat's as fine, my ſtockings are not worſe,
And here, here's money, grey-beard, in this purſe!
So ceaſe your ſaws:—To-day's delights I'll ſhare;
The doubtful morrow for itſelf may care!

PERIGOT.

Ah ſilly ſwain,—and to the future blind,
Sure ſome black DEMON hath poſſeſs'd your mind!
For grant—tho' LOBBIN, I have doubts and fears,—
Your honeſt hire in that ſame purſe appears:
Yet what you boaſt is all that you poſſeſs;
And how you long to make that little leſs!
But think, my friend, from ſervice if diſmiſt,
Where will you live, and how will you ſubſiſt?
Will the old landlord at yon ſame DUKE's HEAD,
Who courts your money now, then give you bread?
No, no, be ſure, he'll turn you from his door,
When once he finds you pennyleſs and poor.
Or, if by ſickneſs to your bed confin'd,
What ſecret anguiſh will oppreſs your mind,

To view no hoſpitable maſter nigh,
No gentle miſtreſs with a pitying eye,
Anxious their good domeſtic to reſtore,
Repaying thus each ſervice o'er and o'er.
Oh pleaſing ſtate!—how different thine, to moan
Sick, faint, and poor, neglected and alone.

LOBBIN.

No fancy'd ills, impoſſible and vain,
Diſturb my peace, or give a moment's pain:
We ſhall catch larks, my lad, when fall the ſkies;
So ſave your breath, nor be ſo wondrous wiſe:
For, think not, friend, to teach ME what to do;
I can both read and write as well as you.

PERIGOT.

So much the worſe;—the pow'r without the will
But makes your guilt and folly greater ſtill:
For read you ne'er ſo well, you never look,
I know it, LOBBIN, in that HOLY BOOK,
Which brings ſuch bleſſed tidings to our ears,
So warms our hopes, and diſſipates our fears!
Where we are taught, that, provident o'er all,
Rules the dread Sov'reign of the ſubject ball,
A general father; whoſe impartial care
Alike the maſter and the ſervant ſhare:
Their lots, tho' different here, the ſame their fate
In the high manſions of a future ſtate;
If firm fidelity they learn to ſhow
In all the duties of their place below.
Chear'd by this thought, no labours ſeem ſevere
Thro' the long watchings of the toilſome year:

Led

Led by this hope, I live, with conſtant eye
To Him my mighty maſter in the ſky:
And humbly ſtill endeavour to approve
By faithfulneſs on earth, my heav'nly love.
Thus paſs I, like a pilgrim, on my way,
Hoping for better things ſome future day:
Like thoſe bleſt ſhepherds, who in tents abode,
Strangers on earth, but denizens with GOD;
Who now rejoice, their faith's high end attain'd,
With HIM, who not the ſhepherd's name diſdain'd,
HIM, who his choſen flock not only fed,
But for that flock — oh gracious Shepherd — bled!

LOBBIN.

Why PERIGOT, my lad, thy flock forſake,
And like the cobler DICK, to preaching take;
Get a joint ſtool, like his: thou'lt drive a trade,
Nor him alone, but thou wilt much exceed
The bawling parſon, who, the other day,
So long on our wind-mill did ſing and preach and pray!
There thou haſt learnt this gravity, I trow,
And rather after him would'ſt, groaning, go,
Than ſhare the paſtimes at the houſe below.

PERIGOT.

Spare your vain jibes, for, ſhepherd, be it known,
I gad not after preachers up and down:
Nor time have I, nor need, — content to hear,
Two ſermons every Sabbath thro' the year:
And our good vicar — But why tell it thee,
Who'd'ſt rather ſleep, than at a ſermon be?

— Well,

—Well, well, laugh on:—but they who win ſhould jeſt;
And ſure I am, that PERIGOT is bleſt
Far beyond LOBBIN in his preſent ſtate.
In future hopes the difference how great!
—My maſter's love by confidence is ſhown,
And all his intereſts thus become my own:
One of his houſhold, his delights I ſhare;
And feel his pleaſure, as I feel his care.
Dear are his children; dearer ſtill they prove,
As I experience their unartful love:
And dearer yet they grow, when pleas'd I find
Their gentle mother to my wants ſo kind.
Connected thus, I act a ſocial part,
And live a life quite ſuited to my heart!
No ſolitary elf,—and here I truſt
At length to mingle with my native duſt:
Rejoic'd if, like PETRUCHIO *, who of late
In his good maſter's houſe reſign'd to fate,
I too,—thrice happy,—ſhould my maſter have,
With all his family, attend my grave;
Smiting their breaſts, and ſaying, with a tear,
"A good and faithful ſervant reſteth here."
This be my praiſe; and for this praiſe I'll live:
Your paſtimes, LOBBIN, no ſuch joys can give.

LOBBIN.

Why, PERIGOT, 'tis truth:—you touch my heart;
Shepherd, indeed you chuſe the better part,

* See the "Reflections on Death." Chap. xvi.

I'll

I'll think to-morrow well of what you ſay,—
—But can't forego—the pleaſures of to-day!

Thus, with a laugh, the dolt departing cry'd;
While the good ſhepherd ſhook his head, and ſigh'd!

PASTORAL THE FOURTH.

THE MOTHER.

ÆGON. ARGOL.

NOW, with their ſickles on their ſhoulders plac'd,
The reapers to the field delighted haſte;
The falling wheat fills each induſtrious hand,
And the brown ſhocks adorn the laughing land.
It chanc'd, as ÆGON, who, worn out with toil,
Sequeſter'd lives, in THANET's fertile iſle;
Fair iſle, for plenty fam'd, whoſe white cliffs round,
Roar the wild waves of ocean's realms profound:
"Of life meet emblem," oft the ſage would cry,
Thoſe waves when viewing with a thoughtful eye:
As from his little cot one morn he far'd,
To view the labours he no longer ſhar'd;
On the wheat-field, with wonder and delight,
He ſaw a pleaſing, but unuſual ſight;
A cradle caught his view!—with eager pace
Tho' tottering on his ſtaff, he ſought the place;
And with his wither'd hand, ſlow turn'd aſide
The humble curtains, where he ſtrait eſpy'd
A little innocent, in ſlumber lay'd!
He look'd—and ſmil'd, and ſhook his ſnowy head;
"Ah lovely babe, I too am helpleſs grown,
"Thy ſtate, ſaid he, reſembles much my own."
Full of the ills of infancy and age,
A thouſand thoughts his buſy mind engage:
When, turning at the ſtubble's ruſtling ſound,
The reaper, ARGOL, juſt at hand he found:

ARGOL,

ARGOL, a ſwain of manly ſenſe poſſeſt,
Of upright heart, and ſympathetic breaſt.
" ARGOL, ſaid he, for threeſcore years and more
" My ſcythe and ſickle in theſe fields I bore;—
" And let me tell thee, lad, but few could claim,
" For handling either a ſuperior fame:
" But thro' theſe years, if mem'ry ſerves me right,
" Ne'er ſaw I in the fields ſo ſweet a ſight;
" Behold that babe! what innocence is ſpread
" O'er its lov'd face—what lively white and red!
" How came it here, and who the infant keeps,
" Inſenſible of danger, while it ſleeps?
" Falſe could a mother prove to ſuch a care,
" Angels themſelves would watch delighted there."

ARGOL.

Look, ÆGON, 'midſt the reapers you ſurvey
A woman bear the burden of the day:
Mark how ſhe toils—by true affection drawn,
The ſame to ſetting Sun from riſing dawn!
In her the mother of the babe you ſee—
Sweet infant, that, and ſweeter mother, ſhe:
The wife of honeſt THYRSIS; him you know,
Who feeds the flock of MYCO there below.

ÆGON.

Then, lovely babe, thy lot is truly bleſt,
Sleep on ſecure; of mothers thine the beſt!
ARGOL, I know her well; and oft employ'd
(While greater ſtrength my feeble frame enjoy'd,
And I ſo far could walk) a pleaſing hour,
In their neat cot—but now I want the power:

So weak I'm grown — 'tis time to quit the ſtage;
Sad is the burden, ſon, of helpleſs age!
And ah, poor babe, what ſtorms remain for thee
To weather out on life's tempeſtuous ſea!
Juſt launch'd upon its waves, wild, deep and wide;—
While I (thank heav'n) almoſt in harbour ride!
Thy mother's cares, 'tis true, thy courſe will aid;
But all her cares that dangerous courſe will need.

ARGOL.

ÆGON, on life whatever perils wait,
You know, we ſhould not murmur at our ſtate:
Much reverence and gratitude we owe
To Him, who fix'd us in our rank below:
And tho' 'tis certain, ſtorms and rocks abound
In yon wide waters, yet a way is found
For ponderous veſſels, which the pilot's hand
Safely directs to ev'ry diſtant land.
So is it ſaid, — "if good inſtructions ſhow
"The path of wiſdom, where the child ſhould go;
"Early train'd up, and travell'd in the way,
"Ne'er from the track deluded will he ſtray."
And well, we know, our THYRSIS' careful wife
Directs her children in the road of life:
You've ſeen her houſe, and therefore you can tell
How much in reading, working, they excel;
How humble and good-manner'd, clean and neat,—
On THANET's iſle ſuch children you'll not meet.

ÆGON.

ARGOL, thy words are wiſe: go on, young ſwain,
And every day increaſe of wiſdom gain;

Age

Age, 'tis its weakneſs—full of aches and pains,
Thinks of life's numerous evils, and complains.
I'll tell thee, ARGOL, if each mother ſtrove
To train her children in their Maker's love;
To teach thoſe duties, which their place demands,
To give them honeſt hearts, and working hands,
Like her, whoſe little babe lies ſleeping here;
Leſs might we then life's vent'rous voyage fear.
Yes; I have ſeen her, with her children round,
(And in the ſight ſereneſt pleaſure found)
Divide their ſeveral taſks with mild command,
And give to induſtry each little hand;
While ſhe, good mother, caſts on each a look,
Their ſole inſtructreſs or at work, or book:
So the fond hen, which to my mind ſhe brings,
Her chickens feeds, and broods beneath her wings.
In church,—for never on a Sabbath-day
Is THYRSIS, or his family away,—
How pleaſing is the ſight! all neat and clean,
Alike are parents and their children ſeen;
And their behaviour—a reproof how true
To farmer BROWN's young loobies in next pew!
I've wonder'd oft, how this induſtrious wife,
Amidſt the labours of domeſtic life,
Such time and pains can to her children ſpare;
Cloath with ſuch neatneſs, teach them with ſuch care:
While almoſt all the cottage bairns around
In dirt, and rags, and ignorance are found!
Yet THYRSIS earns not more than other ſwains;
And tho' ſhe labours with the utmoſt pains,
Scanty, at beſt, GOD knows, are women's gains.

ARGOL.

ÆGON, when anxious, as we ought, to live;
What cannot chearful induſtry atchieve?
And ſhall we doubt, when, for our daily food
We uſe thoſe means, which Faith pronounces good,
That He, who feeds the ravens when they cry,
Will not behold us with propitious eye?
If Birds are from our Father's bounty fed,
Will He from Children hold their needful bread?
Full of this faith, the cordial of the heart,
Our couple firſt to heav'n perform their part:
At morn and eve the ſuppliant knee they bend,
While round their little liſping-ones attend:
Then, looking ſtill to GOD, with chearful eye,
To their life's labour gladly they apply.
'Twas but laſt ſummer MIRA learn'd to wield
The dented ſickle in the wheaten field;
A toil too hard for women, as we thought,
'Till MARIAN, from the North, the cuſtom brought:
Soon as ſhe ſaw that laſs the ſickle ply,
Joyful ſhe cry'd — "I too my ſtrength will try:
"The ſickle will I take, and do my beſt,
"My poor endeavours may perchance be bleſt:
"'Twill make me happy but a mite to earn;
"And ev'ry art of induſtry I'd learn:
"For, ſhall my THYRSIS, thro' the painful year,
"No reſpite know, but toils inceſſant bear,
"Nor I thoſe toils, thoſe pleaſing toils partake,
"For my ſweet babes, and for my huſband's ſake?
"Oh could I, much-lov'd maſter of my heart!
"In all thy labours bear an equal part;

"Could

" Could I, dear pledges of our faithful love!
" For you ſucceſsful in my labours prove;
" Labours would quickly loſe their name with me,
" And hardeſt toils ſincereſt pleaſures be!
" Bleſt hope! — bleſt MARIAN, to the field I go,
" To thee the hope, to thee the art I owe!"
Thus led by lovely virtue's pure intent,
The joyful mother to the reapers went:
And ſure that GOD, who virtue loves to bleſs,
Crown'd her approv'd endeavour with ſucceſs:
For thro' the harveſt chearfully ſhe wrought,
And home more hire than any reaper brought:
For ſhort of others tho' her ſtrength might fall,
In application ſhe excell'd them all!
No loit'rer: every moment ſhe'd improve;
Such is the force of true maternal love!
Now that the harveſt is again come round,
Again, fair reaper, in the field ſhe's found:
And with her, as you ſee, this pretty gueſt,
Who waits for ſuccour from her plenteous breaſt:
THYRSIS each morn to field the cradle brings;
And thus the babe, beneath its mother's wings,
Due nouriſhment ſupply'd, ſecurely ſleeps,
Uninterrupted, while the matron reaps!

ÆGON.

True mother, — who herſelf the food ſupplies,
The daintier lady to her child denies:
By luſt, or pride, or folly led aſtray,
Unnatural more, than monſters of the ſea!
Cruel alike both to themſelves and young,
Such mothers merit ſcorn from ev'ry tongue:

Why

Why doth the great Creator, wiſe and good,
Fill their fair breaſts with ſuch ſalubrious food,
That food if to their offspring they refuſe,
And ſores and ſickneſs before duty chuſe?
Oh MIRA, beyond theſe, how art thou bleſt,
Thy infant preſſing fond thy yielding breaſt!
With ſuch a woman, ARGOL, let me ſay,
'Tis joy to ſhare the labours of the day.
Sure, ſenſible of this, they all unite
To make her toils, deſerving mother! light:
Sure, by each nameleſs, by each gentle care
They mitigate the ills ſhe needs muſt bear?

Juſt as he ſpoke, the ſmiling mother came,
Sweet was her aſpect, and her words the ſame;
Her tenderneſs diffus'd a nameleſs grace
O'er the fair features of her blooming face,
While at the cradle's ſide ſhe anxious ſtood;
When the juſt-waken'd babe its mother view'd;
And, ſmiling, with an eager joy, expands,
Sweet innocent! its little dimpled hands.
With rapt'rous bliſs ſhe caught it to her breaſt,
And on the ſtubble-ground ſat down to reſt:
The crowing infant to the nipple clung,
While o'er it with fond joy the raviſh'd mother hung!
The good old man, enchanted with delight,
Cry'd, "ARGOL, there,—there, ARGOL, is a ſight!
"Bleſt mother! may thy labours proſperous prove;
"May all thy children well repay thy love!"
More he'd have ſaid; but lo! a tear would ſtart,
And all his ſoul roſe throbbing in his heart:
The mother, pleas'd, beheld his burden'd eye,
And thank'd him with a tear of ſocial joy.

PASTORAL THE FIFTH.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

CHARLOTTE. ELIZA.

AS, arm in arm, to ſcent the fragrant air
From bloſſom'd beans which evening breezes bear,
Fair CHARLOTTE and her friend ELIZA rove,
Maids fam'd for beauty both, and form'd for love;
Juſt at the village end, with trembling fear,
Rough ſounds contentious, and ſhrill cries they hear:
Tho' frighted, they advance; when, painful ſight!
They view their neighbour SIMS prepar'd for fight;
With paſſion raging, and by liquor fir'd,
The ſingle combat furious he deſir'd:
While, bath'd in tears, his tender wife withſtands,
And cries, and trembles, as ſhe holds his hands;
Her little ſtrength well nigh exhauſted, pleads,
While her fond heart with racking anguiſh bleeds;
And, fruitleſs ev'ry winning motive found,
Points to their boy, their infant, on the ground;
Pledge of their mutual faith:—"Ah, cruel, ſee,
"And pity him, if you'll not pity me!
"See, while I hold you, where your baby lies:
"Hard-hearted, turn, and view his ſtreaming eyes."
Thus as ſhe ſpoke, he turn'd:—an aſpect mild
His fierce looks ſoften'd as he view'd the child:
Strait from his eyes the tears paternal ſtart,
And all the father fill'd his melting heart:
Then nature triumph'd; to the child he ſprung;
Around his neck the child affrighted clung.

The

The lovely maidens, at the ſight well pleas'd,
With zeal humane the ſoft occaſion ſeiz'd;
And with the weeping wife aſſiduous join'd
To urge each motive which might fix his mind:
Nor urg'd in vain; perſuaded he retreats,
While his big heart with varying paſſions beats:
And, thoughts of vengeance lab'ring in his breaſt,
He ſinks, exhauſted, to refreſhing reſt.

As now their walk intended they purſue,
"Here, CHARLOTTE, with a ſigh ſaid BETSY, view,
"View, CHARLOTTE, what corroding ſorrows wait
"Poor helpleſs women in the marriage ſtate!
"Alas for us, in ev'ry ſtate diſtreſt,
"When marry'd, wretched; when alone, unbleſt!"

CHARLOTTE.

Hard lot, my BETSY: yet I'd rather bear
The taunts for ever, which old maidens ſhare,
Than live enſlav'd throughout a wretched life,
The drunkard's, rake's, or tyrant's weeping wife!

ELIZA.

But girls, in our degenerate days, who wed,
Muſt with ſuch vile aſſociates ſhare their bed:
So void of principle our youth are grown —
They ape the manners of the wicked town!
Lords to their tenants have their vices taught,
And ſons and ſervants have th' infection caught.
Can they but drink and riot, rake and fight;
They ſcoff with careleſs ſcorn at what is right.

CHARLOTTE.

How great the riſk which girls in marriage run!
And yet, how great their haſte to be undone!
But ſure the more the danger which we dare,
The greater in our choice ſhou'd be our care.
Yet to our ſex impartial if we be,
We ſhall not find them from juſt cenſure free:
Were they to virtue conſtant in their choice,
Gave they their hands, where reaſon gives her voice;
Were they more nice, diſtinguiſhing, retir'd,
The men to emulation wou'd be fir'd;
For they, be ſure, will cultivate the arts,
They find moſt likely to engage our hearts.

ELIZA.

I know not this: but, CHARLOTTE, well I know,
Men are perfidious, women are not ſo:
For one bad woman, who ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or to her marriage faith, or plighted love,
An hundred men: — tho' yet ſo young a maid,
I've cauſe, you know, their falſehood to upbraid.
But, CHARLOTTE, ſay, ſhall I myſelf accuſe,
Becauſe I liſten'd to young WILLIAM's vows:
Becauſe I thought incapable of wrong
His heart ſo ſeeming honeſt from his tongue?
Becauſe I gave him all MY heart! — falſe ſwain,
Or pay thy vows, or give my heart again!

CHARLOTTE.

Fear not, my BETSY; you will ſhortly find
Returning WILLIAM to your wiſhes kind:
And, bleſt with him, a pattern may you prove
Of conjugal fidelity and love!
Like that bleſt pair, who live at yonder farm—
Oh how the thoughts of them my boſom warm!
Yes, my dear friend, if, from the former ſight,
Marriage appears in ſables all bedight;
Turn to that pair, in yon dear manſion bleſt,
And marriage ſeems of ev'ry ſtate the beſt!
This happy pair, their fondneſs to expreſs,
Labour to build each others happineſs.
No ſeparate joys, no ſeparate cares they know,
But ſhare in pleaſure, as they ſhare in woe:
Woe! They have none: imparted 'tis no more;
While thus their joys are doubled o'er and o'er.
Bleſt pair! your loves with rapture, I review,
For ſure all Eden is reſtor'd to you!

ELIZA.

I wonder not, my CHARLOTTE, you are fir'd,—
Who ever knew that pair, and not admir'd?
And who cou'd fail the higheſt bliſs to prove,
If ſuch an huſband crown'd her faithful love?
Whene'er his wife is mention'd, you may ſpy
Bright ſatisfaction gliſten in his eye:
Of her perfections with delight he tells;
And on her praiſe with tongue enraptur'd dwells.

Whene'er he goes to market, or to fair,
You never find him idly loit'ring there:
Much more in alehouſe, treaſuring for his wife
Vile drunkenneſs at night, and noiſy ſtrife:
His buſineſs done, you'll ſee him homeward haſte
Well knowing that he comes a grateful gueſt;
And joy'd to think, within his honeſt mind
He brings the pleaſure, which he's ſure to find.

CHARLOTTE.

While to the huſband juſt, my BETSY, pray,
To equal merit, equal honour pay:
For wives contribute not than huſbands leſs,
Sure, my good friend, the marriage ſtate to bleſs:
Oft find we, if good huſbands make good wives,
Theſe, in return, reform bad huſbands' lives.
But, for our friends, it well may be confeſt,
If bleſt the wife, not leſs the huſband's bleſt;
Affectionate and mild you ſee her ſhare
One only pleaſure, as one only care.
Can ſhe but crown her huſband with content,
Make light his troubles, or his joys augment;
She little heeds for all the world beſide;
Fond as at firſt, and as at firſt a bride;
A bride in neatneſs, ever nice and clean,
The heart ſhe won, ſtill ſtudious to retain!
And, happy in her huſband's high eſteem,
She lives, and thinks, and breathes alone for him!
Ne'er in her huſband's abſence is ſhe found
A goſſip, tattling all the village round:

Fomenting ſtrife, and making many a foe:
Nor runs ſhe gadding to each ſimple ſhow.
By better means his abſence ſhe beguiles,
By needful buſineſs, and domeſtic toils:
Cauſing with tranſport his big heart to burn,
When, pleas'd ſurveying on his glad return,
His decent houſhold in fair order dreſt;
He claſps his wife delighted to his breaſt,
Thanks her kind care, and reads in her full eyes,
That toils thus recompenc'd are trueſt joys!

ELIZA.

Sure this bleſt pair, who, "link'd in friendſhip's tye,
Live each for each, as each for each wou'd die"
Kind nature form'd to make each other bleſt!—
Or ſure the halves have met for once at leaſt!*
CHARLOTTE, you know the tale: my WILLIAM's lays,
When WILLIAM's verſe could ſpeak of BETSY's praiſe,
Told it us ſweetly once,—alas, in better days!

CHARLOTTE.

Ah BETSY! and full oft the halves would meet,
Were women in their choice but more diſcreet:
But if vile avarice or ſtrong paſſion lead
The willing victim to the nuptial bed;
Or if that heart licentious rakes obtain,
Which modeſt merit fruitleſs ſtrives to gain;

* Alluding to Plato's Notion.

No

No wonder wedlock is a ſtate accurſt;
For the beſt things corrupted, are the worſt.
Bad men, or fools, the idiot, or the rake,
No woman happy ever yet cou'd make:
Nor e'er unhappy, he, whoſe manly breaſt,
With ſenſe, with ſoftneſs, with religion's bleſt.

ELIZA.

Poor women!—'tis a maxim then with you,
That all their ſorrows to themſelves are due:
That neither heav'n nor man the blame muſt bear,
The woes of wedlock when they're doom'd to ſhare:
Oh, CHARLOTTE, you are partial to the men!—
Yet freely will I own,—not one in ten
Of our poor ſex ſuch miſeries would prove,
If intereſt leſs, and more conſulting love.
Wretch that ſhe is, who muſt not her deſpiſe,
That MACRA, who in arms decrepit lies,
(Spring with old winter,) only to be ſeen
Dreſt in fine cloaths, the paltry village queen!

CHARLOTTE.

Scorn to all ſuch! and let all ſuch be told,
They are but lawful proſtitutes for gold:
Fools! all true bliſs for ſplendor to forego:
A life of penance for a day of ſhow!
Love, of each pleaſure the perpetual ſpring,
True love, my BETSY, is a different thing:
The heart's dear union, youth with youth combin'd,
Truth meeting truth, and mingling mind with mind!

Thus

Thus higheſt pleaſures riſe to pure eſteem,
And hence of rapture flows the ſparkling ſtream!
Hence too of virtue wells the living flood,
For "who, in marriage, in each ſtate are good."
'Tis neighbour WATSON's ſaying,—and we prize
Her ſayings, BET, for neighbour WATSON's wife—
And never did ſhe know thro' her long life,
On either ſide, a huſband or a wife,
Who in connubial tenderneſs excell'd,
And yet in other ſocial duties fail'd.

ELIZA.

Our neighbours, CHARLOTTE, in the vale below,
This pleaſing truth in livelieſt colours ſhow:
For not in marriage do they ſhine alone,
The praiſe of every virtue is their own:
And the ſame goodneſs which inclines their breaſt
To make and to preſerve each other bleſt;
Prompts them alike to ſpread their comforts round;
For private good ſuch hearts can never bound!
Parents more fond 'twere difficult to find,
Or neighbours more ſolicitouſly kind:
Few to their ſervants ſuch attention give,
And none the wretched with more alms relieve!
Then, for Religion, 'tis their joy:—One day,
Thus with delight, I heard our neighbour ſay,
"BETSY, we're not aſham'd, my wife and I,
To kneel together to the throne on high:
Thence ſprings our bleſſings: and be ſure, my fair,
They cannot fail, who ſeek for bleſſings there:

But

But they who wed, will curſe their hapleſs fate,
If HE's deſpis'd, who firſt ordain'd the ſtate."
Oh ſacred ſtate! oh bleſt connubial love!
In thy ſweet train the ſmiling virtues move;
All fond to croud, and act the faireſt part,
Where truth affectionate blends heart with heart!

Thus as ſhe ſpoke, her face deep bluſhes dreſt,
While all-tumultuous throbb'd her panting breaſt;
For lo! her WILLIAM o'er the ſtyle juſt by
Leap'd, laughing love and tranſport in his eye:
He haſtes and greets the maids; and tells his tale,
Why ſo long abſent in the diſtant dale:
And ah, that prevalent the ſtory prov'd
With BETSY, who can wonder that has lov'd?—
Cheerful and pleas'd they paſs'd the field along,
While many a ſky-lark treated them with ſong:
Much of true love, of marriage more they talk'd;
And oft again to theſe ſame Meadows walk'd;
'Till came the happy day, when, joyful ſound!
The merry bells declar'd the village round
That their fond hands in wedlock were combin'd,
Whoſe hearts had long in tender love been join'd.
Great (ſays my legend) was the joy that day;
The ſhepherds bleſt it, and each nymph look'd gay:
With flow'ry chaplets every crook was crown'd,
And every brow with roſy wreaths was bound:
They danc'd upon the green till night drew on;
When other rites were needful to be done:
Thrown was the ſtocking, ceremonies o'er,
And clos'd by jocund maids the ſacred door.

And farther ſtill, the rural ſtory goes,
That long the lovers liv'd in ſweet repoſe;
For tender truth, and virtuous faith renown'd;
Bleſſing and bleſt—a ſmiling race around:
And to the preſent hour this verſe is read,
On the plain grave-ſtone o'er their relics lay'd:

"To theſe, whom death again did wed,
The grave's the ſecond marriage-bed:
For tho' the hand of fate cou'd force
'Twixt ſoul and body a divorce;
It cou'd not ſever man and wife,
Becauſe they both liv'd but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep:
Peace,—the lovers are aſleep.
They, ſweet turtles, folded lie
In the laſt knot that love cou'd tie.
Let them ſleep; let them ſleep on,
'Till this ſtormy night be gone;
And the eternal morrow dawn;—
Then the curtain will be drawn;
And they'll wake into a light,
Where day ſhall never die in night."*

* See Craſhawe's Poems.

PASTORAL THE SIXTH.

THE BENEVOLENT MAN.

WILLIAM. JOSEPH.

CArelesly ſpread beneath a willow tree,
On the cool margin of the ſedgy LEE,
WILLIAM, the ſhepherd, watch'd his fleecy care,
Tuning his flute to many a ruſtic air:
His faithful dog lay by him on the ground,
And chirping graſshoppers leap'd lightly round.
When o'er the path-way to the bridge that leads,
Bedight in Sunday ſuit, a neighbour ſpeeds;
Whoſe hand ſupports well-pleas'd his little ſon,
By him with ſtep unequal tripping on.
"JOSEPH, Where haſte you, with ſuch ſpeed, my friend?"
Quoth WILLIAM, on his elbow as he lean'd:
"And why thus dreſt?—my little JOSEPH too—
"What all this hurry the fine ſhew to view!"

JOSEPH.

No, WILLIAM—in ſuch times of general need,
With ſuch a family as mine to feed,
'Twou'd ill become me, ſure, to make ſuch haſte
My time and money at vile ſhews to waſte:
Far better buſineſs, thanks to gracious heav'n,
The ſpeed you notice to my feet has giv'n!

WILLIAM.

What better buſineſs, JOSEPH? let me hear,
That in your pleaſure I at leaſt may ſhare?

JOSEPH.

Why, our good ſquire—may heav'n indulgent ſhed
Ten thouſand bleſſings on his bounteous head—
Deſirous to diffuſe amidſt our youth,
With learning's light, the light of heavenly truth;
And knowing well our poverty and pains,
How hard our labour, and how ſmall our gains;
Wiſdom and pity ruling in his ſoul
For our poor children has endow'd a ſchool!
And JOSEPH here—God's bleſſing on the boy,—
Is choſen, WILL, the bounty to enjoy!
A toward lad,—he'll take his learning well,—
'Twill pleaſe the 'ſquire to ſee him, I can tell:
And ſo I ſpeed, as 'tis my place you know,
At once to thank him, and my ſon to ſhow.

WILLIAM.

My fancy often on the thought hath run,
That our good ſquire reſembles much the ſun;
Who ſheds on all around his rays divine,
Imparting life and luſtre where they ſhine.
So do his hands on all around diſpenſe
The bleſſed beams of warm benevolence:
In good unwearied, he exerts each art
To bleſs the life, and meliorate the heart;

The body's woe now ſtudious to relieve,
Now, due inſtruction to the mind to give.
—Yes, JOSEPH, of his ſchool, I've heard before;
And, if in merit aught could raiſe him more,
This his laſt effort wou'd, methinks, approve
His goodneſs moſt, and moſt engage our love.

JOSEPH.

I, who ne'er knew of learning the delight—
Alas, for me! who neither read nor write—
The more this great misfortune I deplore,
I feel his inſtitution's worth the more.
Oh what ſo bleſt, ſo uſeful and benign,
As on the darken'd mind with truth to ſhine:
To ope the door, by which the ſoul may riſe
From the dark dungeon, where blind ign'rance lies:
May learn its duty, and ſecurely tread
The paths, that to eternal glory lead!
—Bleſt knowledge! and bleſt charity! which brings
The envied pow'r to know ſuch mighty things!
Bleſt man! whoſe hands ſuch benefits impart,
What joy muſt live triumphant at his heart!
He's like the ſun—and like the morning dew,
Warming, my WILLIAM, and refreſhing too!

WILLIAM.

Refreſhing, JOSEPH? yes, he ne'er affords
Inactive wiſhes in unmeaning words:
Nor mocks the painful tenderneſs of grief
With empty ſighs—the ſhadows of relief!

To all his bounty freely is diſplay'd,
Who want his pity, or who ſeek his aid!
And with ſuch kind humanity he gives,
As much his manner as his gift relieves!
Nay, by his perſon he contributes more,
Than by his purſe, to benefit the poor:
Our humble cots he'll enter, and enquire
What ills we ſuffer, or what good deſire.
Do hapleſs loſſes cauſe our anxious cares?
Thoſe loſſes to our comfort he repairs:
Is there a quarrel?—ſoon he bids it ceaſe,
And ſooths the jarring parties into peace:
Are faithful pairs thro' poverty denied
The comforts, which by wedlock are ſupplied?
The virtuous maid he portions, and ſurveys,
With joy, their bliſs, and race, in future days.
Do any on the bed of ſickneſs lie?—
Fit food and med'cine his kind hands ſupply.
Do any ſmart beneath affliction's rod?
He ſooths their ſorrows, and conducts to God,
The loving parent of the human race,
Whoſe frown is mercy, and whoſe ſcourge is grace.
Ne'er by that houſe of refuge for the poor,
"Where age and want ſit ſmiling at the door;"
That houſe, the labour of his bounteous care,
I never paſs without a grateful tear:
Involuntary ſwells my riſing breaſt,
And the good founder with a ſigh is bleſt:

Who

Who, with ſuch comfort, when all comfort flies,
Unfriended, helpleſs, feeble age ſupplies!

JOSEPH.

Young as you are, and ſtranger to the pain
By which poor men their families maintain;
A ſtranger, WILLIAM, to the torturing ſmart,
Which tears a tender father's bleeding heart,
While round his children croud, with weeping woe,
Aſking the food, he hath not to beſtow:
You cannot even gueſs, and I want words
To tell the rapture, which a gift affords,
By the ſtill hand of modeſt mercy giv'n,
Juſt in due ſeaſon, as if dropt from heav'n!
— Oh, WILLIAM, many ſuch, the ſeaſon paſt,
When famine almoſt laid our village waſte,
On ſecret wings to my poor cottage flew,—
But well from whence they took their flight I knew!

WILLIAM.

Mark you this river, how ſerene and ſlow
Its deep ſtill waters thro' the meadows flow:
While in our village the ſmall ſhallow rill
For ever prattles down the pebbly hill.
In one an image of the ſquire is ſeen,
In t'other of that Braggard, proud and vain;
Who hates our maſter: — for his cancred breaſt
By the foul fiend of envy is poſſeſt!

JOSEPH.

Alas, good WILLIAM! 'tis a grief to ſee,
That whiteſt virtue cannot cenſure flee:
'Tis nothing ſtrange, that Devils God ſhou'd hate:
But that frail creatures, in the ſelf-ſame ſtate,
Alike dependant, form'd alike to ſhare
The ſad viciſſitude of grief and care;
That mortal men in enmity ſhould ſwell
'Gainſt thoſe in deeds of mercy who excell;
Who ſtrive, with pure benevolence refin'd,
To ſoften all the ſufferings of their kind:
This ſure is ſtrange — and ſtranger ſtill, to view,
What late example here has prov'd too true; —
Thoſe who the common bounty need, and ſhare,
So mutually malicious and ſevere.

WILLIAM.

You hint the poor blind widow — ſad to think,
That ſhe who ſtood on deſperation's brink,
Blind, helpleſs, friendleſs, four young orphans round,
Now by our ſquire's kind aid with comfort crown'd;
That ſhe the malice of the poor ſhou'd raiſe;
That he ſhou'd loſe the juſt reward of praiſe!
But what is human praiſe, or human blame?
To heav'ns bleſt candidate no doubt the ſame:
Let God approve the action — for the reſt,
He'll find applauſe ſufficient in his breaſt.

JOSEPH.

JOSEPH.

And yet, methinks, it is but juſt to ſhew
To goodneſs the reſpect to goodneſs due:
Frail as I am, cou'd I diffuſe my ſtore,
Juſt praiſe, I own, wou'd ſtimulate me more;
I cannot, therefore, without ſcorn behold,
Thoſe who, to merit like our ſquire's, are cold:
Unfeeling hearts! but whoſe licentious tongues
Could blame that deed, to which all praiſe belongs,
Are devils, and not men—are devils dreſt
In human ſhape, without a human breaſt:
For is not man from fiends infernal known
By godlike, great benevolence alone?

WILLIAM.

Yes, 'tis benevolence that makes him man,
And more will make him, clos'd life's little ſpan;
Make him an angel; as on earth 'twill give
Foretaſte of joys, which angels ſelves receive:
For with benevolence true pleaſure dwells,
Each grace that glows, each virtue that excells!
—Oh happy they, in ſtate exalted plac'd,
Philanthropy's ſoul-warming joys to taſte:
We, JOSEPH, thrown beneath in life's low vale,
At diſtance only can the glory hail!
For this we'll thankful be, and do our part;
If not the pow'r, bleſs God, we have the heart!

JOSEPH.

Much rather, WILLIAM, would I live poſſeſt
Of empty hands, and ſympathetic breaſt,
Than like old OSTENTATIOUS on the hill,
Poſſeſs the mighty pow'r without the will.
But "all have pow'r, in life however low,
"Kind acts of mercy and of love to ſhow,"
To farmer JOHNSON once our ſquire reply'd,
Who mourn'd the power of doing good deny'd.
True were his words; for in each ſtate we need,
And therefore ſhou'd afford each other aid;
In Chriſtian kindneſs let us do our beſt,
God knows our ſtrength, and will excuſe the reſt:
You well remember, where a widow poor
Gave with a mite, than all the wealthy more.

WILLIAM.

How bleſt a truth!—with right intention giv'n,
A cup of water ſhall be mark'd in heav'n!
See, 'tis not then the quantity, but heart,
To acts of love which merit can impart.
Bleſt truth, my JOSEPH!—thus may we excell,
And poor in wealth, be rich in doing well.

JOSEPH.

But WILLIAM, think, what joy muſt he poſſeſs,
Who with the power, as well as heart to bleſs,
To all his high benevolence extends,
The wretched comforts, the oppreſt defends;

The

The naked cloaths, the hungry fills with food—
In love unwearied, uniform in good!
Let praiſe or cenſure on his deeds deſcend,
Let diſappointment or ſucceſs attend:
Still he goes on—and views with juſt regard,
That God, whoſe approbation is reward.

WILLIAM.

JOSEPH, you've trac'd the cauſe, from whence proceeds
His uniformity in virtuous deeds:
For ſtedfaſt at one mark whoever aim,
Thro' life's whole circle will be found the ſame!
—JAMES, who from London t'other day came down,
Told me our ſquire is more eſteem'd in town
For his good actions than amongſt us here,
For not a charity but knows him there.
There, where the children of the poor are fed,
At once with heav'nly, and with earthly bread:
Where pain, and all the family of grief,
From ſkilful med'cine find humane relief:
Where ſafely ſcreen'd in hoſpitable cells,
From human view, pride-humbling phrenzy dwells:
Where lab'ring women 'midſt their pangs can ſmile,
And bleſs the charity which ſooths their toil:
Where infants, reſcued from an earthly grave,
The tender mercy hymn which ſtoop'd to ſave:
Where penitents with tears redeem their ſhame,
Reſtor'd to God, their parents, and to fame.
Wherever good is done, or good deſign'd,
His aid benignant you are ſure to find:
The doleful priſons too, they tell me, ſhare
His kindly viſits, and indulgent care:

Nay, and JAMES found it out, that oft he ſends
Young men of toward parts, with meaner friends,
To ſchool and college, where his aid provides
Tutors and learning, and all means beſides.

JOSEPH.

A wond'rous man!—if all the world he knew,
To all the world humanity he'd ſhew:
No ſect or party-principles confine,
The glowing radiance of his love divine:
A man, a fellow-creature, and diſtreſt,
Is plea ſufficient to affect his breaſt.

WILLIAM.

Yet, JOSEPH, I have heard that his eſtate,
For one ſo rich in bounty, is not great:
Not half ſo great as his, of whom before
We ſpoke,—in money rich, in goodneſs poor!
But right œconomy, with great or ſmall,
Doubles the income, and is all in all.

JOSEPH.

Ah, WILLIAM—but God's bleſſing is much more,
For this augments, nay, doubles all our ſtore:
Who dare be bounteous, God will ſurely bleſs
With conſtant ſuccour, and tenfold encreaſe:
Their cruſe o'erflowing, and augmented meal,
Miraculouſly bleſt, ſhall never fail!
Our good man proves it—and beſides he flies
Thoſe ſcenes of ill, whence vaſt expences riſe:
He waſtes no fortune on devouring vice,
On dogs or horſes, women, cards or dice.

The little boy, who much attention pay'd
To this encomium, which the ſhepherds made;
Cried, "father, 'midſt his praiſe, you ſure forget
"The church, our ſquire hath made ſo fine and neat."
"Right, my good boy, ſaid WILLIAM, this too ſhows,
"The living fountain whence his goodneſs flows:
"For love of God muſt kindle virtue's flame,
"Or all benevolence becomes a name!"

Thus as he ſpoke, a ſtraggling ewe, which ſtood
Too near the faithleſs margin of the flood,
Tumbled adown the bank into the deep,
When WILLIAM cried—"alas, alas, my ſheep—
"One of the beſt of all my flock!—if drown'd—
"I'm ruin'd—for 'tis worth above a pound!"
JOSEPH beheld it, nor delaying ſtood,
But leap'd, tho' Sunday-dreſt, into the flood,
And caught the ewe; when anxious WILLIAM came,
Lean'd down, and ſafe receiv'd it from the ſtream:
Then gave his hand with many a hearty thank,
And, lifting JOSEPH up the ſlippery bank,
Strait he conducts him to his cot juſt by,
And changes all his dripping cloaths for dry.
Then to young JOSEPH, "for your father's ſake,
"This little hautboy as a preſent take:
"The rings are braſs, and boxen is the wood;
"Try it, my lad, you'll find the ſound is good:
"And always, when you touch it, bear in mind,
"'Twas by the beſt means gain'd,—by being kind."

DIGGON DAVY'S RESOLUTION ON THE DEATH OF HIS LAST COW.*

A PASTORAL.

DII MELIORA PIIS, ERROREMQUE HOSTIBUS ILLUM.
VIRG.

DIGGON DAVY. COLIN CLOUT.

BENEATH an hawthorn buſh, ſecreted ſhade,
The herdſman, DIGGON, doleful ply'd his ſpade;
† The deep'ning grave conceal'd him to the head;
Near him his cow, his favourite cow, lay dead:
When o'er the neighb'ring ſtile a ſhepherd came,
The herdſman's friend, and COLIN was his name:
Touch'd with the ſight, the kind and guileleſs ſwain,
Sigh'd, ſhook his head, and thus expreſs'd his pain.

COLIN.

How! MULLY gone! — the ſad miſchance I rue!
Ah! wretched DIGGON, but more wretched SUE!

* This paſtoral was firſt written and publiſhed in the year 1747, when the diſtemper reigned amongſt the horned cattle; and with a view to ſatisfy a friend that Virgil had accurately deſcribed the ſame malady.

† —*Humo tegere, ac foveis abſcondere diſcant.*
VIRG. Geor. III. v. 558.

DIGGON.

* How could I hope, where ſuch contagion reigns,
Where one wide ruin ſweeps the deſart plains;
Where every gale contains the ſeeds of death,
That DIGGON's kine ſhould draw untainted breath?
Vain hope, alas! if ſuch my heart had known,
Since MULLY's gone, the laſt of all my own.
No more ſhall SUSAN ſkim the milky ſtream,
No more the cheeſe-curd preſs, or churn the cream;
No more the dairy ſhall my ſteps invite,
So late the ſource of plenty and delight:
Thither no more with SUSAN ſhall I ſtray,
Nor from her cleanly hands receive the whey.
Sad plight is ours! nor ours alone; for all
Mourn the ſtill meadow, and deſerted ſtall.

COLIN.

But have you, DIGGON, all thoſe methods try'd,
By book-learn'd doctors taught, when cattle dy'd?
Or, tho' no doctor's remedies prevail,
Does the good biſhop's fam'd tar-water fail?

DIGGON.

† Each art I try'd, did all that man could do;
Med'cines I gave, like poiſon med'cines flew:

* ——Hic morbo cœli miſeranda coorta eſt
Tempeſtas.——— Ib. v. 478.

† Profuit inſerto Latices infundere cornu
Lenæos: ea viſa ſalus morientibus una.
Mox erat hoc ipſum exitio———v. 509.
Quæſitæque nocent artes; ceſſere Magiſtri
Phyllirides Chiron, Amythaoniuſque Melampus, v. 549.

The

The biſhop's drink, which ſnatch'd me from the grave,
Giv'n to my cow, forgot its power to ſave.
The dire diſeaſe increas'd by ſwift degrees,
Till death freed MULLY; death! which all things frees.

COLIN.

I would not, DIGGON, now your grief renew,
Yet wiſh to hear her ſickneſs trac'd by you;
How firſt it ſeiz'd her, and what change its rage
Relentleſs wrought in each ſucceſſive ſtage.

DIGGON.

* Dejected firſt ſhe hung her drooping head,
Refus'd her meat, and from her paſture fled;
† Then dull and languid ſeem'd her plaintive eye,
Her breath grew noiſome, and her udder dry.

* Sin in proceſſu, cœpit crudeſcere morbus.

† Tum vero ardentes oculi, atque attractus ab alto
Spiritus interdum gemitu gravis: imaque longo
Ilia ſingultu tendunt: it naribus ater
Sanguis & obſeſſas fauces premit aſpera lingua, v. 504.
—Non umbræ altorum nemorum, non mollia poſſunt
Prata movere animum——— at ima
Solvuntur latera, atque oculos ſtupor urget inertes, v. 519.
Nam neque erat coriis uſu.—— v. 559.
Dii meliora piis, erroremque hoſtibus illum! v. 513.
Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ, VIRG. Ecl. I. 75.
Carmina nulla canam. ——— v. 78.
At nos hinc alii ſitientes ibimus afros, &c. ib. v. 65.
——— Duri me martis in armis
Tela inter media atque adverſos detinet hoſtes. Ecl. X. v. 44.

Erſt

Erſt ſweet that breath as morning gales in May,
And full that udder as of light the day.
Scorch'd with perpetual thirſt, ſhort ſighs ſhe drew,
Furr'd was her tongue, and to her mouth it grew:
Her burning noſtrils putrid rheums diſtill'd,
And death's ſtrong agonies her bowels fill'd;
Each limb contracted, and a groan each breath,
Loſt eaſe I wiſh'd her, and it came in death:
Caſt out, infected, and abhorr'd by all;
See how the uſeful, and the beauteous fall!
Not ev'n her ſkin — when living, ſleek and red,
Can aught avail me, COLIN, now ſhe's dead.

COLIN.

May heav'n, relenting, happier days beſtow,
Suſpend the rod, and ſmile away our woe!
But if in juſtice for our crimes we ſmart,
If with affliction heav'n corrects the heart,
'Tis ours, ſubmiſſive to receive the ſtroke,
Since to repine is only to provoke.

DIGGON.

Hard is the taſk from murmurs to refrain,
Ev'n bleſſings paſt increaſe the preſent pain.
Once in theſe vales my lowing herds were fed,
My table plenty crown'd, and peace my bed;
My jocund pipe then tun'd to amorous lays,
A kiſs repaid me for a lover's praiſe.
Bleſt times, farewell! no more thoſe herds are found,
No more my table is with plenty crown'd;
No more my bed the ſleep of peace beſtows,
No more my jocund ſtrain melodious flows:

A lover's praiſe a kiſs rewards no more,
Joy ſpreads his wanton wings, and leaves the ſhore:
Pale want remains, with all her meagre train,
And only ſighs are echoed o'er the plain.
— Far hence I'll fly, this ruſtic garb foregoe,
And march in red, a ſoldier to the foe:
The French, whoſe boſoms Papiſh plots conceal,
My hand, made heavy by diſtreſs, ſhall feel;
On Flander's plains I'll loſe domeſtic care,
Deſperate thro' want, and mighty thro' deſpair.
And there, if heav'n at length my labours crown,
I'll ſow falſe Frenchmen, and I'll reap renown.
SUSAN, farewell!——

COLIN.

—'Sdeath! yonder o'er the mead
The ſquire's curs'd maſtiff ſcours with headlong ſpeed!
See how my flock in wild confuſion flies—
Zooks, if I catch him—by this hand he dies.

SUSAN

SUSAN AND ROSALIND.

— A PASTORAL.

DIGHT in their beſt array, with blithſome mien,
The village youth now frolic on the green;
To various ſports, which theſe and thoſe promote,
The live-long Whitſun-holy-day devote:
Here nymphs and ſwains to ruſtic meaſures dance,
Snatch the ſtol'n kiſs, and interchange the glance;
While hum'rous HOBBINOL aukward anticks plays,
And moves loud laughter, as he threads the maze.
Some with tough cudgels ſeek the prize to win,
Some run, ſome leap, ſome wreſtle;—and ſome grin:
The happy happier by the ſeaſon grew,
But, ah! more wretched ROSALIND and SUE;
Sad SUE and ROSALIND together ſtray'd
From theſe gay crowds, and trod the lonely glade;
Tir'd, and beneath an ancient oak reclin'd,
Alternate thus each eas'd a love-ſick mind.

SUSAN.

Once at the foot of this o'erſhadowing tree
I ſat with LUBBERKIN, my ſeat his knee;
He ſung me ballads, which my kiſs repaid,
And laughing SUSAN was an happy maid:
But true I wot that ancient ſaying, ROSE,
"The greateſt glee forebodes the ſharpeſt woes;"
I find it true by ſad experience now,
Since faithleſs LUBBERKIN forgets his vow.

ROSALIND.

More wretched I, inconſtant have I been;
And what in love is half ſo great a ſin!
Remorſe and anguiſh on my vitals prey—
No lover comes for him I chas'd away:
Alone I wander, and in ſecret ſigh,
And mem'ry brings my fault for ever nigh.
I wiſh, alas! but ſtill I wiſh in vain,
The joys I ſlighted wou'd return again:
Loſt by my fault, a keener pang I prove,
And pine with all that puniſhes in love.

SUSAN.

Late as I went to market in the cart,
I heard a drum—it chill'd me to the heart.
My boding breaſt preſag'd ſome miſchief nigh,
And my limbs trembled, tho' I knew not why:
But when I ſaw the gaudy ſerjeant ſtand,
And holding, lovely LUBBERIN! thy hand,
In Sunday ſuit, and as a bridegroom gay,
My ſtrength forſook me, and I ſwoon'd away.—
Still, ſtill his looks ſhall faithful memory bear;
Ah! ſtill the pleaſure and the pain I ſhare.
His hat, which ever, till that morn, he wore
Flapp'd on all ſides, or flapp'd at leaſt before,
Now ſmartly cock'd, and ſmartly worn, diſplay'd
One eye-brow, one was hid beneath the ſhade;
A green cockade adorn'd the button-ſide,
And his face flush'd with mingled joy and pride:
His dark brown hair, which hung uncomb'd ſo late
O'er his broad ſhoulders, negligent and ſtraight,
Now ty'd behind, and curl'd at either ear,
Look'd like the captain's, who call'd JOAN "my dear."

I gaz'd with pleaſure, but the pleaſure fled,
When ſoon he follow'd where the ſerjeant led;
No more returning:—now the dangerous ſea
Flows a wide waſte 'twixt LUBBERKIN and me:
On foreign lands my abſent ſoldier's laid,
And wanton's pleas'd with ſome outlandiſh maid.
Oh happy fair! O LUBBERKIN, untrue,
How could'ſt thou liſt, and how forget thy SUE!

ROSALIND.

When fond AMYNTAS woo'd me to be bleſt,
I mock'd his paſſion with a taunting jeſt:
In vain his faithful paſſion perſever'd;
I heard him not, or ſlighted if I heard:
But when light ROGER, fam'd for guileful art,
Woo'd me, alas! I gave him all my heart.
Sweet was his converſe to my liſt'ning ear,
And fondly I believ'd his vow ſincere.
AMYNTAS left me with a juſt diſdain,
Nor cou'd his abſence give my breaſt a pain.
But, as to milk (ill luck wou'd have it ſo)
Thro' goodman HODGSON's cloſe I chanc'd to go,
I caught young ROGER, 'midſt the oſiers laid,
I caught him, SUSAN, with the parſon's maid!
She fled;—he ſmil'd; and, mad with rage, I cry'd,
"Henceforth approach me not;"—and he comply'd.

SUSAN.

Peace may return; and from the diſtant ſhore
My ſoldier never to forſake me more.
O come, my LUBBERKIN! and bleſs'd with thee,
I'll join at Chriſtmas in the general glee.

Thou, ſkill'd in feats of war, ſhalt win the prize,
Engage all wiſhes, and attract all eyes:
My envy'd arms ſhall hold thee to my breaſt,
And love and pride ſhall join to make me bleſt.

ROSALIND.

Oh! would AMYNTAS but return, he'd find
His grateful ROSALIND for ever kind.
Where, gentle ſhepherds! does my ſhepherd ſtray?
I'll track his ſteps thro' ev'ry winding way;
Thro' every vale I'll haſte; nor will I dread
The thickeſt woods and darkeſt groves to tread;
And when the briars my tender feet ſhall wound,
The blood, where'er I paſs, ſhall mark the ground.
This, when he ſees, relenting ſhall he ſay,
At length her pains have waſh'd her faults away.
Then—but what arts ſhall ſooth the chearleſs day,
Till happier hours our ſorrows ſhall o'erpay?—

SUSAN.

Let not the heart with hopeleſs anguiſh bend;
Soon changing fortune ſhall our loves befriend:
At the ſquire's wedding will I ſlily take
Three broken morſels of the bridal cake:
Dame DOBSON's wedding ring I'll borrow too,
And thrice three times I'll paſs the morſels thro'.
Beneath thy pillow and my own when laid,
Such dreams ſhall riſe as ſooth the love-ſick maid;
Such dreams as promiſe more ſubſtantial bliſs,
The real lover, and the waking kiſs.
Pleas'd with the flattering thought, they ſeek their cot,
A while the pains of hapleſs love forgot.

THE

THE PARSONS.

AN ECLOGUE*.

A Small neat houſe, and little ſpot of ground,
Where herbs and fruits, and kitchen ſtuff were found,
The humble vicar of NORTH-WILFORD bleſs'd,
Small was his living—but his heart at reſt:
Unſeen, unblam'd, he paſs'd his time away,
He ſmoak'd or rode, or mus'd, or walk'd all day:
Thro' all the year no anxious cares he knew,
But juſt at Eaſter, when he claim'd his due;
And then the ſurly ruſticks churliſh pride
His well earn'd tythes diſputed or denied.
The vicar, ſtill preferring want to ſtrife,
Gave up his dues to lead a peaceful life.
His garden once in penſive mood he ſought,
His pipe attended, as a friend to thought;
And while the ſmoak in eddies round him play'd,
A neighb'ring vicar ent'ring he ſurvey'd:
One like himſelf, a downright honeſt prieſt,
Whoſe love of peace his ſcanty dues decreas'd.
Suppoſe the little ceremonies done,
And all the rites of lighting pipes begun;
Suppoſe the whiffs in ſober ſort flow round,
And both in muſing very deeply drown'd;

* This little poem was written at the requeſt of the author's ever-honoured father, a worthy country vicar, who felt much from the evil here hinted at.

For

For ſo it was—'till thus the firſt good man,
Fetch'd a deep whiff, and anxiouſly began.

FIRST PARSON.

Wou'd God, my friend! his goodneſs had aſſign'd
Some lot more ſuited to my feeling mind:
Leſs tho' my income, if from torture free,
Content would well ſupply the loſs to me:
For all the PENCE, the little dues I glean,
Or raiſe my ſcorn, my pity, or my ſpleen.
I'll tell thee—but e'en now a neighbour came,
Pale want diffus'd o'er all his meagre frame;
Five pence the ſum, he gave a ſhilling o'er,
Kind ſhook his head, and wiſh'd he cou'd do more:
I turn'd away, nor cou'd from tears refrain;
'Twas death to take it,—to refuſe it vain.

SECOND PARSON.

Such gentle manners more affect the mind
Than the rough rudeneſs of the baſer kind:
Juſt ere I came, a ruſtick braggart elf,
Proud of his purſe, and glorying in his pelf,
Approach'd, and bold demanded what to pay,
"What claims the prieſt, whom we maintain to pray?"
Th' account he gave me of his ſtock, I knew
Was half curtail'd, and ſcarce one number true;
Howe'er my ſilence favour'd the deceit,
And, fond of quiet, I conceal'd the cheat:
Yet when the ſmall, the half-demand I made,
He bullied, ſwore, and damn'd the preaching trade;
All God's good houſhold with irreverence curs'd,
And me with foul abuſe as far the worſt!

Thou

Thou know'ſt, my friend, what agonizing ſmart,
Such brutal outrage gives the tender heart.

FIRST PARSON.

Too well, alas! too fatally I know—
From whence theſe complicated evils flow;
From tythes, from tythes, the clergy's woes ariſe,
They mar religion, nay, they rob the ſkies.
Would God our monarch's ever-gracious hand
In this wou'd deign to bleſs the wretched land:
Wou'd God, the tythes, like taxes might be paid,
A fix'd revenue by ſome ſtatute made:
How then wou'd bleſt religion rear her head!
How thro' each village kindly virtue ſpread!
What ſouls with heav'nly comforts would be bleſt!
How happy, then, pariſhioners and prieſt!
Thus of true grievances the prieſts repin'd,
And with their own ſpoke all their brethren's mind.
When toll'd the bell, and to the church ſlow move
Six virgins, bearing one who died for love.
The grave debate was ſilenc'd by the bell;
The vicars roſe, and kindly took farewell.
The firſt his ſermon ſeeks, and haſtes away
The laſt ſad duties to the dead to pay:
From love he much advis'd the youthful throng,
Drew tears from all, and pleas'd, tho' preaching long:
While ſlow his brother on his eaſy pad,
Pac'd home full grave, and ruminating ſad.

FINIS.

Thou know'st, my friend, what agonizing fears,
Such brutal outrage gives the tender tears.

THE FIRST PARSON.

Too well, alas! too fatal I know —
From whence thefe complicated evils flow;
From cyder, from tythes, the clergy's sweet perks,
They mar religion, nay, they rob the Kirk.
Would God our monarch's ever-gracious hand
In this wou'd deign to blefs the wretched land:
Wou'd God, the tythes, like taxes might be paid,
A fav'd revenue by hope fweet made:
How then wou'd blefs religion rear her head!
How thro' each [illegible]
What fouls with [illegible]
How happy, [illegible]
Thus of true [illegible]
And with their own [illegible]
When toll'd the bell, and to the church flow move
Six virgins, bearing one who died for love.
The grave debate was filenc'd by the bell;
The vicars rofe, and kindly took fare well.
The firft his fermon feeks, and haftes away
The laft his dutie to the dead to pay:
From love he much adov'd the youthful throng,
Drew tears from all, and plean'd, tho' preaching long:
While flow his brother on his cafy pad,
Pac'd home full grave, and mufinting fad.